11775. bbb. 9.

Playes, Maskes, Epigrams, Elegies, and Epithalamiums.

Collected into one Volumne.

By THOMAS NABBES.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. Dawſon*, And are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *White-Lyon* and *Ball* in Saint PAULS Churchyard. 1639.



MORALL MASKE

PRESENTED WITH generall liking, at the private house in SALISBURY Court, and heere set down according to the intentions of the Authour,

THOMAS [illegible]

Dulcem ut prodesse, ut delectet Poesis.



LONDON,
Printed by [illegible] for Charles [illegible]
and are to be sold at the white Lyon in [illegible]
Church-yard. 1637.



TO

THE SERVICE AND DELIGHT OF ALL TRVLY NOBLE, GENEROUS AND HONEST SPIRITS,

THE AVTHOVR *THOMAS NABBES*

dedicateth both his

LITTLE WORLDS.



To his deare friend the Authour upon his MICROCOSMUS.

THE knowledge of the little World *of old*
Liv'd in Philotophers, *who barely told*
Man *'twas* himſelf. *Thy learning and thy wit*
By breathing life and action into it
Have made that knowledge full. Here men may ſee
Preſented what they ought, what not to be;
Informe and pleaſe themſelves, and cry it good.
(The World*'s not wiſe oft in ſuch gratitude.)*
Were the reſtraint ta'ne off, our eares and ſight
Should fetch new ſhares of profit and delight
From this thy worke or World, *and the ſupplies*
That ſhall from thy Divine Minerva *riſe.*
And friend I hope the ſtage agen will ſhine,
In part for mine owne ſake as well as thine.

RICH. BROOME.

To

To his beloved friend Master *Thomas Nabbes.*

SEEING thy Microcosmus, *I began*
To contemplate the parts that make up Man
A little World. *I found each* Morall *right:*
All was instruction mingled with delight.
Nor are thine like those Poets looser rimes
That waite upon the humours of the times:
But thou dost make by thy Poetick rage
A Schoole *of Vertue of a common* Stage.
Me thinks the ghosts of Stoicks vexe to see
Their doctrine in a Malque *unmasqu'd by thee.*
Thou mak'st to be expreſt by action more,
Then was contein'd in all their Bookes before.

WILL. CUFAUDE.

The errours eſcap't in the Preſſe are not ſuch, but that the apparent overſight of the Correctour may prevent thy taxing me of ignorance. I therefore have omitted to expreſſe them.

The Perſons figur'd.

Nature.

A faire Woman in a white robe wrought with birds, beaſts, fruits, flowers, clouds, ſtarres, &c. on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with ſtarres.

Janus.

A man with two faces ſignifying providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with ſnakes, as hee is *Deus anni*: on his head a crowne. He is *Natures* husband.

Fire.

A fierce countenanc'd young man, in a flame-colour'd robe, wrought with gleames of fire. His haire red; and on his head a crowne of flames. His creature a *Vulcane*.

Ayre.

A young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers coloured clouds. His haire blue; and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a Gyant or Silvane.

Water.

A woman in a Sea-greene robe wrought with waves. Her haire a Sea-greene, and on her head a wreath of ſeggs bound about with waves. Her creature a *Syrene*.

Earth.

A young woman of a ſad countenance, in a graſſe-greene robe, wrought with ſundry fruits and flowers. Her haire black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a *Pigmy*.

Love.

A *Cupid* in a flame colour'd habite; Bow and quiver, a crowne of flaming hearts, &c.

Phyſander.

A perfect growne man in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white Lillies and Roſes mixt. His name ἀπὸ τῆς φύσεως καὶ τοῦ ἀνδρός.

Choller.

A Fencer. His clothes red.

Bloud.

A dancer in a watchet colour'd ſute.

Phlegme.

A Phyſitian. An old man, his doublet white and black, trunck hoſe.

Melancholy.

A Muſician. His complexion haire and clothes black: a Lute in his hand. He is likewiſe an amoriſt.

Bellamina.

A lovely woman in a long white robe: on her head a wreath of white flowers. She ſignifies the ſoule.

Bonus Genius.

An Angel in a like white robe: wings & wreath white.

Malus Genius.

A divell in a black robe: haire, wreath and wings black.

The 5. Senſes.

Seeing a Chambermaid. *Hearing* the uſher of the Hall. *Smelling* a Huntſman or Gardner. *Taſting* a Cooke. *Touching* a Gentleman-uſher.

Senſu-

The Perſons figur'd.

Senſuality.

A wanton woman richly habited, but laſciviouſly dreſt, &c.

Temperance.

A lovely woman of a modeſt countenance: her garments plaine, but decent, &c.

A Philoſopher.
An Eremite. All properly
A Plough man. habited.
A Shepheard.

3. *Furies.*

As they are commonly fancied.

Feare.

The cryer of the Court, with a tipſtaffe.

Conſcience.

The Iudge of the Court.

Hope and deſpaire.

An advocate and a Lawyer.

The other 3. vertues.

As they are frequently expreſt by Painters.

The Heroes.

In bright antique habits, &c.

The Front.

Of a workmanſhip proper to the fancy of the reſt, adorn'd with braſſe figures of Angels and Divels, with ſeverall inſcriptions: The Title in an Eſcocheon ſupported by an Angell and a Divell. Within the arch a continuing perſpective of ruines, which is drawne ſtill before the other ſcenes whilſt they are varied.

The Inſcriptions.

Hinc gloria. *Hinc pœna.*

Appetitus boni. *Appetitus mali.*



MICROCOSMVS.

For the first Act.

After a confused noyse and Musicke out of tune, Nature *enters as amaz'd at it.*

WHat horrour wakes me! and disturbs the peace
I sate inthron'd in? shall dissention ruine
Eternall acts? Hath the great deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference?
Cease mutiny, or be your owne destructions.
Accurst confusion that neglects the forme
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve yee:
That in distinguisht order yee might shew
The glory of my worke; each in his spheare
Subscribing to my better government.
But my commands are useless. Their deafe wills
Persist to act their owne and my sad ills.

To her Ianus.

Where's my delight? whence is this sad dejection?
How amaz'd *Nature* stands! Have our imbraces
Brought forth a race of elementall formes
That live in simple bodies, to be made
Pregnant for other births, and will she now

Neglect their teeming? I would be a Grandfather,
And see my issue multiply.
Nature. Oh husband!
Our union hath beene vaine; our off-spring proves
A rebell to our peace, and natures lawes.
Light fire descends to earth, beneath whose weight
He grones to be deliver'd, till with struggling
He lifts earth up, in whose represſion ayre
Contracts his forces to extinguish fire.
Againe; fire from this mutinous assault
Doubles his strength; when straight ambitious water
Climbing his seate consumes her selfe in flames.
Thus fire, ayre, water, earth, each would be all,
And are made neither; but a confus'd masse,
And indigested *Chaos*.
Ianus. Am I *Ianus*,
(The figure of eternall providence)
And shall this disobedience scape the stroke
Of my sever'st correction? Fire I shall lash you,
And make your nimble pyramides skip upward.
Ile chaine earth to her centre. Ayre had best
Confine himselfe to his three regions,
Or else Ile disinherit him. If water
Exceed her bounds.

To them the foure Elements, with their severall ἀνθρωποι φανατικοὶ, *(which* Paracelsus *calleth* homines spirituales) *playing on antique instruments out of tune.*

Nat. See; the dissentious come
Maz'd in the errours of their owne confusion:
As if their dissolution should precede
Their yet not perfect being. How my griefes
Presse downe the organes of my utterance,
And choake words in their passage! Speake good *Ianus*.
Ian. Yee disobedient children of that love
That joyn'd us to produce yee.
Fire. Stop good father,

Our

Our wills are deafe to counſaile.
Ayre. Or to threats.
Set both your browes with wrinckles, and put on
Th' auſtereſt anger, wee'l be aw'd by none
But our owne wills.
Wat. Ile quench my brothers flames,
Or burne my ſelfe into him. My cold moyſture
Shall not be ty'd t' embrace as cold a ſiſter,
And not aſcend above them.
Earth. Ile be active
As ayre or fire. Elſe with my ponderous weight
Ile preſſe their climbing heads beneath my centre;
And by inverſion bury them within me,
'Till earthquakes ſhatter all, and finall ruine
Dilate their paſſage.
Fire. Are we not one birth?
Why then ſhould there be a precedency,
And not an equall power of all firſt qualities?
Be not you partiall parents, wee'l obey
The government of nature.
Ayre. Otherwiſe
With our owne ſtrength we'l proſecute this warre
'Till ruine ſtop's it.
Ian. Stubborne boyes, Ile yoake yee
In ſuch a bondage.
Nat. Gentle husband try
Perſwaſions ſtrength: Perhaps 'twill better worke
Vpon the temper of their fiercer nature.
I am your mother; let me reconcile yee:
That in your peace I may preſerve the order
Of my intended worke. Should fire forſake
His lofty manſion, and infect his flames
With groſſer weight, it would benumbe his activeneſſe,
And make his motion dull. Were my pure ayre
Pent in his ſiſters entrailes, her foule veines
Would ſoone infect him. What creation mean't
In your diverſities, your raſh ambitions

Muſt

Muſt not pervert. Since providence hath made yee
The meanes for many ends, diſpute not them,
Nor your owne thought-defects: each is ſupply'd
With a perfection, and an equall worth
Diſtinguiſht in proportion; but the excellence
Of your owne attributes cannot appeare,
Whilſt you diſturbe the diſtribution
Of them to other formes, which from your mixtures
Muſt enter different bodies of the firſt,
Second, third, fourth, fifth compoſition.
Vapours & exhalations; meteors; vegetables
And minerals; animals, and laſtly man,
Call'd ſo from concord: for he doth contain
A harmony of parts, and in them figure
His end of being. Let not then your wills
Perſiſt in this rebellious mutiny,
And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
And leave the reaſon of ſuch acts to me.

Homo dicitur ἀπὸ τῆς ὁμοιότητος; non ab humo, ut alij volunt.

Fire. Vaine oratory. Think you us ſo eaſie
To be o'recome by words! ſwell high my rage,
And with licentious fury breake the tyes
Of theſe too weake commands.

Ayre. Let's on to fight,
Whilſt the yet diſcord of the untun'd ſpheares
Add's courage, and delights our warlike eares.

The 4. Elements and their creatures dance a confuſed dance to their owne antique muſicke: in which they ſeeme to fight with one another: and ſo goe forth confuſedly.

Nat. What ſhall we doe? The univerſall fabrick
Will be everted, if this war continue:
Let's ſue to Love; his power may be prevailing.

To them Love.

Love. See; Love appeares at thy requeſt,
Thou cauſe of motion and of reſt.
Thou greater powers great ſubſtitute,

Whoſe

Whose will and acts none must dispute.
Thou that form'st the best of things
From thought-impossibles, and brings
Contrary matters to produce
Another difference, then the use
Of a meere quality in one
Can worke unto perfection.
Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
To propagate a lasting stock;
And multiply that th'issue might
Be little lesse then infinite.
Thou mother of all that is found
Within this universall round,
What is thy will with Love?

Nat. Oh gentle power
Thou that art Natures soule, and the beginning
Of every humane thing: that giv'st them lawes,
And to thy selfe art law. Figure of peace;
That to thy godheads attribute anuext
The quiet order of the worlds vast frame
To have its forme and being from thy rule;
Which must be now imperious or its ruine
Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
Have ras'd rebellion, and dis-joynted quite
The order of their fabrick. The pure heavens
(Whose motion should be harmony) rowle crosse,
And bend their Axletree, 'till both the poles
Doe kisse each others ends. Then rectifie
Great Love this dire confusion.

Love. Straight Ile doe it.
Can Love deny it Nature woo it.
The heavens first in tune Ile set;
And from their musick soone beget
A charme, of power to make light fire
Skip to his spheare, and earth retire
To her parcht den. The subtile ayre
Ile calme from mists, and make it faire,

And water with her curl'd waves ſweepe
The bounded channels of the deepe,
That order may ſucceed, and things
Grow perfect from their laſting ſprings.
Move right yee ſpheares in concord ſound,
And with your muſick fill this round.

Whilſt the following ſong is ſinging, the firſt Scene appeares; being a ſpheare in which the 4. Elements are figur'd, and about it they ſit imbracing one another.

The Song.

Hence confuſion and diſſention.
Be no more new formes prevention,
Croſſing ſtill
A mothers will,
And Natures great intention.
Concord is the ſoule of being.
Nothing's better than agreeing.

Chorus.

Then let imbraces crowne this times beginning,
Loves power is winning.
And when he throws the darts that arme his hands,
Who can reſiſt his great commands?

Nat. Nature muſt pay Love thanks for this great worke
Of reconciliation. May the peace
Be laſting as your ſelves, and no ambition
Move a new warre: but from your loving mixtures
New generation follow.

Love. Spheares againe
Your brazen trebles higher ſtraine.
And luſty moving ſounds advance
To make us active whilſt we dance.

The dance.

Now to the other worke: our art
Shall make all perfect e're we part.

They returne into the Scene, and it cloſeth.

For

For the Second Act.

Physander *led in by* Ianus.

Ian. Come forth thou son of earth, and view the day
That glories in the presence of thy beauty.
Phys. What am I? My imperfect sence is yet
Vnapprehensive, and the intellect
My mother hath inspir'd, doth not instruct me
To know my selfe.
Ian. Looke up thou master-peece
Of Natures workemanship, thou little world:
Thou that excel'st in forme, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand
Design'd and finisht: That when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Looke downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the starres, and contemplate their beings,
Celestiall causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue: Thou that hast speech
To be thy thoughts interpreter, expect
A farther act of Love to crowne thy life
By joyning thee to an immortall wife. *Exit.*
Phys. Receive my thanks great power. I yet am maz'd,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, 'till their multitude
Choakes up the passage. Oh ye powers that made me
To be a King, and to have soveraignty
Annext unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darkenesse.

To him the 4. Complexions.

Phys. Ha! what are these?
Chol. You may goe looke. Yet if you aske me mildly, perhaps Ile answer you.

Blood. We are ſent to be your ſervants.

Phyſ. By whom?

Our parents, the foure Elements.

Phyſ. Your names?

Chol. My name is *Choller.* I was begot by *Fire* on *Natures* Cooke-maide in the time of a Feaſtivall. I was dry nurſed by a leane Butterwife, and bred up in *Mars* his Fencing-ſchoole: where I have learn't a myſtery that conſiſts in lying, diſtance and direction; paſe, ſpace and place; Time, motion and action; progreſſion, reverſion and traverſion; blowes, thruſts, falſes, doubles, ſlips and wards; cloſings, gripes and wraſtlings; fights guardant, open, variable and cloſe. Then have wee our ſtocatas, imbrocatas, mandritas, puintas and puintas reverſas; our ſtramiſons, paſſatas, carricadas, amazzas and incartatas.

Phyſ. And what's all this?

Chol. Termes in our dialect to puſle deſperate ignorance.

Phyſ. What's yours?

Blood. My name is *Blood. Ayre* was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madame that kept a vaulting-ſchoole at the ſigne of *Virgo.* As ſhe was one day practiſing a high trick, ſhe loſt her hould, and fell downe into my fathers regions, where had not hee kind man ſtopt her about the middle, ſhee had brake her neck againſt a rock of Ice that hung beneath her, and Blood had not beene as he is, a Dancer ſir.

Phyſ. What art skill'd in?

Blood. Garbes and poſtures of the body. Here's an honour for a Lord; a back-fall for a Lady, and a high riſing is beſt in an active gallant. But *pardonne moy monſier,* it doe ſtraine *a de back too muſh.* Here's a traverſe for a nimble Lawyer. A hop and skip ſhall raiſe the ſonne of a Cobler well under-lay'd with pieces to the government of a province, 'till over-much ambitious cutting weares him into his Laſt. A turne above ground for a Mercuriall pick-pocket, and an eaſie paſſage to deſtruction

ction for him that danceth after infected wantonnesse. *Cum multis aliis.*

Phys. And what's your name?

Phle. *Phlegme* mine sir. *Water* was my mother, and she made me a Physician. I was nurst by *Apolloes* Hearb wife that dwells at the signe of the Crab, and she taught me to goe backwards.

Phys. And what can you doe?

Phle. Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw *aurum palpabile* out of them. Kill any one *cum privilegiartis.* I am *Venus* Midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveale but to my Apothecary when we meete at *Libra* to share and settle our correspondence. Your Physician will serve you at your death sir.

Phys. Now your name?

Melan. I am called *Melancholy.* I was begotten o the earth after a great drought in the time of barrenesse: who breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would faigne be in love but having no other mistresse, I am inforc't to love mine owne humour.

Phys. All these are humours, and must be my servants. What a vast bounty have the heavens given me? But I must labour to preserve them regular,
And not exceeding their proportions
Of substance or of quality, for then
They will be masters. Disagreeing!

Blood skipping about, justles Choller.

Chol. He hath stirr'd me sir, and I will be angry.

Blood. Then *Phlegme* must coole you.

Chol. *Phlegme's* a foole.

Melan. Or a Physitian.

Phleg. *Choller*, you must be taken downe.

Chol. Ile soone be up againe. Provoke me no more: I am adust with rage, and will make you an odde number.

Phys. Come, this agrees not with a servants duty. You must subscribe to order. *Phlegme* shall be

My ſubſtitute to moderate theſe jarrings.
And if hereafter any one tranſgreſſe
But in the leaſt diſſention that diſturbs
The quiet of my ſtate, he ſhall correct it;
Nor ſpare himſelfe. For in a government
Th' offence is greateſt in the inſtrument
That hath the power to puniſh; and in lawes
The authors treſpaſſe makes the fouleſt cauſe. *Recorders.*
What admiration workes upon my ſenſe!
I heare and ſee ſuch objects as would make
Creation doubtfull whether ſhe were perfect
Without theſe parts. Into what ſtrange delights
I'm hurried on the ſudden? ha!

The ſecond Scene is here diſcover'd, being a perſpective of clouds, the inmoſt glorious, where Bellamina *ſits betwixt* Love *and* Nature; *behind her the* Bonus *and* Malus Genius.

Nat. Looke hither
Thou comfort of my love that gave thee being
To figure greater power. See, *Love* hath brought
Thy wiſh a ſpouſe of 's owne immortall race,
Clad in the glory of her innocence.
Doe not defile her, yet ſhee's virgin white,
And joyn'd unto thee, that thou mayſt enjoy
Knowledge and vertue, not thy ſenſuall pleaſures,
For being linckt unto thee ſhe is made
As ſenſible of thy corrupted paſſions,
As thou of mortall griefes. Let her direct
Thy powers of appetite. Shee'l ſhew thee heaven,
And the reward of good; and if thou miſſe
The path ſhe guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
To ſhare thy ruine, and pervert the ends
Of her eternity. Which if thou tread
By her directions, ſhe communicates,
And makes thee like her ſelfe. She muſt be chang'd
According to thy diſpoſition.

Then

Then let my counsaile be so deepe impreſt
The proſecution of't may make thee bleſt.

Whilſt the following ſong is ſinging, they deſcend from the Scene and preſent Bellamina *to* Physander.

Love. Faireſt of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings
Of contemplation, and aſpire
To reach at my ſupernall fire:
Whoſe heate ſhall purge thy ſpouſe and thee
From all dreggs of impurity.
Let no falſer love delight
Thy ſenſe deluding appetite
To ſeeke out other wantons led,
So heaven at length ſhall crowne thy head.

The Song.

Deſcend thou faireſt of all creatures,
Grac't with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections ſhine;
For thou art
In every part
Little leſſe than divine.
Take thy Bride and enjoy her,
But not with foule deſires annoy her:
For ſhe is white
And hath no true delight
But what is given
From the deſire of heaven.

Chorus.

Now joyne, and each to other happy prove.
That neither may
Be led aſtray
To ſeeke a ſtranger love.

Love *and* Nature *returne to the Scene, and it cloſeth.*

Phyſ. After my ſacrifice of vowes and thankes
Let me imbrace with reverence, Oh my life,
And better ſoule: joy hath poſſeſſion taken
Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
To theſe delights.

Bella. Doe not abuſe them then,
For my pure ſubſtance will admit no mixture
With any thing that's earthy, leſt it ſhould
Be ſo defil'd. Together with my ſelfe
I muſt beſtow on thee two different ſervants.
The one is like my ſelfe, all innocence,
The other's clad in an infernall robe
Of malice to us, and will tempt thy frailty
To looſe deſires, from her black invention
Forging aſperſions on me to divert
Thy love: which I ſo prize, my bliſſe or ruine
Hath ſole dependance on it. If ſhe urge
Thoſe accuſations, deafe thy underſtanding
To her ſuggeſtions, and informe thy reaſon
Onely from th' other, who beſt knowes my paſſions,
Powers and habits: thou wa'lt made for me
To be my inſtrument, and I for thee.

Bella. And when I doe forſake thee, or infect
My looſer thoughts with any other object
Then thy wiſht good, may I be made th' example
Of imbecillity; the ſpoyle of time;
Mockery of fortune; image of inconſtancy;
The ſcale of envie and calamity.
And this faire ſtructure (now by theſe upheld)
Be buried in it's owne and their ſad ruines.

Chol. I am angry at it. We ſhall have morall now in ſtead of Martiall diſcipline. Challenges will bee proclaim'd cowardiſe: and every white-liver'd ſilk-skinn'd Lady-courtier will anſwer a mans anger with, if it were

not

not for the lawe and conſcience. If no body will provoke me, Ile quarrell with my ſelfe.

Phleg. Take heed Choller of a halter.

Chol. Phlegme thou art a Mountebank, and I will make thee quake.

Melan. Not ſo hot good Choller. I am partaking, and as diſcontented at this match as envie can make mee. I could hatch a conſpiracy to ſever them, ſhould cauſe poſterity attribute all Matchiavillianiſme to Melancholy.

Blood. Blood's prevented, and the expectation of ſo many children begot on ſeverall mothers that ſhould dote on the quivering of my calves, and the ſtrength of my back is utterly fruſtrate. No Lady of liberty muſt admire this paſſage, or that skipping, 'till her veines ſwell with my addition. I muſt no more run here and there to tickle her ſenſe, and fright the greene-ſickneſſe from her complexion.

Mela. Shall it be a plot?

Chol. Let's kill them preſently.

Phleg. But the meanes?

Blood. Why, is not *Phlegme* a Phyſitian?

Phyſ. Come my kind ſervants, let your active limbs
Move to delight us, whilſt the ſpheares agree
To guide your meaſures with their harmony.

A dance, wherein the complexions expreſſe themſelves in their differences: the two Genij *alwaies oppoſite in the figure, and the* Malus Genius *ſtealing many times to* Phylander, *whiſpers in his eare.*

I am diſturb'd within; a new deſire
Whet's appetite of pleaſure in ſome change,
Such as may touch the ſence without a ſcruple
Of wedlocks breach. Hence with theſe lawes of conſci-
That would ſet limits to what's infinite. (ence
Two kiſſes more will cloy me; nought can reliſh
But variation.

Mal. Gen. Hearken then to me.

Leave this ſtrict Bride that curbs licentious will,
And rayn's it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and ſwelling: it muſt feed
On ſeverall objects, elſe 'twill glut it ſelfe
Into a loathing.
Phyſ. I applaude thy counſaile,
And am prepar'd to act it.
Bella. Ha! *Phyſander.*
So ſuddenly forgetfull of thy vowes
Before full conſummation of thoſe rites
Crowne Bridegroomes happy?
Bon.Ge. Be not thus miſ-led
By her malicious envie. She but ſhewes thee
The eaſie path to ruine, whoſe broad entrance
Painted with falſeſt pleaſures, ends in a point
Of all the ills attend our miſery
Contracted into one. Though vertues way
Be hard and ſtraight to enter, yet the end
Reacheth to heaven, where her faire hand beſtowes
Wreathes of bright ſtars to crowne deſerving browes.
Phyſ. Whiſper that ſtill; each accent's muſicall.
The meere conceit of it makes me immortall.
Hence; thy converſe is hatefull. Ile not tye
Deſire to ſuch imbraces. Ile enjoy
A miſtreſſe free and ſportive; that can vary
All ſhapes of dallyance, and preſent delight
Each minute in a ſeverall faſhion.
Guide me, Ile follow.
Compl. And we will attend. *Exeunt.*
Bella. Wretched *Bellamina*, that in the inſtant
Of thy expected comfort, ſhouldſt be throwne
Below all miſery! O that luſtfull ſenſe
Should cauſe divorce betwixt us! I am loſt
Almoſt beyond recovery, ſince my ſubſtance
Muſt be partaking of his hated ills:
Such is the fate of wedlock. His content *Exit with*
In falſe delights, muſt be my puniſhment. *Bon.Genius.*

For

For the third Act.

Physander *richly habited.* Malus Genius, *the foure* Complexions.

Phys. I'm bravely fitted; these are fitting ornaments.
Come my best prompter, with indeavours wings
Let's cut the ayre, and straine our motion,
'Till we attaine this bowre of Sensuality.
And let the repetition of her praise
Sweeten my painefull longings. My desire
Fee'ls many throes of travaile; 'till deliver'd
Of it's sweet issue.

Mal.Ge. You must suffer for't.
Pleasures whose meanes are easie, in the end
Doe lose themselves. Things onely are esteem'd
And valu'd by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some paines,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare your selfe
To court it bravely. Shee's high-spirited;
And will not stoope to every common bayte
That catcheth easie wantonnesse.

Phys. What's the best?

Chol. A rough Souldiers phrase; a strong back, and a brawny limbe: bayte her with these shee'l bite home. If she be coy, kick her in the breech, and cry farewell: after a few dissembling teares shee'l yeeld with the greater appetite. If she refus'd me, I'de kill her.

Blood. Could you but dance sir, and shew your selfe active before her, 'twere impossible for her to hold out 'till the discovery of one knave 'mongst many officers. Dancing is the most taking: if a man rise well, his Mistresse cannot chuse but fall.

Phleg. Court her with solid language, and such dis-

course as may reliſh of aged experience. Expreſſe your thoughts ſuch, and your actions ſuch, as ſhee may conceive judgement to be intayl'd upon you. If ſhe be vertuous, that winnes upon her ſoule, and let your Phyſition alone with her body: If ſhee bee wanton, Phlegme can adminiſter provocatives.

Melan. Might I adviſe you ſir, a paſſion at Courtſhip were more powerfull. Let a ſigh be the period of every amorous ſentence. Sing her ſome pathetick madrigall full of cromatick flats: 'twill ſharpen her. I would have all lovers begin and end their prick-ſong with *Lachryma*, 'till they have wept themſelves as dry as I am.

Phyſ. The ayre me thinkes begins upon a ſudden
To be perfum'd, as if Arabian windes
Scatter'd their ſpices looſely on the face
Of ſome rich earth, fruitfull with aromates.
Muſick breathes forth the ſoule of harmony. *Muſick.*
How egerly my ſenſes catch theſe objects!

To them the 5. Senses.

But what are theſe?

Mal.Ge. Servants to *Senſuality*
That waite her will, and with a diligence
Becomming duty doe prepare her pleaſures.
The'r ſent to entertaine you.

Phyſ. What their names,
And offices?

Seeing. Seeing mine ſir. I am my Ladies Chamber-maide, and the daughter of a Glaſſe-maker. A piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack't. I have beene often cemented together, but could never hold above a moneth. Through me ſir you may ſee my Ladies ſecrets, and mine owne are at your ſervice when you ſhall command their revelation.

Hear. My name's *Hearing*. I am uſher of the Hall, and the trumpet that proclaimes dinner ready with, Gentlemen, and Yeomen. When my Lady removes to her

her City ſſprivacy (for ſhee keepes open houſe in the Country) I am the foreman at her Gate, with an inſtrument of correction for the offenſive beggers. If you love noyſe ſir, my wife and my ſelfe are at your ſervice.

Phyſ. Pray ſir your name?

Smel. Mine is *Smelling*. I am my Ladies Huntſman, and keepe ſome leſſer beagles for her chamber-uſe to excuſe the freeneſſe of her neceſſities eruptions. I play the Gardner likewiſe, and attend her alwaies when ſhee goes to pluck a Roſe. My Miſtreſſe *Cloaca* had a very ſtinking breath, before *Miſackmos* perfum'd her, and ſhe is now growne leſſe common, then when her imperfections lay open. When you will uſe me ſir, you ſhall alwaies have me under your noſe.

Phyſ. And what's yours?

Taſte. *Taſting* mine ſir. I am my Ladies Cooke, and King of the Kitchin: where I rule the roaſt; command imperiouſly, and am a very tyrant in my office. My Subjects being all Souldiers are daily encounter'd by moſt fierce ſtomacks, and never return'd but maym'd and diſmember'd. Brawne, Beefe, and Porke are alwaies muſter'd in the van, and bring up Veale, Mutton, Minc'tpye, Gooſe, Turkie, Duck, and ſo forth. I have a ſort of cowardly Cuſtards, borne in the City, but bred up at Court, that quake for feare: yet are as valiant in ſuffering as the reſt, and are all overcome even by the women with much noiſe. I then ſend forth a freſh ſupply of Rabits, Pheaſant, Kid, Partridge, Quaile, Larke, Plover, Tele, Tarts, &c. With a French troope of Pulpatoones, Mackaroones, Kickſhawes, grand and excellent. The battaile ended, I ſurvey the field; and thoſe whom I find untoucht, I place in garriſon in my larder: the reſt endure a new and fierce aſſault by the valiant Servingmen. I then repaire my broken army; ſee their overthrow at ſupper; drinke my ſelfe drunke; goe to bed, and my that dayes fury's over. Ile bee your ſervant ſir in ſpight of your teeth.

Phyſ. Now yours?

Touch. Touching mine. I am my Ladies Gentleman-uſher, and kill Spiders for her Monkey. I am alwaies her foreman in publike, and ſometimes in private: which makes way for mee to her favour in reverſion, if ſhee ſurvive two or three defective husbands, and her yet uncloy'd appetite can pretend an expectation of iſſue. Meane time a handfull of eringoes and a little tickling weds me and the waiting women in her cloſet with more vowes and proteſtations then a wanting gallant makes when he borrowes mony. Wee will conduct my Lady to her Bowre, where ſhee prepares to entertaine you. *Exit.*

Phyſ. Me thinkes I am transform'd into a happineſſe
Cannot be figur'd. If before enjoying
The expectation can beget ſuch bliſſe,
What will poſſeſſion?

Phleg. Shall I queſtion you ſir Cooke?

Taſte. Queſtionleſſe a Cooke can anſwer a Phyſition.

Phleg. What Phyſicall obſervations have you in your ſawces, and condiments? Shall I inſtruct you?

Taſte. I thanke you ſir. My method is to dreſſe Pheſant, Partridge and Coney for Lords, but their Ladies many times make the ſawce. The waiting women are fed with Wagtailes. I prepare tongues for Lawyers: moſt commonly Woodcocks for Aldermens Heires, and Puddings for coſtive Citizens; whoſe wives muſt have fleſh of a Court-dreſſing, or their bellies will never bee full. Your projectors feed upon Calves-braines, and your ſtudents upon innocent Mutton.

Chol. I hope ſir our after familiarity will bee the often taking downe of *Chollers* ſtomack. Wee ſhould agree well; we both love fire.

Taſt. And *Choller* ſhall not want his Brawne whilſt Cookery and Winter-feaſts laſt. I muſt in and looke to my roſte, of which at dinner you ſhall moſt plentifully taſte. *Exit.*

Phyſ.

Phyſ. I am enflam'd. My appetite begins
To burne with hot deſires; and if protraction
Delay their ſatisfying, they'l conſume
Themſelves and me.
Mal.G. She comes: theſe ſounds forerunne her.

During the following Song, the third Scene is diſcover'd, being a pleaſant arbour, with perſpectives behind it, of a magnifique building: in the midſt thereof Senſuality *ſits.*

The Song.

Flow flow delight,
And pleaſures ſwell to height.
Drowne every eye with joyfull teares.
And fill the eares
With ſounds harmonious as the ſpheares.
Let every ſenſe be raviſht quite
With a large fulneſſe of delight.

Chorus.

Ioyne all yee inſtruments of pleaſure;
And from th' abundance of your treaſure
Chuſe out one t'enrich this bowre,
And make the Miſtreſſe of this paramour.

Phyſ. Elyſium ſure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream't of.
Senſ. Let mine eyes firſt gaze
Vpon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
And worthy my embraces, I have yet
Converſt with earthy ſhapes, the baſer iſſue
Of that groſſe element, but here's a forme
Mingled with fire, that moves the ſoule of ſenſe,
And kindles paſſion in me. What was ſhe
Durſt ayme to prepoſſeſſe her ſelfe of him
My mouth can onely challenge? Welcome ſir,
If my expreſſions ſuit not entertainment

Of

Of ſuch a gueſt, creation muſt be blam'd
That gave none other; for what ere in nature
Is found that can affect you, here 'tis ſtor'd;
And ſhall be all exhauſted to declare
How much I love you.
Phyſ. You inthrone me Lady
In happineſſe, above the difference
Of that my birth can boaſt. You make me perfect;
And every touch of this delicious hand,
Cheeke, lip immortallize me.
Senſ. O'pe my treaſury,
And let it waſte to emptineſſe. Wilt pleaſe
Thine eyes? Wee'l mount a Chariot made of diamonds,
Whoſe lights reflexion ſhall create a day
In the Cimmerian valleis. From ſome height
We will ſurvey the earth, and where weake beames
Cannot extend themſelves, wee'l have an optick
Shall ſhow us in an inſtant all the hemiſpheare.
Wee'l ſee the faire Arcadian Virgins hunt
In their Parthenian groves. Wee'l count the beaſts
Lurke in Hircanias dens; number the pines
That crowne *Lycaeus*.
Phyſ. You are the onely object
Mine eyes would gaze at.
Senſ. Would thine eares be bleſt
With pleaſing ſounds? The ayery Choriſters
Shall ſtraine their throats by art, and harmony
Call downe the ſpheares to make her conſort up.
Phyſ. Your words are onely muſick.
Senſ. For thy ſmell
Saba ſhall be tranſlated where thou go'ſt,
And ſtrew thy path with ſpices. Panthers skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floore
Where thy foot treads.
This breath's perfume enough
To create a Phœnix,
Would'ſt delight thy taſte?

Then

Then Samian Peacocks, and Ambracian Kidde;
Henns of Numidia, Phesants, Phenicopters,
Tartesian Lamprayes; Eels of Benacus,
Cockles of Lucrine; Eleusinian Plaise
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more
To whet new appetite. Shalt drink no wine
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon
Yeeld from their grapes.

Phys. This kisse is more then *Nectar.*

Sens. Shalt sleep upon a bed of purest down,
Driven from white necks of Caysters Swans,
And *Penens* Sparrowes. With Assyrian silkes
Ile cloath thy body.

Phys. But this touch is softer.
You ravish me with joyes beyond expression.

Chol. Why, this is rare. I am not angry.

Blood I am very joyfull: this tickles me.

Phle. And mak's me young.

Mel. And me merry.

Tast. Now my licentiate murderer, what say you to a dish of gluttony will breed the gout in a Lord before a begger can break his fast with it? Are not we cookes good instruments? who together with an Hospitall of sinne cause diseases faster then you can cure them?

Sens. A livelyer musick, come sweet heart wee'l dance.

A familiar Countrey dance.

How doth my sweetheart like it?
I doe not with an Oeconomick strictnesse
Observe my servants, and direct their actions:
Pleasure is free.

To them Bellamira *in mourning*, Bon. Gen.

But what sad object's this?

Bella. I come to snatch a Husband from thine armes
Lascivious strumpet; thou whose looser eyes
Bewitcht his ill affection, and entice

His thoughts with wanton appetite of ſenſe,
From my chaſt love. Doth not *Phyſander* ſee
Ruine hid under every bayt of pleaſure;
She lays to catch him?
Senſ. Laugh at her ſweet heart,
Thou art ſecure in theſe embraces.
Bella. Do not
Afflict me thus. Thoſe falſe diſſembling kiſſes
Wound me to death. Return unto my boſome,
That never ſhall be warm with others touch.
Shee's common, and will mixe her luſtfull blood
Even with beaſts.
Senſ. 'Tis but her envy to me.
Bella. Let not her Syrene charms bewitch thee thus
Vnto a ſhipwrack. Every ſmile of hers
Shadow's a rock to ſplit thee: in my armes
Shalt ſleep as ſafe as if the clowdes did guard thee.
Am I not fayre? Shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively? grow not colours on my cheekes,
Brighter then thoſe that paynt her rottenneſſe;
And will *Phyſander* leave me? Did I not
Forſake th'etheriall Palace of my father,
To be thine onely? and a whore to rivall me!
Oh miſery!
Phyſ. Th'art barren of thoſe pleaſures
I here enjoy.
Bella. What pleaſures? guilded ones,
To mock thy ſenſe; their inſide's bitterneſſe.
Return, with me ſhalt find delights,
As far exceeding theſe as the great day Starr
His pale cheek't ſiſter, or nightes leſſer beauties.
A thouſand wing'd intelligences dayly
Shall be thy miniſters, and from all parts
Informe thee of the Worlds new accidents.
Shalt from their ſcanning frame by my advice,
Rules of prevention; ſhalt command all arts,
As hand-mayds; Shalt converſe with Heaven and Angels;

And

And after all Ile bring thee to Elysium.
Cold there compells no use of rugged furrs,
Nor makes the mountaines barren. Ther's no dog
To rage and scortch the harvest labourer;
Whilst the lascivious Landlord wastes th' increase
In prodigall contrivements, how t' allay
The furious heat with artificiall snowes,
And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's alwayes there,
And paynts the valleys: whilst a temperate ayre
Sweeps their embroydred face with his curl'd gales,
And breaths perfumes, no Persian aromates:
Pontick Amomus, or Indian balsame
Can imitate. There night doth never spread
Her ebon wings; but daylight's alwayes there,
And one blest season crownes th' eternall yeare.

Phys. Ile heare no more: nor can I be so credulous
Having possession, to expect such fables.
Here I am fixt.

Bella. And I made miserable.

Sens. Let's in to feast, and revell; and at night
Shalt be possest of a more full delight. *Exeunt.*

Bel. Thus doth chast wedlock suffer. Heavenly servant
Whisper some powerfull counsaile in his eare,
That may reclayme him. If it works, return,
And bring me comfort, who 'till then must mourn.

Exeunt severally.

For the Fourth Act.

Tasting, *the* 4. *Complexions drunck, each having a bottle of Wine in his hand.*

Tast. The other health my boyes.

Phle. No more health if you love me.

Tast. Indeed health agrees not with your profession.

Coll. But we will have more health, and lesse health; or I will make a close stoole pan of your Physitians noddle.

Taſt. Good brother Choller be pacified.

Choll. I will not be pacified. He that deny's health, let him think himſelf dead e're he pronounce it. Choller's drye.

Mela. So is Melancholy.

Blood. Blood would be heated better.

Phle. And Phlegme moiſtned.

Choll. Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.

Taſt. Nay brother Choller, thou art ſo croſſe.

Mela. And will ſhe not return? then may the Sun
Stable his horſes ever, and no day
Guild the black ayre with light. If in mine eye
Shee be not plac't, what object can delight it?

Taſt. Excellent amoriſt. Here's to thee Melancholy.

Mela. What do I ſee? bluſh gray-ey'd morne, and ſpread
Thy purple ſhame upon the mountain topps:
Or pale thy ſelf with envie, ſince here com's
A brighter *Venus*, then the dull-eyd ſtarre,
That lights thee up.

Taſt. Very fine Law now: Melancholy hath been ſome neglected Courtier; hee's perfect in ſhe-flattery. If he miſtake me for the idoll of his paſſion, Ile abuſe him.

Mela. Oh let me kiſſe thoſe payre of red twinn'd cher-
That do diſtill Nepenthe. (ries.

Taſt. Kiſſe and ſpare not.
Bite not the cherry ſtones and eate, I care not.

Mel. Oh turn not from me; let me ſmell the gumms,
Which thy rich breath creates.

Taſt. As for my gumms you 'l find
Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.

Blood. This leg 's not right.

Taſt. I know it. 'Tis my left.

Blood. Carry your toes wider.

Taſt. Take heed that I ſcoote not you.

Blood. Now do your cinque paſſe cleanly.

Taſt. My cinque paſſe cleanly! A cooke defyes it.

Choll.

Chol. You lye too open. Guard your ſelfe better, or I ſhall bang your coate.

Phle. 'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypoſtaſis argues a very bad ſtomack.

Taſt. Some Souldier perhaps that wan't's his Pay.

Phleg. This ſediment betokens a great ſwelling in the belly.

Taſt. 'Tis ſome Chamber-maide ſick of a Midwifes timpany.

Phleg. 'Twere good ſhe chang'd ayre. Remove her into the Countrey, and if ſhe fall agen into the greene-ſickneſſe, ſhe knows the cure. This water argues a great heart-burning.

Taſt. 'Tis a Lovers that: or ſome miſers that dranke ſmall beere in the Dog-dayes at his own charges.

Phleg. The owner of this hath an impoſtume in his head, and it is neere breaking.

Taſt. Perhaps 'tis a Fencers, or ſome Shopkeepers, whoſe wife ſells underhand by retayle.

Phleg. Let him compound for his light wife, and he may be cur'd without the charity of an Hoſpitall.

To them Phyſander *ſick.*

Phyſ. How on a ſudden my delights are clowded?
As when a ſurfeit makes the pleaſant diſh
That caus'd it more diſtaſtefull then th' offence
Of any bitter potion. My dull'd ſenſes
Reliſh no objects. Colours doe not take
My filmed eyes. Mine eares are deafe to ſounds,
Though by a *Chorus* of thoſe lovely maides
Which *Ioue* begot on faire *Mnemoſyne*
Sung to *Apollo's* harpe.

Taſt. Is it thereabouts? Ile play the ſtate knave, and informe preſently. *Exit.*

Phyſ. Sickneſſe begins
To make this frame her manſion. Feavers burne it,
And ſhake the weak foundation: then a cold

Chills it agen, as if a thousand Winters
Contracted into one scatter'd their snow
With Northerne blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palseys dis-joynt the fabrick: loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Helpe me good servants.

Phleg. We cannot helpe our selves.

Chol. Let's kill him, or hee'l kill us.

Melan. *Phlegme* doe thou choake him.

Blond. Ile empty his veines.

Chol. Ile doe it. *Blond's* not worthy the imployment.

Blond. Worthier then *Choller.*

Chol. Thou ly'st in thy throat.

Blond. Thou hast inflam'd me.

They fall together by the eares, and Physander *weakly endeavouring to part them, is himselfe hurt, and they flygh.*

Phys. Hold I command yee: How dare yee insult
Vpon my weakenesse thus? Oh I am wounded.
Perfidious villaines, was this trechery
Your duties act? What fury prompted yee
To such inhumane violence? Will no hand
Of art or heaven supply me with a balme!
Then I must die, and bury all my glories
E're they are fully gaz'd at. Why did nature
Produce me for her darling; and not arme
My passive body with a proofe 'gainst thunder?

To him Sensuality, *the* 5. Senses.

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dream't of heaven, when my waking sense
Possest delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure as if she had been
My captive, and her spoyles enrich't the triumph;
Helpe now to save me: or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great paine

My

My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy bosome, and I shall forget
That death hath any horrour.
Sens. This *Physander!*
I know him not. The bloudy spectacle
Is too offensive: Would it were remov'd.
Tast. Please you, Ile carry the Calfe into my Slaughterhouse. But I feare hee'l hardly be dreſt for your Ladyships tooth: he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.
Phys. Not know me Lady! how am I transform'd!
The sand of many minutes hath not fall'n
From times gray glasse, since you vouchsaf't to call me
Lord of your selfe and pleasures.
Sens. Let me have
Another sweet heart: one whose lustie heat
May warm my bosome. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is paynted with, and strew his way.
Translate my Bower to *Turias* rosie bankes,
There, with a Chorus of sweet nightingales
Make it continuall Spring. If the Sunnes rayes
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest ayre;
Breath'd by Etesian windes. The briskest *Nectar*
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambrosian cates,
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Varye the object. Let delights be linck't,
So in a circled chayne no end we see,
Pleasure is onely my eternity. *Exeunt.*
Tast. Sick Sir farewell. By that time you are dead I
Will have made you a cawdle. *Exit.*
I sure have dream't; all past was but illusion.
Hould out ye bloodlesse Organes untill I
Have rayl'd upon this strumpet, then I'le dye.

To him the two Genij severally.

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses?

That

Chills it agen, as if a thousand Winters
Contracted into one scatter'd their snow
With Northerne blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palseys dis-joynt the fabrick: loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Helpe me good servants.

Phleg. We cannot helpe our selves.
Chol. Let's kill him, or hee'l kill us.
Melan. *Phlegme* doe thou choake him.
Blond. Ile empty his veines.
Chol. Ile doe it. *Blond's* not worthy the imployment.
Blond. Worthier then *Choller.*
Chol. Thou ly'st in thy throat.
Blond. Thou hast inflam'd me.

They fall together by the eares, and Physander *weakly endeavouring to part them, is himselfe hurt, and they fligh.*

Phys. Hold I command yee: How dare yee insult
Vpon my weakneſse thus? Oh I am wounded.
Perfidious villaines, was this trechery
Your duties act? What fury prompted yee
To such inhumane violence? Will no hand
Of art or heaven supply me with a balme!
Then I must die, and bury all my glories
E're they are fully gaz'd at. Why did nature
Produce me for her darling; and not arme
My passive body with a proofe 'gainst thunder?

To him Sensuality, *the* 5. Senses.

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dream't of heaven, when my waking sense
Possest delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure as if she had been
My captive, and her spoyles enrich't the triumph;
Helpe now to save me: or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great paine

My

My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy boſome, and I ſhall forget
That death hath any horrour.
Senſ. This *Phyſander!*
I know him not. The bloudy ſpectacle
Is too offenſive: Would it were remov'd.
Taſt. Pleaſe you, Ile carry the Calfe into my Slaughterhouſe. But I feare hee'l hardly be dreſt for your Ladyſhips tooth: he hath bled too much to be ſweet fleſh.
Phyſ. Not know me Lady! how am I transform'd!
The ſand of many minutes hath not fall'n
From times gray glaſſe, ſince you vouchſaf't to call me
Lord of your ſelfe and pleaſures.
Senſ. Let me have
Another ſweet heart: one whoſe luſtie heat
May warm my boſome. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is paynted with, and ſtrew his way.
Tranſlate my Bower to *Turias* roſie bankes,
There, with a Chorus of ſweet nightingales
Make it continuall Spring. If the Sunnes rayes
Offend his tender skin, and make it ſweat,
Fan him with ſilken wings of mildeſt ayre;
Breath'd by Eteſian windes. The briskeſt *Nectar*
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambroſian cates,
Art can deviſe for wanton appetite,
Furniſh his banquet. As his ſenſes tire,
Varye the object. Let delights be linck't,
So in a circled chayne no end we ſee,
Pleaſure is onely my eternity. *Exeunt.*
Taſt. Sick Sir farewell. By that time you are dead I
Will have made you a cawdle. *Exit.*
I ſure have dream't; all paſt was but illuſion.
Hould out ye bloodleſſe Organes untill I
Have rayl'd upon this ſtrumpet, then I'le dye.

To him the two Genij ſeverally.

How my diſtraction ſwells my tongue with curſes?

That

That I could ſhoot the poyſon of a Baſiliske
From my inflam'd eyes, or infect the ayre
With my laſt breath to kill her.
Mal. G. Ha, ha, he.
Phyſ. Who's that can laugh at miſery?
Mal. G. 'Tis I
That triumph in thy ruine. I contriv'd it,
And caus'd divorce betwixt thee and thy wife:
Whom now I will torment. *Exit.*
Phyſ. That wound is deeper
Then all the reſt. Calling to mind my ills,
That left a chaſt wife for the looſe embraces
Of ſenſualitie, a paynted whore,
Common with beaſts. Death hold thy aſhye hand,
Till I am reconcil'd to my *Bellamina*,
Then ſtrike and ſpare not.
Bon. G. Fixe in that reſolution,
Ile bring her to thee. *Exit.*
Phyſ. That's my good *Genius*.
The horrours of a thouſand nights made black
With pitchye tempeſts, and the Moones defect,
When ſhee's affrighted with the howlings of
Crotonean Wolves, and groanes of dying Mandrakes
Gather'd for charmes; the Schritch-owles fatall dirge,
And Ghoſts diſturb'd by furyes from their peace,
Are all within me.

To him Bellamina, *Bonus Genius.*

Bon. G. Wounded by the hands
Of his diſtemper'd ſervants that are fled.
Bella. Looke up *Phyſander*, I am come to help thee,
Not to afflict: I ſhare thy ſufferings.
There's not an anguiſh but it is inflicted
As equally on me. Why would *Phyſander*
Cut wedlocks Gordian, and with looſer eyes
Doate on a common wanton? what is pleaſure
More then a luſtfull motion in the ſenſe?

The

The proſecution full of anxious feares;
The end Repentance. Though content be call'd
The ſoule of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reaſon of his life;
Yet if intemperate appetite purſue it,
The pure end's loſt, and ruine muſt attend it.
But I would comfort thee. Doe but expreſſe
A deteſtation of thy former follies,
We will be reunited, and enjoy
Eternall pleaſures.

Phyſ. Can *Bellanima*
Forgive the injuries that I have done her?
Shee's milder then thou Love, or pitties ſelf.
Let me be baniſh't ever to converſe
With Monſters in a deſart. 'tis a puniſhment
Too little. Let me be confin'd to dwell
On the North pole, where a continuall Winter
May bleake me to a ſtatue; or inhabit
The Acheruſian fenns, whoſe noyſome ayre
May choake my noſtrells with their poyſonous fumes,
Yet linger death unto a thouſand ages.

Bella. Wee'l live *Phyſander*, and enjoy each other
In new delights: thou ſhalt be cur'd by *Temperance*.
Shee's the Phyſitian that doth moderate
Deſire with reaſon, bridling appetite.

Here the fourth Scene is ſuddainly diſcover'd being a Rock, with a ſpring of water iſſuing out of it. At the foot thereof a cave; where Temperance *ſits betwixt a* Philoſopher, *an* Hermite, *a* Ploughman *and a* Shepheard. *Behind the Rocke a Lantskipt.*

Yonder's her Cave, whoſe plaine, yet decent roofe
Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
No Tyrian purples cover her low couch;
Nor are the carv'd ſupporters artiſts worke
Bought at the wealth of provinces; ſhe feeds not
On coſtly viands, in her gluttony.

Waſting the ſpoyles of conqueſts: from a rock
That weeps a running chriſtall ſhe doth fill
Her ſhell cup, and drinks ſparingly.
Phyſ. Shee cannot
Heale my affliction; mercyes ſelfe denyes
A time and meanes, and onely black deſpayre,
Whiſpers th'approach of death.
Bon. G. Remove that ſinne,
And hope with ſorrow. Greateſt faults are ſmall,
When that alone may make amends for all.
Phyſ. Might I yet live to practice my reſolve
Of reformation, ſooner ſhould the day
Leave to diſtinguiſh night; the Sunne ſhould choake
His breathleſſe horſes in the weſtern mayne,
And riſe no more, the gray morn uſhering in
His light approach, then my relapſe from thee,
And goodneſſe cauſe new miſeryes. Direct me,
Yet heavenly miniſters; informe my knowledge
In the ſtrict courſe that may preſerve me happy,
Whilſt yet my ſighes ſuck in th'unwilling ayre,
That ſwells my waſted lunges. Though not in life,
In death Ile be *Bellanima's*.
Bella. Phyſander,
Expire not yet: thy wounds are not ſo mortall.
Helpe me to beare him yonder; gently rayſe
His weakned body. What can we not endure,
When paynes are leſſen'd by the hope of cure?
Temp. What wretched piece of miſerable riot
Is this that needs the ayde of *Temperance*?
What caus'd his ſickneſſe?
Bella. Liberty in ills
To pleaſe his ſenſes, which have ſurfeited
With an exceſſe: and if your art ſupply not,
Death will divorce us. Pitty then ſweet Lady,
And from your treaſure of inſtructions
Preſcribe a powerfull medicine that may quicken
His cold defects, which more and more increaſe,

Leſſe-

Leſſ'ning his weakned powers. To a chaſte wife
Preſerve (now 'tis reform'd) her husbands life.
Temp. Let the earth be his bed; this rock his pillow;
His curteines heaven; the murmur of this water
Inſtead of muſick charm him into ſleepe.
And for the cates which gluttony invents
To make it call'd an art, confected juice
Of Pontick nuts, and Idumean palmes
Candy'd with Eboſian ſugar; lampreyes guts (neſſe,
Fetcht from Carpathian ſtraights, and ſuch like wanton-
Let him eat ſparingly of what the earth
Produceth freely, or is where 'tis barren
Enforc't by induſtrye. Then poure this balſome
Into his wounds, and whil'ſt his ſenſes reſt
Free from their paſſive working, and endure
Partiall privation of their meanes and objects,
His ſlumbers ſhall preſent what mor's requir'd
To make him ſound.
Bella. My endleſſe thanks great power,
Mother of other vertues. Whilſt he ſleepes,
My cares ſhall watch him. Oh thou death like god,
That chayn'ſt the ſenſes captive, and do'ſt rayſe
Dreames out of humours, whoſe illuſive ſhadowes,
Oft work on fancy to beget beliefe
Of prophecies, let no black horrours mixe
Their frightfull preſence, but with gentle ſhowes,
(Yet ſuch as are inſtructive) ſweetly worke
Vpon what wakes within whilſt th'other ceaſe;
Then ſleepes the figure of eternall peace.

They daunce every one in a proper garbe, ſhewing their reſpect to Temperance, *whilſt* Phyſander *ſleepes betwixt* Bellanima *and* Bonus Genius, *that ſeeme to dreſſe his wounds.*

Phyſ. I feele quick ſence return, and every Organe
Is active to performe its proper office:
I am not hurt. What miracle hath Heaven

Wrought on me?

Bella. Next to Heaven, the thanks are due
To this thy lifes restorer. She hath precepts,
By which thou mayst preserve it to a length,
And end it happie.

Temp. What thy dreames presented,
Put straight in act, and with a constancie
Perseverin't. Rewards will onely crowne
The end of a well prosecuted good.
Philosophie; religious solitude
And labour waite on *Temperance*: in these
Desire is bounded; they instruct the mindes
And bodies actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
That gives the first beginning to all ills.
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sinne
Can never find a way to enter in.

Phyſ. Let me digest my joyes; I onely now
Begin to live: the former was not perfect.

Bella. Wee'l shortly to my father, who with joy
Will entertaine us.

Temp. I will meet ye there;
Where ye shall be invested by the hands
Of Iustice, Prudence, Fortitude and me
In the bright robes of immortalitie.

Phyſ. My heart's too narrow to conteine the joyes
This reconciliation fills it with.
Chayne me agen to misery, and make me
Wretched beyond despayre when next I fall.
Let this my resolution be enroll'd
Amongst eternall acts not to be cancell'd.
Then man is happy, and his blisse is full
When hee's directed by his better soule. *Exeunt.*

Temperance *with the rest of hers being return'd into the Scene, it closeth.*

For the last Act.

Malus Genius *as discontented.*

Mal. G. It must not be; his glory is my shame.
Mischiefe attempted if it want successe,
Is the contrivers punishment. As darts
Shot at resisting walls, in their returne
May light on him that did direct them. Malice
Suggests a new attempt. Ile practise all
That hell can teach me, but Ile work his fall.

To the Malus Gen. *Sensuality, the five Senses in torne and beggerlike habits.*

Who's here?

Sens. Into what misery hath riot
Brought my decayed state? Whilst I had the meanes
To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
Those gone, necessity and lust then made me
A mercenary prostitute, and since
By the gradation of a wanton life,
I'm fall'n to this. Want and a loathsome sickneſſe
Make me reflect; nor can I but accuse my self
At Conscience barre, but not with penitence;
That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custome hath confirm'd me in all ill. *Exeunt.*

Mal. G. T'accuse *Physander*, thither will I goe,
And if all fayle try what despaire can doe.

To the Mal. Gen. Physander, Bellanima *in their first habits with Bookes in their hands,* Bonus Genius, *the foure Complexions.*

Hee's here.

Phys. I shall not need your diligence.
Your trecherie (although forgiven) hath made me
Watchfull upon ye. I have gotten now

A'carefull guide to manage my affayres.
Retire. I do embrace thy fellowship
Prudence, thou vertue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evill
Conducing to felicity. Direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason.
Teach me contempt of all inferiour vanities.
Pride in a marble portall guilded ore;
Assyrian carpets; chayres of ivory;
The luxurie of a stupendious house;
Garments perfum'd; gemmes valew'd not for use
But needlesse ornament; a sumptuous table,
And all the baytes of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lye.

Bella. Shee's a majestick ruler, and commands
Even with the terrour of her awfull brow.
As in a throng sedition being rays'd,
Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madnesse,
Firebrands and stones fly; fury shews them weapons:
'Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdome,
They straight are silent, and erect their eares,
Whilst he with his sage counsayle doth asswage
Their minds disorder, and appease their rage.
So Prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have rays'd temptations, with their batteryes
Assaulting reason, she doth interpose,
And keep it safe. Th'attemps of sense are weake,
If their vaine forces wisdome deigne to breake.

Phys. Temperance, to thee I owe my after life;
Thou that command'st o're pleasures, hating some,
When thou dispens'st with others; still directing
All to a sound meane: under thy low roofe
Ile eate and sleepe, whilst grave Philosophy
Instructs my soule in Iustice. What is she?

Bella. A habit of the mind by which just things
Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures
Enjoying Law and Iustice; but the worst

If ſeparated from them. 'Tis eſtabliſht
By feare of Law, and by Religion;
Diſtributes due to all.

Phyſ. That is reward
To vertue, and to vice it's puniſhment.
The thought of it hath horrour in't. I fell
From height of goodneſſe in forſaking thee,
And muſt be puniſht. Why is it delayd?
Inflict it ſtraight; protraction makes it greater.

Bella. Phyſander is forgiv'n. Reflect not back
On thy paſt errours, but with ſorrowes eyes,
That may be guides to the prevention
Of after ills.

Phyſ. Diſtract me not with comforts.
If juſtice hath no other inſtrument.
I muſt and will be juſt unto my ſelfe.
When I have felt a torment that doth equall
Th' offence for which I ſuffer it, 'twill confirme me,
Bellanima is ſatisfi'd.

Bella. She is,
And can expect no greater. Think on Fortitude.
Be not dejected by a feare that's grounded
On ſuch a weake foundation. Tis not th' appetite
Of things that carry horrour makes men valiant;
But patient bearing of afflictions
That are neceſſited.

Phyſ. Can Fortitude
Be without Iuſtice? Iuſtice without Fortitude
Is perfect in it ſelf. When I am juſt,
Valour is uſefull.

Bella. It begins to worke;
Ile proſecute the reſt. What he intends
For good, ſhall be inverted to my ends. *Exit.*

Phyſ. Diſſwade me not *Bellanima*, I cannot
Think the dimenſions of thy goodneſſe ſuch,
That it may be extended to remit
So great an ill without it's ſatisfaction.

Then

Then will I challenge thy forgiveneſſe due
When I have ſuffer'd puniſhment; I dare not
Owe all unto thy gentleneſſe.
Bella. Reſiſt
This black temptation: thy ill *Genius* whiſper'd it.
Phyſ. 'Tis taught me here; iuſtice inſtructs me in't.
Yet when I feele the laſhes of their ſnakes
Hells judges doe employ; when vultures gnaw
My growing liver, and the reſtleſſe wheele
Hurryes my rackt limbes, (for theſe torments are
Leſſe then my fault deſerves,) Ile laugh at all,
And with a ſcorn provoke the executioners
'Till they are tir'd; and whilſt they take in breath,
Contrive ſome yet unhear'd of. Fortitude
Shall teach me to beare all, (their end being juſtice)
With more delight, then when I did enjoy
Pleaſures with Senſualitie.
Bon. G. Ile try him.
Hells malice ſometimes doth pretend that good
Which Heaven inſtructs, to make diſtinguiſhable
Their ſeverall acts. But like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas throwne:
So in afflictions violence he that's wiſe,
The more hee's caſt down will the higher riſe. *Exit.*
Bella. Preſume not yet *Phyſander*: thou art weake.
Feare, ſo Puſillanimous, is better
Then daring confidence.
Phyſ. I will encounter
With a whole hoaſt of deaths, though each were arm'd
In all th'artillery that ever conquer'd
Mortality; meete thunder if but warn'd
That it is comming, and be fixt unmov'd
T'embrace the ſubtile fire, though one ſtep
Might guard me in a grove of Magick Bayes
Wall'd with Hienas skinnes. The apprehenſion
Of horrour ſhall not fright me, though preſented
In the moſt hideous ſhape conceit can paynt.

To

To them three Furies.

What apparition's this? or are ye Furies
Sent to torment me? Speake, and satisfie
My growing feares, which like an earthquake, when-
Pent ayre dilates it self with violence
Doe shake my trembling heart.

1. *Fur.* We are the daughters
Of night and Acheron; our number three,
Answering those three affects that beare then he adlong
Into all wickednesse. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosome, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, untill it hurrie thee
Vnto some desperate act, and on thy self
Thou be thine own revenger.

Bella. Now *Physander*,
Where is this boasted valour? Feare's expresst
Even in thy silence. Terrour of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Then th' ill it self: yet where true fortitude
Guard's the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,
When it increaseth bouldnesse. Chance may cleare
Many of punishment, but none of feare.
Thou art not well instructed: go with me,
Ile teach thee how to shun them. *Exeunt.*

2. *Fur.* Hath he scap't us?
And left my vipers hissing for their prey,
Which should have been his heart? Then they must feed
Vpon mine own.

To them Malus Genius.

Mal. G. Now my copartners
In this black fellowship, is it successefull?

3. *Fur.* No; reason guards him; frustrates our designe.
And we must back to be our own tormentors. *Exeunt Fu.*

Ma. G. Will nothing prosper! Lend me *Erinnis* adders,
That from their poyson my infected envie
May swell untill it breake, venting a sea
Of mischiefe to o'rewhelme him. One birth more

My malice labours with. If that miscarry,
Ile in content of heaven that guards his bride
Eate mine owne heart, and ne're be satisfi'd.

To the Mal. Gen. Feare.

The Iudge is entring.

Feare. Make way there for my Lord Conscience: he is upon comming, and I was afrayd the cushions had not been handsomely layd for his ease. Long causes many times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long sitting before dinner; it makes feare have but a cold stomack. Blesse me! who's this? one of the divells she lawyers? Her case must needs have a black boxe. (so?

Mal. G. I come t'accuse *Physander*. Why dost quake

Feare. You never knew feare without an ague.

Ma. G. Feare often cur's it.

Feare. In the countrey where wise physitians practise.

Ma. G. Is the court ready to sit?

Feare. Instantly. But pray' how long have you beene a sollicitrix?

Ma. G. Never before.

Feare. I fear'd as much, when you aske an officer so many idle questions without some feeling.

Ma. G. What officer art?

Feare. No worse then the mouth of the court, that recieves all in with, Oyes.

To them Conscience, Hope, Despaire, Sensuality, *the five Senses.*

You see the power of that word;
They are here. Stand by there.

Hope. *Hope* must be still an advocate.

Consc. 'Tis well.
Despaire's a subtile pleader, and employ'd
Onely by hell.

Desp. Be wing'd, and fetch him hither:
Let me alone; Ile have a plea shall shake
His courage. *Exit Mal. Gen.*

Consc.

Consc. *Feare* call a court.

Feare. O yes, ô yes, ô yes : All wicked mortalls that have any buſineſſe in the court of Conſcience, let them come and accuſe themſelves, if they have ſo little wit, and they ſhall be judg'd by the proverb.

Con. Liſt to my charge. *Conſcience* the judge of actions
Is neither power, nor habit, but an act;
To wit an application of that knowledge
That ſhewes the difference. Its Synteresis,
Or purer part, is th' inſtigation
Of will to good and honeſt things, and ſeates
The mind in a rich throne of endleſſe quiet;
When being clog'd with guilt of many ills,
Thoſe leaden waight expreſſe it as it mounts,
And ſink it into horrour. *Conſcience* ſtain'd
Is like a fretting ulcer, that corrod's
The part it hath infected, and though cur'd
It leaves a ſcarre. So heale a wounded Conſcience:
Repentance ſtayes as the veſtigium,
Or marke impreſt, by which the paſt diſeaſe
Is found to have been. There's no puniſhment
Like that, to beare the witneſſe in ones breſt
Of perpetrated evills, when the mind
Beat's it with ſilent ſtripes; guilty of blame.
But being unſtain'd it laughs at lying fame.

Feare. Silence in the court, and hearken to the charge: it may indoctrinate ye for Iuſtices, if there be not too much of Conſcience in it.

Consc. *Hope* is in oppoſition with deſpaire;
And like a zealous advocate i'th' cauſe
Of his afflicted cly ent, labours ſtill
To overthrow the fallacies and quirkes
Deſpayre is nimble in; whil'ſt feare with trembling
Expects the trialls iſſue. By theſe three
Mens acts inform'd of, ſcann'd and canvas'd be,
At length by Conſcience cenſur'd, thy are ſent
To have reward, or ſuffer puniſhment.

Feare. Hem. Now enter that woman.

Consc. What are you?

Sens. A desperate piece of neglected mortality, that have been a Lady of pleasure, and kept an open house where Lords tooke me up at high rates, 'till my bare commons would no longer serve their high feeding.

Feare. And the Geese that gras'd on it would alwayes be ever roasted.

Sens. Thence fell to inferiour customers, and doated most on the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voyce. Night-walking then supply'd me, whil'st I had any thing to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the reversion of an almes-basket: and those which heretofore would hire me to sinne, doe now deny me the benefit of a Spittle. I have not strength to climbe and hang my selfe; and having been so light all my life time 'tis impossible I should be drown'd.

Hope. *Hope* yet with griefe, and mend.

Sensu. My mending must be miraculous. Were it in art to repayre this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden dayes and coaching agen. But now welcome a cart or a Shrove-tuesdayes tragedy. Despaire tells me there is a fire in hell, and why should I, that have converst with heates all my life time, feare it?

Feare. Stand by there. What are you?

Seeing. My Ladyes ape, that imitated all her fashions; falling as she did, and running the same course of folly: the difference onely, that what was hers first was mine in reversion; except her gentleman usher. Hell I feare not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides the whips of furies are not halfe so terrible as a blew coate, and the shreeks of tormented ghosts nothing to the noyse of hemphammers.

Consc. Proceed quickly with the rest.

Feare. I would excuse my selfe; but I despaire of being heard, now my Lady's decayd and housekeeping broke up. I feare nothing so much as to be torne in

pieces

pieces by the revengefull beggars.

Smell. That puniſhment muſt I ſhare. For I was an honeſt huntſman, and provided buriall for many a ſcavingers horſe in my dogs bellies; but finding it troubleſome and unſavoury, tooke an eaſier courſe, and converted the remaines of dinner and ſupper that ſhould have fed the poore, into my dogs breakfaſt. For which I expect to be purſu'd by the common hunt, till I come to hell; and there the queſt will be ſo hot, I ſhall not poſſibly ſcape it.

Feare. Thou ſeem'ſt to have been a good fellow: ſhall I ſpeake a word in thy behalfe?

Taſt. No: *Fear's* an ill orator; hee'l be out. I have been the moſt notorious theef, that ever rob'd by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchinſtuffe, then would have victualled a flemiſh garriſon. I have cheated butchers; gone on their ſcores, and payd them with hornes: helping to undo my Lady with the greatneſſe of mine own credit. I have coney-catcht many a poulterers wife, and ſhe hath pluckt my feathers: what I got by the back I ſpent on the belly. But now ſhort commons ſerve, licking my fingers and the halfe-cold drippingpan. Since my Ladyes decay I am degraded from a cooke, and I feare the divell himſelf will entertaine me but for one of his black guard; and he ſhall be ſure to have his roaſt burnt.

Deſp. Stand by. You ſhall be ſentenc'd preſently.

Touch. I was a ſpruce obſerver of formality; wore good cloathes at the ſecond hand, and payd for them quarterly. Together with my Ladyes my fortune fell, and of her gentleman uſher I became her appleſquire, to hold the doore, and keepe centinell at taverns. I can play the Bravo where my affronting is upon ſure advantage; otherwiſe I can be kick't with as much patience, as a hungry fidler, when he expects the reverſion of a gallants oyſters. I may yet be ſerviceable to the *Succubi* in hell, but other preferment I deſpaire of.

Conſc. Cuſtome in ills that doe affect the ſenſe
Makes reaſon uſeleſſe, when it ſhould direct

The ills reforming. Men habituate
In any evill, 'tis their greatest curse,
Advise doth seldome mend, but makes them worse.

To them Malus Genius, Physander, Bellanima, Bonus Genius.

Mal. G. He's come. Now use your utmost skill in plea,
For feare our cause miscarry.

Consc. Who is this?

Desp Her's his accuser that prefers th'indictment.

Consc. Let it be read.

Feare. Stand out *Physander*.

Desp. Thou art indicted by the name of *Physander* Lord of *Microcosmus*, for that being wedded to the faire and chast *Bellanima*, daughter and heire of immortall Love, thou hast unjustly forsaken her, and been guilty of incontinence with a common whore, *Sensuality*.

Phys. 'Tis not deny'd, nor needs it other witnesse;
I beare it in my Conscience. Yet reverend judge,
Sorrow for ills past doth restore frayle man
To his first innocence. What mine hath beene,
My earth bed wet with nightly teares can witnesse,
And sighes, have made the trembling ayre retire,
Vnwilling to be lodg'd in a sad brest
Already fill'd with zeale. If a perseverance
Sprung from a constant resolution,
And joynd unto this sorrow may prevayle
To th' expiation of my former guilt,
I hope forgiveneſse.

Desp. But despaire me thinks
Should fright that hope with apprehension
Of what eternall justice will inflict:
And feare of deserv'd punishment should make thee
Tremble with horrour.

Hope. 'Tis not so false orator,
Necessity may be a powerfull strengthening
Of humane frailtie: and as it acut's
Sloth often into Diligence, Despaire

May

May be Hopes cauſe. The temple-robber to appeaſe
Th'offended godhead to the Altar flies;
Nor ſhames to beg his pardon with drown'd eyes.
Let thy reſolves be firme.

Phyſ. As fates decrees
Enroll'd in ſteele. Nor will I be ſecure
In any confidence of mine own ſtrength:
For ſuch ſecurity is oft the mother
Of negligence, and that th'occaſion
Of unremedied ruine. From inſtructions
Found here, we will conſult our after-ſafetyes.
And in all courſes of my following life,
I will be guyded by my heavenly wife.

Conſc. Ile then pronounce ye happy. Man's a ſhip
Laden with riches. Tempeſts rage, and hell
Sends pirates out to rob him; heavens eye guards him;
His ſoule's the pilot, who through various ſeas
Of time and fortune brings him to the port
Of endleſſe quiet. Now diſmiſſe the court. *Exeunt.*

Mal. G. My malice burſt me. I have toyl'd in vaine:
And mine own torment is my onely gaine. *Exit.*

Senſ. Ile with thee to that place where horrors fright
The guilty conſcience with eternall night. *Exit.*

Bon. G. Now freely paſſe unto the bleſt abodes,
Where thoſe heroes that do merit it
In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
Pleaſures beyond all comprehenſion.

Bella. All lets are now remov'd; hells malice falls
Beneath our conqueſt, and Loves palace gates
Ope to receive our tryumph.

Here the laſt Scene is diſcover'd, being a glorious throne: at the top whereof Love ſits betwixt Iuſtice, Temperance, Prudence *and* Fortitude, *holding two crownes of ſtarres: at the foote upon certaine degrees ſit divers gloriouſly habited and alike as* Elyſij incolæ; *who whil'ſt Love and the Vertues lead* Phyſander *and* Bellanima *to the throne, place themſelves in a figure for the dance.*

The

The Song.

Welcome, welcome happy payre
To these abodes, where spicie ayre
Breaths perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his objects excellence.
Where's no heate, nor cold extreme;
No winters ice, nor summers scorching beame.
Where's no sun, yet never night.
Day alwayes springing from eternall light.

Chorus.

All mortall sufferings lay aside
Here in endlesse blisse abide.

Love. Welcome to Love my now lov'd heyre,
Elysium's thine; ascend my chayre,
For following *Sensuality*
I thought to disinherit thee.
But being new reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine onely daughter, fate allow's
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Ioyne ye that were his guides to this:
Thus I inthrone ye both. Now kisse,
Whil'st you in active measures move,
Led on to endlesse joyes by Love.

The dauncе ended, they returne to their first order, whil'st Love speakes the Epilogue: which done, he is received into the Scene, and it closeth.

The End.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HANNIBAL AND SCIPIO.

AN HISTORICALL TRAGEDY.

13. (2)

Acted in the yeare 1635. by the Queenes Majesties Servants, at their Private house in *Drury Lane*.

The Author *Thomas Nabbes*.

Arma virosque cano.



LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Oulton* for *Charles Greene*, and are to be sold at the white Lion in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1637.



To the Ghosts of HANNIBAL *and* SCIPIO.

WHere e're your thin remaines, and ſhaddows dwell;
In the Elyſian bliſſe, or paines of Hell;
I, that with writing of your ſtory new
Am almoſt worne into a ghoſt like you,
Preſent you with your ſelves: ſuch as you were
When you breath'd ayre, and had your beings here.
Let not hells Iudges damne it to the fire;
It paſt mens ſentence: there's beſides ſome hire
Yet undiſcharg'd; and where the debt was due
Being deny'd, I have ſent the bill to you,
Say not for money, how ſhall we come by it?
Borrow of *Pluto:* he will not deny it
Vpon your bond. Stay: here's a great miſtaking;
His ſtate and riches were of Poets making:
And they I feare ſo apt are to belye him,
I cannot think he hath one penny by him.
How e're your patronage ſhall doe me right,
'Bove the prefixt name of a Lord or Knight:
Or other outſide men: ſuch as inherit
Of honour but the title, not the merit.
Who think that if the leaſt ſtate action reſt
On their diſpatch; or to a Chriſtmas feaſt
They yearly call the neighbour-hood; or be
Put in commiſſion, or the Shrivaltie
(The Countreys higheſt grace) they may diſpence
With what belongs more to their difference,

Bounty unto deſert. But you are free;
And if you might would rather come to me,
Then put me to a charge: the journey's great,
And ere I could return, I might want meat:
Vnleſſe ſome kind poore cobler, (you know well
Mending of ſoales is no rich trade in Hell.)
Lend me a ſhilling. Loth I am 'tis true
At any rate of hopes to come to you.

The honourer of your memories,

THOMAS NABBES.

The Ghoſts of *Hanniball* and *Scipio* to the Authour.

WHat charm commands us hither to repayre?
And once again ſalute the upper ayre?
Would *Lucian* vexe our ſhadowes? make us tell
Which of us holds priority in Hell?
What art, that do'ſt with thy Poetick fire
A ſoule into each Hiſtrio inſpire
Like ours? and make them move with active rage
As we did, when the World became our Stage?
We know thee now: thy thinne cheeke, hollow eye,
And ghoſtlike colour ſpeak the myſtery
Thou wouldſt, but canſt not live by: for the more
Thou do'ſt enrich thy works, they make thee poore.
Who will by fancy and invention thrive,
Muſt practiſe how to flatter men alive.
We would have left thee provinces, hadſt thou
Done this whilſt we had being here: but now
Pluto reſtraines our bounties; elſe wee'ld be
Not ayrie patrons to thy work and thee,
But give thee crowns of Mettall, whilſt thy brows
Others did deck with cheap *Phebean* boughs.
The ſinger of the Punick warr had bayes
Making our acts his ſubject; and thy prayſe
Should be no leſſe. But we are empty things,
Though once we aw'd ſtates, and commanded Kings.

Hannibal. *Scipio.*

The Prologue.

ANother Tragedy? What will become
Of the ſoft Muſe? Shee'l ſhortly have no roome
On this transform'd ſtage. Ladies ſhall not bluſh,
Nor ſmile under their fames: nor he in pluſh,
That from the Poets labours in the pit
Informes himſelfe for th' exerciſe of wit
At Tavernes, gather notes. Stay, I ſhould be
A Prologue, not a Satyre. You ſhall ſee
A piece from a rich ſubject drawne; but how
The workmanſhip will pleaſe, and you allow
Th' imperfect colours and the weake deſigne,
Let your owne judgements tell you, and not mine.
The Author warrants us the ſtory's cleare;
Vnleſſe to fit the Stage he doth transferre
Some actions that were ones to other men:
The places ſometimes chang'd too for the Scene.
Which is tranſlated as the muſick playes
Betwixt the acts: wherein he likewiſe prayes
You will conceive his battailes done, and then
The methode ſhall appeare, in which his pen
Hath ſmoothly dreſt the argument. 'Tis free
As ever Play was from ſcurrility.
Nor need you Ladies feare the horrid ſight:
And the more horrid noiſe of target fight
By the blue-coated Stage-keepers: our ſpheares
Have better muſick to delight your eares,
And not a ſtraine that's old, though ſome would taske
His borrowing from a former play. We aske
Your patience but two houres, by which time hee
Shall either dye or live to Poeſie.

The

The ſpeaking perſons.

Maharball.	By *William Shurlock.*
Himulco.	By *Iohn Sumner.*
Souldier.	By *George Stutfield.*
A Lady.	
Hannibal.	By *William Allen.*
2. other Ladies.	
Nuntius.	By *Hugh Clerke.*
Bomilcar.	By *Robert Axen.*
Syphax	By *Hugh Clerke.*
Piſton.	By *Anthony Turner.*
Crates.	
Meſſenger.	
Scipio.	By *Michael Bowyer.*
Lelius	By *Iohn Page.*
Sophonisba.	By *Ezekiel Fenn.*
Maſſaniſſa.	By *Theophilus Bird.*
Hanno.	By *Richard Perkins.*
Giſgon.	By *Robert Axen.*
Boſtar.	By *George Stutfield.*
Lucius.	
A young Lady.	
Pruſias.	By *William Shurlock.*

Mutes.

Ladies. *Souldiers.*
Attendants. *Senators.*

I deſire thee Reader to take notice that ſome eſcapes have paſt the Preſſe; As Tuning for Tunny; dimacing for dimming: meane for meere; ſtand for ſhare, &c. which notwithſtanding are corrected in divers of the copies: where they are not, let thine owne judgement rectifie them, before thy raſhneſſe condemne me. Farewell.

HANNIBALL AND SCIPIO.

The Argument of the first Act.

Hanniball *reproving his Souldiers for their lasciviousnesse at* Capua, *is himselfe taken with the love of a Lady of* Salapia. *Newes is brought him of* Scipio, *that hee hath recovered* Spaine : *and a command from the Senate that he returne to* Carthage : *which with much unwillingnesse hee assents to.*

The Scene Capua.

Scene the first.

Mahar ball *and* Himulco.

Mah. HEre's the right use of victory, to tame
Our furies with soft ease and wantonnesse,
After so many travels. Had our *Hannibal*
Possest himselfe of *Rome* without a Capua,
The conquest had beene poore.

Himul. These spoyles of beauty,

And free ones too, that uncompel'd will runne
To imbrace a Souldier; rock him in her armes;
Sing him asleepe, and with her icy fingers
Kembing the knotted curles of his black haire
So long neglected, make her selfe the ravisher:
Oh! 'tis *Elysium*.

Mahar. Nay, to have such change
Of pleasure court us; as if their inventions
Were onely busie to make our delights
The object of their care. Here we are feasted
With Chalcedonian Tuning; Rhodian guilt heads,
And more than Samian gluttony. We drinke
No wine, but of *Campania's Mascicus*,
Or grape crownd *Aulon*. Boyes more faire than hee
That beares *Ioves* Cup, rapt on the duskie wings
Of's sky-borne Eagle, serve the banquet up
In golden dishes, or Corinthian plate,
Luxuries chiefest.

Him. To crowne the entertainment,
Here sits a Lady, *Hebe* never blusht
A colour like her cheeke: and in her eye
A thousand *Cupids* move in wanton friskes,
To catch the gazers. There's another deckt
In the Seas riches, which the Negro dives for:
Her pearles reflexion dimacing the darke tapers,
As if all light were borrow'd from those Sunnes
Their orient roundnesse mockes us with. A third
Betrayes through a transparent lawne the beauty
Of a complexion, white and red did never
Mixe a more perfect; and a shape exact
As Natures first *Pandora's*. The possession
After desire hath made a preparation
In every sense to entertaine these joyes,
Can earth affoord a Heaven, and this not bee
The best hope ever faign'd?

Mahar. Then to be cloth'd
In silkes of Tyrian dye; to sleepe on downe,

And

And waking claſpe a Goddeſſe in ones armes,
Lovely as Cytharea; revell ſometimes,
And dance to th'Mermaides muſicke, 'till the night
Is made one artificiall day, inverting
The courſe of time and's actions: oh delights,
Beyond weake comprehenſion! Wee begin
To taſte them without ſenſe, did not diverſity
Whet appetite anew?

Him. Yet ſo much change
Should make invention barren: but 'tis fruitfull,
Pregnant, and teemes as faſt as 'tis delivered.
Delicious *Capua!*

Mah. Pleaſures onely ſtorehouſe!
Were I an *Hannibal*? and conqueſt quiet me
As farre as day-light ſpreads his chriſtall wings,
One *Capua* ſhould ranſome all.

Scene the Second.

To them a common Souldier, with a faire Lady courting him.

Him. What's here?
Shee courts him with as earneſt zeale, as *Cynthia*
Would her *Endymion*, or the gray-ey'd Morne
Her earely *Cephalus*.

Mah. Now by my Sword.

Him. Is that a Souldiers oath in *Capua*?
By the bright treſſes of my Miſtreſſe haire,
Fine as *Arachne's* webbe, or *Gosſhimere*:
Whoſe curles when garniſht with their dreſſing, ſhow
Like that ſpunne vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew.
Or by the Sunſhine of her chriſtall eyes,
Wherein the God of Love his wet wings dry's
After his bathing in ſad Lovers teares.
Theſe are the onely oathes a Souldier ſweares.
What ſhould we doe with ſwords?

Mah. Indeed 'tis true
Their bloody uſe hath beene ſo long neglected,

And for my part I am ſo cloy'd with women,
Mine muſt bee fil'd to powder, and prepar'd
To bee their Phyſick: the greene-ſickneſſe elſe
Will not bee cur'd by me.
Him. Mine ſhall be drawne
To weare for pinnes: and that which oft hath raign'd
The blood of Romanes on my hilts and hand,
Wearied almoſt with ſlaughter, ſhall bee toucht
With trembling fingers, white as *Othris* ſnow;
Whilſt the ſoft handler ſtarts, if by miſchance
The point but prick her skin, and muſt conſult
With ſome learn'd unguentary to prevent
Th'inviſible ſcarre. Why here we cannot quarrell
Amongſt our ſelves for wenches. There's a Lady,
As meane a beauty heretofore hath beene
The ground of a ſad warre, or in a Campe
Stir'd up a mutiny: wee cannot envie it,
That he, a common Souldier, valours ciphar,
One ondly preſt to make the number up,
Enjoves her wholly, and perhaps hath change.
Mah. Nay, ſtands upon nice termes for his reward;
And muſt bee hir'd to pleaſure, ſuch as ſome
Would even through any danger to embrace.
Prethee obſerve.
Lady. Why ſhould I be deny'd?
Am I not faire enough? My beauty freſh
As the new ſprings, when wanton *Phœbus* mounts
His burniſh'd chariot early to ſalute her,
And kiſſe dew from her cheekes.
Soul. There are as faire
And free. A penſion Lady muſt be thought of;
I cannot elſe be ſportive.
Lad. Is that all?
Ile fill thy burgnet with Iberian gold
Stampt into medals; Sell my wanton treaſurie,
Rings, Iewels, Carkanets, e're thou ſhalt want,
But what thy wiſh can covet.

Soul.

Soul. This old buffe
Would be transl ated.
Lad. Into Persian mantles,
Richly embroydred; no rough pelt of thrumbes
To fight with weather. Shalt be cloath'd in silkes,
Such as may vye for touch with their softnesse
When it is calmest, and no violent gust
Doth wave it into wrinckles.
Soul. I must eate too.
Lad. Nothing but choycest caudies, and drink wine
That shall have pearles dissolv'd in't. Come let's hasten
To our delights. I have prepar'd a bed
Of artificiall Roses mixt with downe;
Wherein our dalliance we will emulate,
The Cyprian Queene and her lov'd warriour,
When in her Ivory armes she did imbrace
His Iron sides.
Soul. Soft Lady, there are yet
Stricter conditions. 'Tis not come to that.
I must not be confin'd to times or place;
Nor to your single number. I must change
As I see cause.
Lad. Shalt be thine owne disposer.
Ile minister, and like a hand-maide waite
When thou wilt grace another; nor repine,
But with a patient longing.
Soul. On these termes
I feele a provocation. Come.

Exeunt.

Mah. Did ease
Ever before produce such acts of shame?
Him No matter. 'Tis a better life than warre
Affords her sonnes. A hard cold bed of earth:
Sleepes broken with a thousand apprehensions
Of danger; diet course, and seldome seasonable;
Hunger and thirst; and death each houre presented.
Let us translate our *Carthage* unto *Capua*;

We ſhall not need to toyle in blood and ſweat
For more inlargement.

Scene the third.

To them Hanniball. *Muſick.*

Huſht. Our Generall.

Mah. How doth he like this ſoftneſſe? it agrees not
With his rough nature.

Hanni. Muſick! every place
Surfets with this laſciviouſneſſe.

A Song as from ſome window.

March on my merry mates
To Venus *warres:*
You need not feare your pates,
You ſhall receive no wounds nor ſcarres,
You may come naked to the fight:
Wee'l have no other veile but night.
Onely you muſt not ſee
The bluſhes of your enemy.

Chorus.

The loving battail's ſet,
And we begin
To counter meete
With active ſtriving who ſhall win.
I faint, and yet mee thinkes you yeeld,
Both loſe, and yet both winne the field.
Recover ſtrength, and then
Wee'l to theſe pleaſant warres agen.

A fight.

Bravely maintain'd, and well come off on both ſides.
Curſe on this eaſe. Y'are well met noble Captaines,
How doth your courage brooke this ſilken ſlavery?
Is't not an eaſie bondage to be ty'd
In bracelets of a wanton Ladyes haire?

And

And chayne your daring ſpirits to the awe
Of every glance her eye ſhoots? Tell me truely
How doe the pleaſures of this *Capua*
Reliſh upon your ſenſes? are they not
Even what deſire can ſhape?
Mah. They are my Lord
Moſt abſolute.
Han. And you are pleas'd with them?
Him. They cannot bee refus'd, being offer'd us
So aptly after labour, as the fruits
And harveſt of our paines. What ſtupid earth
Can be ſo void of apprehenſion,
As not to thinke them bleſſings?
Han. That can *Hanniball*;
Who through the ſwarthy vizard age and cares
Have tann'd his face with, bluſheth at the change
Of Souldiers into women. Why in ſtead
Of Plume-crown'd creſts weare you not tyres? and deck
Your neckes with gemmes, in ſtead of arming them
With Corſlets? Lay by all command, ſave onely
To ſet your diſtaffe-ſervants taskes, and ſtudy
Laſcivious dreſſings, not warres diſcipline?
Better employ invention how to court
A Miſtreſſe in the faſhionable garbe,
Than to contrive a uſefull ſtratagem
Where force prevailes not.
Mah. Whom have we to fight with?
Lead us againe to action, wee'l expreſſe
A courage doubled by this little reſt:
And from the hopes of ſuch another conqueſt
We will act wonders, to make victory
Dote on our valours.
Han. You like Carthaginians
Speake from the ſoules of men. Muſter your Souldiers:
We will againe to *Rome*, and with the terrour
Of our approach make earthquakes in the hearts
Of her gown'd Senators; burne the proud trophees,

Adorne

Adorne her Capitoll, or make them ſcar-crowes:
Bury her high-aſcending Towers in heapes
Of their owne ruines; and till *Tyber's* dy'd
With bloud of his owne children, not an arme
Shall ceaſe from ſlaughter. Have we cut our way
Thorow Mountaines, and thaw'd rocks of Ice for paſſage
To reach the head of *Rome*, and ſhall we not
Triumph in her rich ſpoyles? Yes; we will triumph,
Or by the *Genius* of my native *Carthage*,
And the religious oath I made my Father,
When yet my youth had ſeene the progreſſe but
Of nine ſunnes through the twelve celeſtiall manſions,
Ile levell all the rugged Appennines;
And mount the humbleſt valleys, 'till their heads
Be wrapt in clouds; whence thunder ſhall not force me,
Till I ſurvey the playnes of *Italy*,
Like earth manur'd chalkt with the bones of Romanes,
After their fleſh is buried in the gorges
Of Kites and Vultures.

Him. Speake like *Hannibal*.

Scene the fourth.

To them two Ladyes.

Han. What Lady's that?

Mah. Shee's of *Salapia*.

Han. She's lovely. What unuſuall paſſions
Soften me on a ſudden? I me thinkes
Could play with ayre, and wanton with the breath
Of ſuch a Miſtreſſe: court her amorouſly,
And not miſtake a phraſe, not fright her tenderneſſe
With any repetitions of warres horrours.
Ceaſe your rebellion thoughts. I muſt be man,
And keepe my freedome.

Him. Dott obſerve his eye
How it is fixt?

Han. What did creation meane

A woman for, but pleaſure? Should not I
Purſue it then ſince 'tis the end of all
We either doe or wiſh? 'tis actions ſoule
That makes it live. I muſt enjoy it this way.
Deſire's a law ſet downe by natures Counſell,
And not to be diſputed.
Mah. So my Lord!
Example ſhall direct us: we may well,
If *Annibal* turne Courtier.
1 *Lady*, One at once.
Sweet gentlemen. Though I ſhould covet change
At once I'de not admit plurality.
Han. To you (faire ſtorehouſe of your ſexes excellence)
I would direct the language of my heart.
2. *Lady.* 'Tis ſure a noble dialect, my Lord,
That muſt expreſſe it.
Han. Lady it can ſpeake.
Nothing but paſſion. You have wounded it.
And from the ſelfe ſame eye that ſhot the dart
I muſt have balme to cure it.
2. *Lady.* Y' are my Lord
A conqueror; and may command the wills
Of all beneath you.
Han. But I am your captive.
And in that pleaſant bondage would abide,
Though I might force my ranſome.
2. *Lad.* Violence
Would it become thoſe vertues fame proclaim's
To have poſſeſt you: and I dare be confident
Nothing could tempt you to turne raviſher,
Though I ſhould boaſt virginity.
Han. Suſpect
Of ſuch an ill, wrong's your owne innocence.
My love is zealous, and the paſſive flame
Fed with a pure deſire. I would enjoy you
To mixe our ſoules, not merely to delight
The wanton ſenſes.

2. *Lad.* How can you, a man
Whom cuſtome hath habituate in th'extremes
Of cruelty, change nature? and perhaps
Your firſt, innate, and not a ſecond, onely
Borne out of uſe. Me thinkes it is not poſſible
Your thoughts ſhould be poſſeſt of other objects,
Then what warres horrour paint's with bloudy colours.
Love and a Lady are for ſuch as eaſe
Hath ſoftned into women: *Hanniball*
Hath nothing in him, but what's maſculine:
So hardned too, that thoſe weake fires can never
Alter his temper.

Han. Yes; your eyes have done it.
Although my skin be horney, and my fleſh
Almoſt inſenſible through daily weight
Of heavie armes, the ſubſtance of my heart
Is flexible, and takes impreſſions
Of love from your perfections. It not derogates
From the beſt difference in mans compoſition
To love: for that beſt ſpeakes him man, and argues
Hee hath a ſpirit capable of things
Worthy his being. Come then perfect me
With your addition: make my captivity
A conqueſt, and Ile fixe.

2. *Lad.* That were enough
To brand you with a laſting infamy.
You have deſignes for action. Should you ſtop
The proſecution of a warre begun
With ſuch ſucceſſe, and onely for a woman,
T'would make you be the ſcorne of men; the ſubject
Of jeſters libels. I could court your valour
As you are *Hanniball:* but as a lover
The thought of that cooles all affection.
Had I at *Cannas* beene, or *Thraſimenus*,
Guirt in an Amazonian male, my head
Wrapt in an Iron *tyara*, and my hand
Arm'd with a ſword, I would have kept the ſide

Of *Hanniball*, to dote upon thoſe wonders
His conquering arme then acted.
Han. As from water
Caſt on *bytumen*, ſo from theſe ſharpe checks
My flame encreaſeth. You expreſſe a ſoule
Makes others valours but derivative
From yours; as if the ſpring of all flow'd thence;
And we but dranke our ſmall proportions
From your abundance. Our embraces would
People the waſted world with Warriours.

Scene the fifth.

To them Nuntius.

Mah. Whence ſpeakes your haſt? and what?
Nun. I come from *Spaine*,
And bring important newes; but ſad.
Him. Shall wee
By change ride through the Zodiack of your pleaſures,
And feaſt our ſelves in every houſe?
1. *Lad.* You ſtill
Miſtake the ſigne.
Mah. 'Tis not in *Virgo* ſure.
1. *Lad.* Nor yet in *Taurus*, though I have a husband.
You two are *Gemini*: a payre of ---Captaines.
Him. Shee flouts us ſure.
Nun. What ſhould this courtſhip meane?
Maharball and *Himulco* that were character'd
For valiant Captaines, turn'd ſmock-ſouldiers?
And *Hanniball*?
1. *Lad.* The ayre of *Capua*
Hath not ſo chang'd us, but we can preſerve
Our modeſties.
Mah. Oh miracle! that *Capua*
Hath honeſt women in't.
Nun. Will *Hanniball*
Attend my meſſage?

Han. Haſt thou brought her pearles
Raviſh't from necks of richeſt Romane dames?
I'le pave the path we tread to *Hymens* joy
With ſpoyles of all the cities I have conquer'd.
Nunt. Not of new Carthage; Sagunt; Locris; Tarracon.
All theſe are re-orecome by *Scipio*;
In Spaine he onely triumph's.
2. *Lad.* Doth not *Hannibal?*
Minde the ſad newes? Revenge if nothing elſe
Should wing him to new conqueſt.
Hanni. I perceive
Errours in my behaviour. Court a woman,
When I ſhould threaten vengeance! But ſhee's faire.
Hang beauty: that and eaſe are th' onely engines
To ruine vertue. Ladies pray' withdraw:
Th' affaires of men are handling.
2. *Lad.* May they prove
Your honours more in valour then in love. *Exeunt.*
Han. I am prepar'd: and if there were an accident
That did exceed in horrour, praiſe or wonder,
Diſcourſe it livelỳ, that it may impreſſe
Some thing within to beget an act
Shall paralell it.
Nunt. That muſt be new Carthage
Her ſiege and taking. When the Romane generall
Approach't the walls, a cold feare ſhoke her Genius:
The earth groning with weight of ſuch a multitude.
His Navy likewiſe at that inſtant made
A cloud upon the Sea. So round about
The citty was beguirt. Our reſolution
Mix't with deſpaire ſoone arm'd us; and th'aſſault
Being ſuddaine, we did doe before conſider:
Yet what we did thus with the wals height proving
Succeſſefull, we had reſpite to advice.
The Sea we thought ſufficient to defend
That part it waſheth, and directed all
Our force to th' Iſthmus: where we ſallied forth.

The enemy retir's; but out of policy
To draw us farther on. And now the Sunne
Survey'd us from his heigth; when ſuddenly
A violent North-winde joyning with the ebbe
Swept all the channell dry. Of which the Romans
Being inform'd by certaine Fiſhermen
Seize th' opportunity, and freely paſſe
To th' unman'd walls; entring without reſiſtance.
What more they, being fully conquerors, did,
Need's no relation: cuſtome ſhew's it *Hannibal.*
Th' example made ſome other citties yeeld;
Some policy wonne; ſome force; ſome trechery
Deliv'rd up: all are poſſeſt by *Scipio.*

Han. Then *Rome* ſhall ranſome them. Revenge is able
Out of a flinty cowardize to ſtrike
The fire of valour, with that new ſupply
I doe expect from Carthage we'l to Rome,
And emulate this victory; nor let it
Be your affliction that blinde chance hath rob'd
Your former labours of their due reward;
Rome will repaire all.

Scene the ſixth.

To him Bomilcar.

See Bomilcar's come.
Cozen what anſwer ſend's the Carthage Senate
To my demands? Thy lookes ſpeake diſcontent;
As if the buſines of thy errand choak't
Th' unwilling paſſage. Vtter it; my breſt
Is proofe 'gainſt all misfortune.

Bom. I muſt then
Deliver a relation of ingratitude
Beyond example. Thoſe whom you have made
Maſters of wealth and honour, and releas'd
Their palſied age from many a coward feare,
Not minding the rich benefits you have done them,

Deny your need reliefe. If you want ayde,
They ſay your conqueſt's but a lying rumour:
Nor will they credit doubtfull teſtimonies
Of any preſents. They not ſtick to call
The ground of this your warre in *Italy*
Your owne ambition, not their ſafety: malice
Of *Hannos* faction having fram'd pretences
To cloude the glory of your actions.
Which to confirme the more, ſee their command
That you ſhould inſtantly withdraw your forces,
And ſo returne to *Carthage*.

Han. Not till now?
When in my tallons I had almoſt ſeiz'd
Romes Eagle, and prepar'd my ſharpned beake
To prey upon her heart?

Bom. Tis likewiſe fear'd
That *Maſſaniſſa* hath forſaken *Carthage*.
So that unleſſe ſome policy can winne
Syphax unto us, we muſt never more
Expect Numidian ayde. His Counſailours
Seeme to deſire it; for they wiſh your preſence:
And that you'l put th'inſtructions here contein'd
Into a ſudden act.

Han. Muſt I then leave
Rome unſubverted? So a man that ſtrives
To make himſelfe eternall by erecting
Of ſome ſtupendious monument, is forc't
To his laſt quiet e're the worke be perfect.
Leaving it but a lame and halfe deſigne
Of his ambition.

Him. Hath not *Hannibal*
His forces here? Let's forward with that ſtrength
Which yet is left us; nor regard the tyes
Their doting policies would chaine us with.
Valour conſiſts in hearts more than in number.
Let's on to *Rome*.

Han. No: paſſion ſhall ſubmit

Vnto my beſt part. Conqueſt of my ſelfe
Shall ſpeake me more in this, then if my power
Had level'd her ſeven hills. I leave her onely
To grow more worthy of my victory.
I will obey, though each unwilling ſtep
Wounds me beyond the cure of common patience.
Commands of power muſt not be withſtood.
Great actions make men great; good actions good.

Exeunt.

The argument of the ſecond Act.

Hanniball *and* Scipio *meet accidentally at the Court of* Syphax: *who favouring the Romanes, and being a young man, is wrought upon by* Hanniball, *to dote upon* Sophonisba: *who after much unwillingneſſe expreſt, and reflexion on ſome former love ſhee bare* Maſſaniſſa *(who had beene the Carthaginians friend, but now become the Romanes) is given to* Syphax *for his Wife.*

The Scene, the Court of *Syphax* in *Cyrtha.*

Scene the firſt.

Syphax, Piſton, Crates, *Attendants.*

Piſt. 'Twill prove I feare lame policy to hault
Betwixt theſe factions, aw'd by two ſuch ſpirits,
As ne're were ſtill'd from envie or revenge.

Syph. Brave *Hannibal*; brave *Scipio*; great *Carthage*;
But greater *Rome*: whoſe Eagle eyes have gaz'd
Againſt the Sunne of many a glorious triumph!
When the bright beames reflected from their riches
Have blinded day-light, as if heavens great eye,
Borrowed his onely from them.

Crat.

Crat. *Carthage* is
Our ancient friend, and friendſhip long continu'd
Should not be eaſily loſt.
Syph. A uſefull tenent
Where the condition's private; but in Kings
It doth not hold. Warres chance is variable:
And he that now is victor may be conquer'd
Before his peace be ſettled. From example
We muſt conſult our ſafety, more than from
A morall precept. Hath not *Scipio*
Got *Spaine* from *Hanniball*, and joyn'd unto him
Maſſilia's King? Are not their armies flaſht
With the rich ſpoyles of *Sagunt?* and who knowes
But they'l tranſport their forces, and begirt
Carthage it ſelfe. 'Tis better that we yeeld
Freely to amity, than be compel'd,
Than *Scipio* muſt bee welcome.
Piſt. But if fortune
Proſper my counterplot, he will be greeted
With an affront ſhall cloud his entertainment;
And dimme the painted glory of that pompe
Your complement intends. Our youthfull King
Muſt not direct our counſels; nor affaires
Of ſtate be order'd by th'affection
Of one ſo weake in policy, indulgent
To his owne paſſions. *Carthage* is ſet downe
By our experience for *Numidia's* love,
And ſhall poſſeſſe it.
Syph. We may then conſider,
The Carthaginian Generall is a man
Worne with imployment into more decay
Of ſtrength and yeares, than can give any hopes
Of a continuance. *Romes* greene Champion
Is full of growing ſappe to make him ſpread.
Whilſt the other like an aged Oke that long
Hath fought with tempeſts, and withſtood the rage
Of burning ayre, now yeelds to every guſt.

A bough

A bough or arme, till one more violent
Shatters the dry'd limbes, or quite roots it up.
Tis better to provide for lasting state,
Then meerely to prevent a present fate.
Then *Scipio* must be welcome.
Crat. But if *Syphax*
Would heare our reasons.
Syph. *Crates* you have beene
Our worthy counsellour, and by your wisdome
Stear'd government in a right course whilst yet
Our youth did want it: but we are now growne
Riper in judgement, and we can distinguish *To them*
The different grounds of any politick act. *Messenger.*
Nor doe we finde it safe in rules of state
If *Scipio* be not welcome. What's your hast?
Mes. The Romane Generall is arriv'd, and entring.
Syph. And no faygn'd thunder to informe us of it
From the lowd voyce of flocking multitudes,
Should throng to bid him welcome?
Mes. Hee's scarce knowne
To any but my selfe. His traine is private,
Without due state: onely some needfull servants
To wait upon his person.
Syph. Were they his army,
I would exhaust my treasury to feast them:
And every common souldier should drinke healthes
In his Corinthian Goblet, which should be
His largesse likewise. Let our ministers
Fill the shrill throats of warres loud instruments.
And Dodonean brasse be beaten deafe
Whilst it proclaimes his welcome. Let the Sea
Eccho the sounds to *Sagunt*, and retusne
Their shoots agen.

Flourish.

Scene the ſecond.

To them Scipio, Lelius.

Welcome great *Scipio.*
Never did *Syphax* joyfull armes imbrace
A gueſt of ſo rich valew, in whoſe minde
Worlds of heroick vertues are congeſted
To make him up a worthy.
Scip. I'le not anſwere
Your kindneſſe *Syphax* with a complement.
My tongue's not oyld with flattery. I have ſtolne
A little time from action, to informe
Numidia's King, how *Rome*, by my advice,
Hath choſen him a favourer of her cauſe
That ſuffers by falſe *Carthage.* The ſucceſſe
Of my recovering *Spaine*, hath given new hopes
Vnto her fainting ſpirits, that were neere
Their laſt expiring by the maſſacres
The Carthaginian made. Sixe Conſuls have
Already fall'n: my Father, and mine Vncle;
Sempronius; *Terentius* and *Flaminius*;
And laſt *Marcellus*, who receiv'd his death
Even in the ſight of *Rome.* Yet there's a *Scipio*
Surviv's to conquer him, or dye in th'enterpriſe.
Syph. And that brave *Scipio* ſhall not want what ayde
My perſon, or my Kingdome can affoord him.
Scip. Rome ſhal make great eſteem of *Syphax* friendſhip
And when ſhe ſhall be wrapt in ſilken wings
Of victory and peace, his ſtatue crown'd
Shall grace the triumph.
Piſt. I ſhould rather joy
To ſee him chayn'd a captive, though my ſelfe
And family were ſold to be his ranſome,
In *Carthage* quarrell.

Scene

Scene the third.

To them Hanniball, Himulco, Maharball.

Han. This cold entertainment
Doth make me jealous.
Crat. See: how ſoone their eyes
Have found each other?
Scip. Sure 'tis *Hanniball.*
His name and nature's ſtampt upon his brow;
I in thoſe wrinckles read it: valour mixt
With cruelty; to which ambition onely
As the firſt wheele in engines moves the reſt.
That eye he loſt paſſing the fennes of *Arnus*;
And ſuch a looke his counterfeit is drawne with,
If there be trechery.
Syph. What would *Hanniball?*
Scip. Is't *Hanniball?* We are betrai'd by *Syphax.*
Han. What art?
Scip. Romes Generall, and thy enemy.
Han. Ha! *Scipio!* Then the character report
Give's of him's falſe. He ſcornes ignoble wayes
Of honour; to ore-come by trechery.
Scip. I thought the ſame of *Hanniball.*
Han. And findſt it.
Tis onely thy conſpiracy with *Syphax*;
Who makes his Court a priviledge for that
Fame will proclaime with bluſhes.
Syph. Why this uproare?
Han. Syphax th'art trecherous.
Scip. To *Rome* and *Scipio.*
Han. To *Hannibal* and *Carthage.*
Piſt. Now obſerve
How he will calme the tempeſt.
Syph. What to anſwer
From ſudden doubts you both poſſeſſe me with,
I cannot eaſily reſolve. A jealouſie

Is ſometimes ſtrengthned by th'excuſe ſhould kill it.
Yet if your confidence will give credit to
A Kings religious oath, by all that makes
The ſacred difference in me I am free
From thought of ill to either. Your arrivals
Were unexpected; and if eithers danger
Be ſmother'd in intent, you brought it with you:
Which Ile prevent, if all *Numidia's* ſtrength
Can doe it. Thinke not me perfidious,
For then Ile doubt you: ſince ſelfe evills are
Moſt commonly the parents of ſuſpicion.
But for your owne miſtruſts, y'are ſafer here
Than in your owne campes, guarded with a maze
Of your beſt ſouldiers.

Han. 'Tis a ſatisfaction.
I bleſſe th' occaſion makes us meet: my longings
Were violent to ſee thee *Scipio.*

Scip. Mine more to ſee thee *Hannibal*; but rather
Arm'd in the field, prepard for an encounter,
Then here to parlee.

Han. Doubt not ſuch a greeting
When next we meet.

Syph. I needs muſt interpoſe,
And moderate this contention. Pray my Lords
Let me be powerfull to diſpoſe your tempers
For other mild impreſſions, that my Court
For entertaining two ſuch enemies
At once, be made diſcourſe for after-ages.
A banquet waits yee: muſick uſher it. *Muſick.*
Thus peace bids Souldiers welcome.

Scip. *Syphax* no.
Thinke of *Romes* cauſe, and let your feaſt be ſeaſon'd
With faith to that. If thou prove trecherous,
Expect a vengeance, juſtice never yet
Gave ſevere execution to a greater.
I muſt be gone; th'affaires of warre attend me
When I have ſettled *Romes* peace, wee'l comply

In

; action 'till then muſt live
d labour. *Hannibal* farewell:
ng will be rougher.
ɔt to be calm'd
With words. Grow ſtrong; be ſtill a conquerour,
Till I ſhall conquer thee.
Scip. Thou art but flatter'd
By an ambition vainer than thy dreames.
Ten *Carthages* and *Hannibals* will not weigh
Equall with the atchievment.
Han. One *Hannibal*
And *Carthage* poys'd but in an equall ſcale
With twenty *Romes*, and twenty *Scipios*,
Shall weigh like lead 'gainſt feathers.
Scip. Proud inſiſter
Vpon his owne ſlight merits! Remember *Syphax*
Thy vow hath made thee *Romes*.
Syph. Which Ile preſerve
As ſacredly inviolate, as if
Eternall ſeales had ratifi'd it. Vſher *Flouriſh.*
The Romane Generall forth. *Exeunt.*
Him. Have words ſuch power
Vpon our Generall to deject him thus?
Han. My braine is labouring.
Him. Ile helpe to deliver it.
Han. As giddy fancies when they doe preſent
Delightfull ſhaddowes, ſeeme to pleaſe the ſenſe
When it is quiet, and not capable
Of any object, 'till the dreamers joy
Suddenly wakes him, and the falſe impreſſions
Vaniſh to their firſt nothing, ſo have I
Flatter'd my hopes.
Him. I propheſie ſucceſſe
Deſpight of *Scipio*. *Syphax* Counſailours
(Whoſe ſecret correſpondency with us
Taught the great meanes by which their Maſters love
Muſt be regain'd) a long experience

Confirmes our friends: then proſecute it.

Scene the fourth.

To them Piſton, Crates, *and a little after* Syphax.

They are return'd.

Piſt. My Lord 'till now the accidents
Caus'd by the Romanes preſence did prevent us
From giving ſatisfaction to your doubts,
Which were but juſtly grounded. Our young King
Is full of's youthfull paſſions, and ſo violent
Ith' proſecution of them, counſell rather
Doth ſet a keener edge upon his appetite.
We therefore give him way. But if we cannot
Reduce his actions to a rule of judgement,
Wee'l openly oppoſe him, or conſpire.
As 'gainſt a tyrant that makes will his law.
See hee's return'd: be confident.

Syph. How! whiſpering!
I doe ſuſpect.

Han. If *Syphax* dare be private.

Syph. Dare *Hannibal!* Hadſt thou intents more black
Than ever night gave execution to,
Even in *Carthage* Senate houſe as well
As in mine owne Court, I dare ſtand th'encounter
Of ſingle *Hannibal.* Withdraw.

Han. They muſt not.
The wrongs thou haſt done *Carthage* muſt be witneſs'd:
That when fame ſpeakes them lowdeſt, partiall men
Make not their incredulity an excuſe
For what no ſatisfaction can reſtore,
Thy honour loſt in infamy.

Syph. Thou tempt'ſt me
With theſe darke prefaces. Yet thy upbraydings
Doe ſeeme ſo frivolous, my patience rather
Laughs at their vainneſſe. Cleare my underſtanding
Without more circumſtance, for yet my innocence

Knowe'

Knowes not t'accuſe my ſelfe, unleſſe for'giving
Thy ſawcy taunts a priviledge.
Han. What errour
But to defend it ſelfe will ſtrive (though vainly)
To mock truth out of truth? Well *Syphax* knowes
The expectation of a ſtate deluded
Cannot but trouble it. A King is more
Than a meane perſon, bounded with dimenſions
Of the bare man. His actions are his peoples;
And what he doth or ſuffers they muſt ſtand.
Conſider then when *Carthage* ſhall call up
Revenge, and with all force purſue the injury
To ſatisfaction; when her ſouldiers
(Whom cuſtome hath made pittileſſe) ſhall plough
The wombes of teeming Mothers with their fauchions,
To prevent the iſſue that might vindicate
A father ſlaine; make your Numidian Virgins
The ruines of their pleaſure, and not leave
An altar to your gods, nor private Lar
That may defend a houſhould from their violence:
When theſe (whoſe very repetition carry's
Horrour enough to fright men into peace)
Shall happen---
Syph. When they ſhall! it rather ſeemes
A poſitive threat. Tell *Carthage* were her power
Of an extent that limits could not bound
With any circumſcription, I'de not feare it.
To dye for *Rome* were above victory.
Furniſht ten thouſand choyce Numidian Horſemen
To wait on *Scipio*. Why are our commands
No more reſpected? Ile have execution
Forerunne my Edicts that concerne the good
Of *Rome* and *Scipio*. Stand yee like dull ſtatues
Fixt to their firſt foundations; when your diligence
Should borrow ſpeed from winds, as if yee rid
On the contracted ayre to haſten it?
Han. Full well their age wiſe with experience knows

To

To diſobey a Kings unjuſt commands
Law and religion warrants. *Syphax* youth
Were fitter to court beauty, than to ſit
At a ſtates helme, and ſteere the various courſe
It's ſubject to, by his greene violent paſſions.
With which his bed e're this had beene enricht,
Had *Carthage* found him kind: Faire *Sophonisba*.

Crat. That name hath ſtartled him.

Han. She from whoſe eyes
The amorous ſunne, reſigning firſt his owne;
Might be ambitious to derive new fires.
Yet ſhe to be reſerv'd for his embraces,
Who ſlights that honour all the neighbouring Kings
Have beene competitors for, and would lay downe
Their Crownes to purchaſe; ſell their very beings
To be tranſlated into a poſſeſſion
Of *Sophonisbá*.

Piſt. It begins to worke.

Syph. Whence did th'intent of this great honour to me
Derive it ſelfe?

Han. From a deſire of friendſhip
And league with *Syphax*: which his paſſionate love
To *Rome* and *Scipio* (that admits no reaſon)
Denying, I muſt publiſh the diſhonour
Done to a Lady, at whoſe leaſt command
A Nation ſhall be arm'd, led by ſuch Captaines
As in their emulation will declare
What mortals owe to her divine perfections;
That warrant her revenge as juſt a quarrell,
As ever ſtir'd up valour in a conſcience
Scruples had cowarded. Here my commiſſion
Takes end, and I muſt goe.

Syph. Stay *Hannibal*.
Strange paſſions warre againſt my reſolution;
And love begins to circle me in flames
E're my eye takes the fire. What's *Rome* or *Scipio*
To *Sophonisba*? in whoſe richer beauty

Mor's comprehended, then the *Macedonian*
Could from his many conqueſts, and ſubverſion
Of Monarchies boaſt himſelfe owner of.
What's a King's promiſe but a politick
(And that's allow'd) evaſion to gaine time
For counſaill with his will? Ile be for *Carthage*
To enjoy *Sophonisba*. I'am enflam'd
From the report, and if my ſenſes find
Truth anſwering fame, great *Hannibal* ſhall lead
Numidias power 'gainſt *Rome*, or any place
He hath deſign'd for conqueſt.

Han. But if *Syphax*
Should againe ſuffer *Scipio's* menacies
To fright his weakneſſe out of this reſolve!

Syph. My weakeneſſe! tempt me not with a ſuſpect.
Let me have *Sophonisba*, or I'le make
A rape upon your *Carthage*, not on her,
For what delight's in violence? Enquire
The cauſe of that lowd ſhout. *Shout within.*

Meſſen. I come t'informe you. *Meſſenger.*
A ſtately ſhip from her rich laden wombe,
Hath on our ſhore deliver'd ſuch a traine
Of glorious Virgins that attend on one,
Who lead's the reſt——

Han. No more; 'tis *Sophonisba*.

Syph. Receive her with religious ceremony.
Perfume the ayre with incence richer then
The Phœnix funerall pile. Let harmony *Muſicke.*
Breath out her ſoule at every artiſts touch.
Cover the pavement which her ſteps muſt hallow
With Perſian Tapeſtry. How I am raviſh't
With th'expectation? and like ſome light matter,
Catch't in a whirle-wind, all my faculties
Are hurried forward.

Scene the fifth.

To them Sophonisba, *Ladies all in white, and veil'd: who to the musicke of the song, place themselves in a figure for a daunce.*

Veil'd! 'tis sure some mockery.

The Song.

Beautie no more the subject be
Of wanton art to flatter thee:
Or in dull figures call thee spring;
Lillie or Rose, or other thing:
All which beneath thee are, and grow
Into contempt when thou dost show
The unmatch't glory of thy brow.

Chorus.

Behold a spheare of Virgins move,
None mongst them lesse then Queene of Love.
And yet their Queene so farre excels
Beauty and she are onely parallels.

A daunce too! I'le expect th'event.

In the daunce they discover themselves in order, Sophonisba *last.*

A faire one:
But 'tis not *Sophonisba*. Fairer yet.
Vnhappy *Syphax* from whose eyes such wonders
Have beene so long conceal'd. Which is the goddesse?
Which *Sophonisba*?

Sopho. Can thy sense distinguish?
See *Syphax*, thus I deigne to shew thee that
Kings have beene proud to worship.

Syph.

Syph. E're I embrace
Let me admire. In each eye ſit's a Cupid;
Who as he skip's about to ſhoot his dartes.
Is himſelfe fetter'd in the golden curles
That deck her brow. Elyſium's but a fable,
And that eternity the Poets dreame of
Serv's but to figure this.

Sopho. Although my difference
Might challenge more, I'm not ambitious
Of ſhallow praiſe. My ſpirit muſt flie high
To catch at fame, not flattery.

Syph. Came you not
To love me then?

Sopho. I did: but not to thinke
All your expreſſions (though they were extended
Beyond my wiſh) can merit it.

Syph. I am
A King; and you me thinks ſhould court the fortune
With a glad readineſſe, to ſhare my honours,
And to be made my equall.

Sopho. Were you more,
I am above addition in my ſelfe:
And ſhould be leſſen'd if I did confine
A thought to any perſon, and the act
Included nothing but bare ſatisfaction
Of a deſire. I will not let a ſmile
Fall looſly from me, but ſhall be attended
By actions worth their hiſtory; which read
Shall with the apprehenſion of my greatneſſe
Amaze poſterity.

Syph. Can *Sophonisba*
Be covetous of more then the earths honours?
When ſhe ſhall ſit incompaſs'd in a ring
Of noble Matrons that ſhall deifie
Her beauty with their praiſes? When ſhe ſhall
Be crown'd with ſparkling wreaths to blind the gazers,
As if a Conſtellation had beene rob'd

To make her ſhine. When in a Kings armes ſleeping
All pleaſures ſhall be miniſter'd, that Nature
And art in their contention ſtrive to owne,
And take their glory from.

Sopho. Their pretty baites
To catch an eaſie wanton, whoſe dull earth
A little varniſh't o're doth know it ſelfe
No farther then the ſuperficiall tincture
Diſcoverd in her glaſſe. I have a ſoule
Greater then *Syphax* Kingdome: and to bound it
Would take from what I am. 'Twill be your honour
'Bove all that your ambition can direct you
To hope for (next eternity) If I
Vouchſafe to add unto your petty royalty
My greater ſelfe; and the addition be
Greater then you can purchaſe by your conqueſts.
'Tis but her due when *Sophonisba* crav's
Worlds for her Kingdomes, their Kings for her ſlaves.
Should *Syphax* make a reſignation
Of all he own's for me; 'twere but as if
He par'd a mol-hill from the earth, to place
An *Atlas* in its ſtead.

Han. Come *Sophonisba*
You muſt conſent: ther's fame in't that will give you
An everlaſting being in the memory
Of benefits your Country will derive from't.
Children ſhall firſt be taught to ſpeake your name;
And from their aged grandſires learne your ſtory.
Whoſe often repetition ſhall take from
The tediouſneſſe of age, and make them ſeeme
As if they danc't for joy, when palſies ſhake them.

Syph. Am I enflam'd, and ſhall I not enjoy?
Mock me not Lady into a deſpaire.
You ſhew me heaven, and ſhut the gates againſt me.
Make not a King, that daign's to be your ſervant,
A ſlave unto your cruelty.

Han. To give

Syphax a ſatisfaction, your competitor
Faire *Maſſaniſſa*, he that ſhar's your Kingdome,
And would ingroſſe it all, hath long ſolicited
For *Sophonisbas* love.

Sopho. Oh *Maſſaniſſa.*

Han. He having now forſaken *Carthage*, ſhee
Out of her piety to doe her Country
A good, preferr's you: and that her revenge
May be purſu'd with greater violence,
Allow's her elfe your right; though ſhe's a treaſure
Might be diſpos'd of to a more advantage
Of *Carthage* ſtrength.

Syph. Will *Sophonisba* love then
If I right *Carthag's* quarrell?

Sopho. Yes; your fortune
Whilſt 'tis at hight: but the leaſt declination
Waving it to an ebb, I from that fall
Muſt mount to higher honours, if a gale
Meete it to raiſe me.

Syph. *Maſſaniſſas* perſon
It ſeem's could limit your deſires.

Sopho. He was
A man made up of fire; no groſſe earth clog'd
His ſpirit when 'twould mount to honours top,
And load fame with his acts. Had he not falln
From *Carthage*, *Sophonisba* had but beene
The price of his deſert. And yet I love him.
Deere *Maſſaniſſa*!

Syph. Shee hath overcome me.
I will be great; every dayes action
Shall raiſe me a ſtep higher, and I'le take
You with me Lady: no; you ſhall lead me.
The tribute I will pay for every kiſſe
Shall be a victory o're your enemies.
Proud *Rome* ſhall find *Syphax* can be a Souldier,
When *Sophonisba* bid's him put on ſteele.

Han. The not to be reſiſted power of beauty.

Carthage I will ſalute thee now with joy.
Nor ſhall the thought of thy ingratitude
Make me leſſe willing to purſue thy good
Through a deepe ſea of vanquiſht Romans blood.
Syph. Wee'l feaſt, then fight. Who led by ſuch bright (eyes
Would not march on to any enterprize?
Exeunt.

The argument of the third Act.

Syphax *warring againſt the Romans, at length is taken priſoner by* Maſſaniſſa; *who finding* Sophonisba *in the City of* Cirtha, *marry's her, with a vow not to deliver her up to the Romanes. For which marriage being reprov'd by* Scipio, *he giv's her poyſon; which ſhee tak's to prevent the Romanes triumph over her.*

The Scene *Vtica.*

Scene the firſt.

Scipio, *Souldiers: a little after* Lelius.

Scip. *Syphax* ſo ſoone revolted! what weake man
Would mock away his ſafetie? Children thus
Playing with fire to pleaſe their fooliſh ſenſe
Are often burn't and make their ſport the inſtrument
Of their owne danger. *Maſſaniſſa* yet
Is conſtant, and by this time hath ſubdu'd him.
Succeſſe muſt follow thoſe attemps that riſe
From a juſt cauſe, and crowne the enterpriſe.
Lelius what newes?
Lelius. I labour with th'event;
Ioy hinder's a delivery. *Maſſaniſſa*
Guirt in a conqueſt, greater never made
A triumph glorious, is returning back

To

To preſent *Scipio* with Numidias ſpoyles,
And *Syphax* captiv'd.
Scip. 'Tis a joyfull errant.
Iuſt *Nemeſis*, thy Griffins have beene ſwift,
And borne thee well to ſee the execution
Of a revenge upon perfidious *Syphax*.
Hadſt thou fail'd in't, we juſtly might diſclaime
Thy deity, and without feare of puniſhment
Prophane thy altars: on whoſe marbles now
Wee'l pay a ſacrifice of richeſt flame
Mixt with the blood of Kings. Diſcourſe the progreſſe
To this event.
Leli. When your ſucceſſefull policy
Had deſtroy'd both the Campes of *Aſdrubal*
And *Syphax* with devouring fire, whoſe flames
ſeem'd to the diſtant gazers on't a prodigie
That threaten'd diſſolution, and begot
Their greater feare, then when th'Artilerie
Of heaven ſpeak's lowdeſt through the burning ayre
To tell the world *Iove's* angry: When you retir'd
To *Vtica* to prevent an invaſion
Intended by the Carthaginian Navy,
Which dark't the Sea (much like a clowd of Vulturs
That are convented after ſome great fight
To glut their ravenous gorges with the gore,
Thouſands of ſoul-leſſe men lye reeking in)
The mad Numidian King, in whom deſpaire
Had kindled a new valour, gather's head.
And with a freſh ſupply of unman'd men
(For had they beene ſuch as experience
Had taught the uſefull order of a warre
Th'end had againe beene doubtfull) giv's us battaile.
Their firſt aſſault made us retire; yet ſtill
We kept the ſuddaine forme haſt put us in
For beſt advantage: 'till their heedleſſe courage
Hurri'd them on, where our foot Legions
Obſerving their diſorder (for they fought

In throngs ſo thick, that many times one ſtriking
Wounded his fellow) giv's them new reſiſtance.
At which they ſtop, mated with apprehenſion
Of their owne danger: whom th'incenſed King
Mixing his threates with promiſes of honour
Labour's to bring on; till his horſe being kill'd
We tooke him priſoner, with two thouſand more.
The reſt not ſlaine are fled.

Scip. Brave victory
Worthy th'atchievers, to whoſe memories
Eternall ſtatues ſhall be rais'd, and trophees
Rich as *Romes* Capitoll is glorious with.
But where is *Maſſaniſſa?*

Leli. He pretended
To viſit *Cirtha, Syphax* chiefeſt Citie:
Which is deliver'd up.

Scip. I have new feares *Flouriſh.*
That woman will agen bewitch him. Know
The cauſe.

Scene the Second.

To them Maſſaniſſa, *Souldiers bringing in* Syphax *bound.*

Leli. 'Tis *Maſſaniſſa.*

Scip. Th'only wealth
I'de be poſſeſt of. I embrace in thee
A boundleſſe treaſure.

Maſſa. Let not *Scipio*
Flatter me into pride for what is rather
Fortunes then mine.

Scip. The actions of thy vertue.
Fortun's an under power that is her ſelfe
Commanded by deſert. 'Tis a meere vainneſſe
Of our credulity to give her more
Then her due attribute; which is but ſervant
To an heroick ſpirit.

Maſſa. This example

Might

Might inſtance proofes for her divinity.
All's but endeavour untill perfected
By the ſucceſſe, and that is fortunes only;
Deſert ſhar's little in't.
Scip. Let not thy modeſty
Maintaine ſuch errors. To refuſe juſt praiſe
Is an extreme worſe then man's over-weening
Opinion of himſelfe. Great *Maſſaniſſa*
Shall have all honours due unto his conqueſt;
And weare triumphant Garlands; that falſe King
Chain'd to his Chariot from the gazers eyes
Inviting ſcorne, not pitty.
Syph. 'Tis not manly
To inſult over miſery, to which
Thy ſelf's as ſubject, and perhaps mai'ſt feele,
Chance mak's proſperity when 'tis at higheſt
But paſtime to delight her giddy humour:
And will deject the moſt ſecure poſſeſſour,
When ſhe command's a reſtitution
Of her lent favours, that ſhe may conferre them
Vpon another. This conſideration
Might invite mercy.
Scip. When ſuperiour juſtice
Mak's us her inſtrument, ſhould we be partiall
I'th'execution, 'twere to mock the power,
And call downe vengeance. Yet I grieve for *Syphax*
That he deſerv's the puniſhment; whoſe weakneſſe
Suffer'd a peece of painted earth to tempt him
From his religion, and neglect the gods,
Whom he invok't for witneſſe to that vow
A woman made him violate.
Syph. 'Tis my hope
Shee may deceive thee too, and with her charmes
Bewitch the boaſting Conquerour that's her ſlave
From's faith to *Rome*.
Maſſa. His madneſſe will betray me
To a reproach.

Syph. It tak's from mine owne ſuffering
To ſee mine enemy in the ſame danger:
When he by his adulterous embraces
Receiv's the like infection int' his ſoule
That made me ſick of vertue, and of all
But my diſeaſe.
Scip. Doe you enjoy the Lady?
Maſſa. Yes: ſhe's my wife.
Scip. Your act was ſomewhat raſh;
Before her husbands death! Doth the religion
You pay *Numidia's* gods warrant it lawfull?
Maſſa. *Syphax* is dead in his captivity.
His life was mine; which I but lent him only
For *Romes* great triumph.
Scip. Wee'l conſult a little,
And then diſpoſe you *Syphax.*
Syph. As your will
Adviſeth you. It is the curſe of greatneſſe
To be it's owne deſtruction. So we ſee
That mountaine Cedars have the leaſt defence
Gainſt ſtormes, when ſhrubs confront their violence.

Exeunt.

Scene the third.

Scipio, Maſſaniſſa *remaining.*

Scip. When firſt you freely did commit your ſelfe
Vnto my charge, and promis'd with a vow
My liking only ſhould diſpoſe your actions,
Either you lov'd them, or your flattery
Pretended admiration of ſome vertues
You thought poſſeſt me. One I muſt confeſſe
I glory to be maſter of, that's continence.
I have converſt with beauties rich as Nature
Did ever make art proud to counterfeit;
Might have commanded ſome that conqueſt gave me:
Yet have I ſtill kept out deſire, but you

Have

Have yeelded to that paſſion doth betray
A weakeneſſe in you, will obſcure the glory
Of all your other goodneſſe. Thinke how dangerous
'Tis to a yong man (on whoſe expectation
Opinions eye is fix't) to mixe his actions
With wanton pleaſures, when his thoughts transferre
The wicked objects of his humorous ſenſe
Vnto his ſoule, that poiſon all her faculties,
And make them uſeleſſe. Noble *Maſſaniſſa*,
Your good deeds ſung by fame are muſicke to me:
Your errours I had rather you your ſelfe
Would ſilently conſider, and reforme,
Before with any ſhew of leaſt unkindneſſe
You force me to reprove them.

Maſſa. Let not *Scipio*
Deny thoſe errors an excuſe. If nature
Had a like cloth'd mens diſpoſitions,
And all did weare one habit of the mind,
You need not urge th'example of your owne
T'inſtruct anothers continence: for all
From a neceſſited and innate temperance
Would be as you are. Though I doe not boaſt
Command o're pleaſures, I purſue them not
With an intemperate appetite, but make
Reaſon my guide, that tell's me to provide
For a ſucceſſion, doth become the judgement
Of a wiſe King. Poſterity may well
Be call'd th'eternity of life: he never
Dy's that hath iſſue; for which I have marryed
Her mine owne conqueſt gave me.

Scip. Your owne conqueſt!
Pray doe not arrogate too much: you muſt not
Diſpoſe *Romes* priſoners whilſt you fight her quarrell.
The warr's not yours, though yours the victory.
She muſt attend her ſentence from our Senate;
Which hardly will be partiall to her beauty,

Though 'twere adulterated with more art,
Then e're laſciviouſneſſe was miſtreſſe of,
And rack't invention for. Let *Sophonisba*
Be then deliver'd up.

Maſſa. Perhaps your ſelfe
After your boaſted continence would have her
To be your owne.

Scip. Is that your jealouſie?
Weake paſſionate man, that through thy blinded reaſon
Foreſee'ſt not thine owne danger by th'example
Of others miſery, and yet art ripe,
To maintaine groſſeſt errours of thy will,
And ſeeme diſcretions maſter. Had not *Syphax*
(Bewitch by magick of her wanton eye
Into a dotage) broke his faith with *Rome*,
He might have flouriſh't in his height of glory;
And ſtill commanded over his Diviſion.
Which *Rome* will add to *Maſſaniſſas* Kingdome
Yeelding up *Sophonisba*.

Maſſa. You would ſeeme
To give me mines, upon condition
I ſhould reſtore the gold, reſerving only
The earth to trample on. In *Sophonisba*
I have a treaſure mine owne life ſhall ranſome,
If ſhe be forc't away; and to conſent
She ſhould be yeelded up to any Romane
Were worſe then ſacriledge, though I ſhould teare
The hallowed ſtatues of *Numidias* gods
Downe from their altars, and convert their Temples
Into the loathſom'ſt uſes of neceſſity.
Kings oathes are equall with decrees of Fate,
Thoſe I have made I cannot violate. (danger

Scip. Then I diſclaime thee. Ther's not ſo much
In a knowne foe, as a ſuſpected friend.
To prevent an incendium it is beſt
To quench a brand before it fire the reſt. *Exit.*

Maſſa. He's angry, and I muſt not let it grow

To

To ripeneſſe of his hate. I am reſolv'd
To be th'example of a conſtancy
Fame ſhall proclaime for wonder.

Scene the fourth.

To him Sophonisba.

She's already
Come e're my wiſh could ſummon her. Her ſight
Begins to ſhake the weake foundation
Of my reſolves. Like ſtones ſhot from an engine
She ruin's with the battery of her eye
What my intents had built.

Soph. Why is my Lord
Thus clowdy? I expected entertainment
Of other difference; ſuch as cheerefull love
Preſent's deſire with from the enterchange
Of ſmiles and amorous glaunces.

Maſſa Sophonisba!
I was new enter'd into meditations
Of death, and other wretchedneſſe, depend's
Vpon mortality.

Soph. Is that the argument
Of your dejectedneſſe? it ſhew's too much
Of womans weakeneſſe. Man ſhould have a ſpirit
Above the feare any conſideration
Can worke within him. Death is but an entrance
To our eternity: and if our life
Merit a bleſſedneſſe hereafter, we
Should runne with joy to meete it.

Maſſa. But if one
Poſſeſt of happineſſe beyond the hope
Of any greater; that denies another
Can be in expectation (more then what
His ſoule enjoy's already) apprehended
A ſeparation from it by the malice
Of death, or other accident, 'twould force him

Weep ſilently within, though ſhame reſtrain'd
His outward teares.
Sopho. This circumſtance would ſeeme
To prepare ſomething that ſhould have relation
Vnto your ſelfe or me. Perhaps the Conſull
Hath urg'd that I ſhould be deliver'd up
To *Romes* diſpoſing. *Maſſaniſſas* vow
Made with religious ceremony cannot
If he reſpect the gods conſent to it.
And rather then their tyranny ſhould make me
Wretched a new, to my firſt earth returne me,
The worſt remaines of *Sophonisba.*
Maſſa. Dare ſhee
Dye then to quit her feares?
Sopho. And meete the inſtrument
With greater cherefulneſſe, then fondeſt parents
Can ſhew at the returne of their deere child
From long captivity. This tender frame
Lodgeth a maſculine and heroick ſpirit.
And if thy paſſionate love deny's thy ſelfe
To be the Actor in this benefit,
Give me thy ſword; my owne right hand ſhall guide
The point unto my heart: I'le without trembling
Open a paſſage for the crimſon drops;
And ſmile to ſee them diaper the pavement,
As if 'twere ſome conceited workemanſhip
Made by the lookers fancie.
Maſſa. E're mine eyes
Should ſuffer ſuch an object to offend
Their hitherto pleas'd ſenſe, I would diſſolve them
In their owne humour. No *Sophonisba*;
This breath ſhall firſt waſt into empty ayre,
And leave my naked bones i'th'hallow'd pile
E're I prove falſe to thee. Give me ſome wine:
I'le drinke a bridall health to *Sophonisba,*
And mixe it with Nepenthe. Here's the juice
Will cauſe forgetfulneſſe, and mock th'extremity

Of any adverſe fortune. *Meſſenger with wine.*

Sopho. Sure 'tis poyſon.
Will *Maſſaniſſa* leave me then unguarded
To *Scipios* violence? I have here no father
Nor uncle to defend me; not ſo much
As a poore teare by weeping to ſtirre up
A Romanes pity: I ſhall only dart
An anger from my burning eye, to ſhew
The Carthaginian ſpirit I was borne with,
Which notwithſtanding will not quit this part
From a captivity: this *Scipios* rage
Will hurry in his triumph to be gaz'd at,
And ſcorn'd by the courſe rabble. Doe not then
By ſuch a keeping of it breake thy vow;
For 'tis no leſſe to me. I muſt ſtill want
The benefice of ſuch a conſtancy.
For though himſelfe live not to yeeld me up
I am expos'd to't, and without leaſt power
To make reſiſtance. Let me then partake
That meanes of beſt ſecurity.

Maſſa. Not to have
A Monument of laſting Adamant
Rais'd to my memory. No *Sophonisba:*
This is no potion to preſerve a beauty
In it's firſt greene; or ripe it to a Summer;
Or prevent th'Autumne; or returne the Winter
Into a new Spring. This will pale the dye (deſty
Which thy cheek bluſheth when it would cloth mo-
In a rich ſcarlet: make that Ivorie breſt
(Now Loves ſoft bed whereon he play's the wanton,
And ambuſheth himſelfe to catch the flames
He ſhoot's at others from thy eyes) as cold
As Scythian ſands, bleak't with continuall freezing
Into a ſeeming chriſtall. *Scipio* dar's not
Inſult o're thee: thy face would check his malice
Into a ſilent admiration of it.
Or if he ſin ſo much as to deject thee

With

With the leaſt feare of ill, the gods themſelves
Will leave their immortality to be
Each others rivals in thy love, and ſtrive
Which ſhould revenge thee beſt. This muſt not weaken
What is ſo powerfull.

Sopho. If my Lord be then
Reſolv'd to leave me widdow'd, being yet
Scarce warme in his embraces, let me mixe
A teare with his laſt drink, that he may carry
Something of *Sophonisba* with him.

Maſſa That
Hath in't ſufficient vertue to convert
All the Theſſalian, Pontick, Phaſian aconites
Into preſervatives, and turne this draught
Into an antidote: which yet is powerfull,
'Bove all that Art and Nature in conſpiracy
Of miſchiefe e're invented. We that are
Great, and yet ſubject to th'incertainty
Of Fortune, have this cuſtome to prevent it.
We affect glory: and conclude no ſtate,
That end's not in it ſelfe, is fortunate.
So—— *Offers to drinke.*

Soph. Let my Lord firſt give me leave to breath
An errant o're it; that when he is entred
Elyſium, throngs of Carthaginian Heroes
May bid him welcome, and informe themſelves
From him of *Sophonisba.*

Maſſa. Do't then quickly.
I'le beare it, and command the King of night
Reſigne his raviſh't Queene to be thy hand-maid.
Hell, I ſhall now be armed to meete thy horrours
With greater power then thine.

Soph. If there be Fate,
Why is't conceal'd? The revelation of't
Would make us ſtrive to mock eternall providence.
Th'ingenious Artiſt that did forme this cup
Foreſaw not ſuch a uſe of't. Had he knowne

It ſhould have miniſter'd death to a King,
His trembling hands could ne're have finiſh't it
With ſuch exactneſſe. What ſo e're decree
Is written in the Adamantine Tables
Of Deſtiny, we muſt ſubſcribe to. Time
Though he keepe on his ſwift and ſilent pace,
Death's ſure at firſt or laſt to win the race.
Pray keepe out *Scipio*: I have almoſt ended.
So—— *Drink's.*

Maſſa. Ha! what hath *Sophonisbas* madneſſe done?
Oh *Æſculapius* if thy deity
Be not a feign'd one, then adminiſter,
And ſhew it powerfull in reſtoring back
My *Sophonisba* to her former ſafety.
Numidia ſhall pay worſhip to none other
But thee and *Phœbus*. Altars ſhall be rais'd
Made of Iberian gold, and flame with incenſe
Vntill *Arabia's* richeſt earth grow's barren
Of gummes and ſpices.

Sopho. Why doth *Maſſaniſſa*
Invoke vaine aide? The gods are mercifull
In their denying it: and 'tis but juſtice
That I ſhould dye; m'adulterous eaſineſſe
Deſerv'd it, that without the leaſt reſiſtance
Left my yet living husband to embrace
His enemy. But it had warrant from
The end, my Countries good, and the firſt love
I bare thee *Maſſaniſſa*. Now let *Scipio*
Boaſt of his conqueſt; *Sophonisba* is
Her owne ſubverter. It begin's to worke
With a full ſtrength: my blood would ſerve to heate
A Salamander, and convert his ice
Into a flame. Ætna's but painted fire
To that which burn's my marrow. Yet my lookes
Are cherefull and erected. Victory
Was never met more joyfully, then I
Embrace that death prevents my miſery.

My weake earth totters underneath a weight
That ſink's it downewards: my ſtill living ſpirit
Rid's upon clowds to reach *Ioves* higheſt skie.
Who feare not death, but in the worſt part dye. *Dy's.*
Maſſ. She's dead. Sincke ye ſupporters of this fabrick
Into your deep foundations; make them graves
For your owne ruines, ſince there is not left
A weight worthy your bearing. Shee's not dead:
Only ſhe hath tranſlated her divinity
To it's owne bleſt abodes, and call's on me
To pay a mortals duty. Shall't have ſacrifice,
And rich too. Kings out of devotion ſhall
Offer themſelves in flames, and from their aſhes
Riſe glorious ſtars; whence learned curioſity
Deriving a new art, ſhall teach Aſtrologers
The vertues of an influence ſhall include
Secrets to make credulity aſtoniſh't
At their preſages. I will be their preſident;
And make this earth, already conſecrated
With *Sophonisba's* pretious feete, an altar.
Open thy crannies to receive my blood,
And from it's mixture ſpring a grove of Balſame.
Led by whoſe raviſhing odour the new iſſue
Of every Phœnix ſhall neglect *Panchaia*,
To bring her mothers ſpicy death bed hither,
That's likewiſe her owne cradle. But this action
Should have more ſtate, and ceremony. No.
A King's the Prieſt; a King's the Sacrifice;
His owne ſword whilſt 'tis yet warme with his victory
Shall ſerve for th'axe, and ſo——Shall I but dye then?
I'le live to pay her more then th'expiration
Of a ſhort breath, and dye to all delights,
But what I can derive from her faire memory:
Which ſhall be treaſur'd here; and by it's virtue
Revive to kill me; every life it giv's
Cauſing another death.

Scene

Scene the fifth.

To him Scipio, Lelius, *Souldiers.*

Scip. The Lady dead!
Maſſa. To *Scipios* malice.
Scip. Could not *Maſſaniſſa*
Acquit himſelfe of one, but by committing
A greater folly! But I muſt not chide.
Moſt worthy *Maſſaniſſa!*
Maſſa. Keep your flattery.
I have no *Sophonisba.* Touch her not:
None but my ſelfe ſhall beare her to the pile.
The ſacrilegious hand beſides attempt's it
I will cut off. Your triumph ſhall not twice
Kill *Sophonisba.* *Exit with the body.*
Scip. With beſt care attend him
Vnto our Tent; leaſt that his paſſion grow
Into a deſperate frenzie, I muſt cure it
By counſell mixt with gifts. In that weake woman
Halfe *Carthage* ſtrength is gone.
Leli. Our Spyes informe
That th'other halfe (which I conceive is *Hannibal*)
Intend's upon th'event of one great battell
To hazard all. His Camp's already pitch't
Neere *Zama*: whence a meſſenger is ſent
That ſhow's the Carthaginian much deſir's
To have ſome conference with you.
Scip. Wee'l diſpoſe
Our Army thitherward. Me thinks I ſee
Victory crown'd already clap her wings
Over our heads. What a ſtrange circulation
Is in times accidents? From victory
Peace is deriv'd; from peace ſecurity;
Thence luſt; ambition: two maine grounds of jarres:
We fight for peace, and peace agen breed's warres.
Exeunt.

The argument of the fourth Act.

Hannibal *being wholly overcome by* Scipio *at the battle of* Zama, *return's to* Carthage: *where being ill entertain'd by the Senate, he behav's himselfe roughly in the Senate house; and their intention of delivering him up to* Scipio *being discover'd, by the ayde of his Faction, he escap's and flies. The Carthaginians submitting themselves are reprov'd by* Scipio; *who likewise imposeth upon them the strictest conditions, and by an example of his owne, reclaim's* Massanissa *from his passion.*

The Scene *Carthage.*

Scene the first.

Hanno, Gisgon, Bostar, *a full Senate. Being sate, To them* Nuntius.

Hanno. Pray' take no notice that we know th'event
Of the late battaile. I already have
Employ'd my Faction 'bout a peace, and *Scipio*
Is not farre off. It shall not be the act
Of *Hannibal* to boast of. When we have
Betray'd him to the Romanes, the conditions
Besides are easie.
Gisg. Mind the publick *Bostar;*
D'you thinke it not concern's you?
Bost. 'Twas my riches
Made me a Senatour: my wisedome never
Deserv'd the purple. Be you politick;
Let me preserve my state.
Gisg. Your wealth! 'tis granted
Rais'd you to this high place. Necessity

May corrupt justice in a Magistrate:
Which to prevent, at least our jealousies,
Our Carthaginian custome in election
Of Senatours, sometimes preferr's the rich
Before the best men. Take your seate.
Bost. To fill it:
Feare will not let me sleep.
Hanno. Attend the Message:
It seem's from *Hannibal.*
Bost. A worthy man.
He sent us home three bushels full of rings,
Of which I shar'd the most.
Nunt. Before I speake,
Me thinks the ayre about me as the sound
Of my sad words doth passe through it, should thicken
Into a clowd; then melt at every periode
Into a weeping raine, till none be left
To give us breath for sighes. Our *Hannibal*
Is vanquish't by the Romanes.
Bost. We shall then
Have no more wealth brought home, nor safely keepe
What we possesse already. Curse on chance
That mock's us thus. I'le never make her statue
Of gold hereafter, and by consequent
Ne're worship her: I have but cold devotion
Towards a wooden goddesse.
Hanno. 'Tis not fit
Evils remedilesse should be lamented.
From a misfortune something may arise
To prevent greater, if it be apply'd
With an exact consideration
Of all occurents that may make it usefull.
Relate it then.
Nun. Before the battaile joyn'd
The worlds two Captaines (for besides them none
Me it's the name in equall competition)
Mett to have conference: where for a space

They ſtood aſtoniſh'd at each others preſence:
And like two Comets tilting in the ayre
'Gainſt one another, ſhot prodigious flames
From eithers eyes; and with a counterchange
Of fierce and angry lookes ſeem'd to begin
An eagre fight: 'till *Hannibal* broke ſilence,
And mov'd a peace: Which *Scipio* (or ſuſpecting it
To be but wonted policy, or confident
Both of his owne ſtrength and ſucceſſe) refus'd.
Then like two clowds ſwoln big with a nights tempeſt,
And hurryed forward by contrary winds,
Iuſling each other, 'till their ribbes being broken
The ſulphurous iſſue flie's through the black ayre;
An inundation following that would fright
Natures Archeus from his quiet center;
To ſeeke an Ætna or Veſævus out
Where he might drie himſelfe: ſo met the Armies.
And with a ſhout, that out-noys'd thunder, charg'd
Each other bravely; at their firſt encounter
Mixing their bloods in ſtreames, that ẽvery way
Flow'd like a tide. As yet the peacefull goddeſſe
Inclin'd to neither part, 'till *Maſſaniſſa*
Brought up his right wing of Numidian horſemen,
And broke th'array; enforcing our firſt battle
Back to our ſecond; when we were compel'd
To fight againſt our owne, leaſt their retiring
Might put us out of order; 'till betwixt us
Dead bodies made a Bulwarke; ſo that neither
We nor the Romanes but by trampling on
Our fellowes carcaſſes could ſtrike a blow
Of any uſe. The Romane Legions now
O're-preſt us with their number, and both wings
Of horſemen wheel'd about t'aſſault our reere.
We then were compaſt; yet like angry Lyons
Whom the toyle hamper's, labour'd for our freedome;
But few eſcap't: five hundred only live
Of forty thouſand, which to *Adrumentum*

Are

Are fled with *Hannibal:* whence he intend's
To visit *Carthage* suddainely.
Hanno. His welcome
If he fore-knew't would give him small encouragement.
Th'incertainty of warre! Did *Hannibal*
Solicite peace? I'le seeme t'oppose it then,
Though it intend a good. The inborne malice
Betwixt our families will not permit me
Allow his acts or counsell. By his greatnesse
Mine is eclips'd: and though this overthrow
May make him lesse in popular opinion,
His Faction yet is strong.
Gisg. What meane you *Bostar!*
Bost. I'm dead; that horrible relation kill'd me
In'ere shall see addition to my heape,
Now *Hannibal* is conquer'd.
Hanno. You have stor'd
Enough wealth to maintaine another Army
That may bring home increase. Pray'let us use
Your state, wee'l spare your wisedome.
Bost. How's that *Hanno!*
My state, and spare my wisedome. I'm a Senatour,
And weare my gowne as formally as you:
Can nodde and spet at th'end of every sentence,
And number with my owne Arithmetick
More somes of coyne then thy whole family.
Part with my wealth! I'le rather dye, and purchase
Hell with't, if *Pluto* would but sell his Kingdome.
Yet sure it cannot be so rich as I am.
The judges there are just; bribes cannot buy
A partiall sentence,

Scene the Second.

To them Hannibal, *some Souldiers.*

Han. Ha! me thinks they should
Salute me, though I bring not victory.

When

When I preſented them with wealth, their flatteries
Were greater then became them. Am I leſſe
In merit now, then when ſucceſſe attended
My actions! glew'd unto their ſeates, and *Hanniba!*
Enter'd. Grave fathers.

Hanno. On ſir: we are patient
To heare you ſpeake.

Han. But patient! he that ſtand's
Accus'd may challenge that, or juſtly taxe yee
Of more then tyranny.

Hanno. Are you ſo confident
You dare affront your Iudges?

Han. Ha! my Iudges.
What envy though 'twere ſtill'd from the black galls
Of leane *Erinnis* Adders, can ſo blemiſh
My life or fame, that from the leaſt ſuſpect
I might incurre a ſentence! Wa'ſt for this
I have through blood and ſweat made *Carthage* great
As *Rome* her ſelfe; and had not politick dotage
Infected with your private avarice
(That would not ſpare me what my ſelfe beſtow'd
Vpon your eaſe) prevented it by calling
Me and my Army home, I had e're this
Made *Rome* your tributary; and am I
Return'd now to be judge, becauſe I have
After ſo many victories loſt one battle!
The monſtrous birth of your ingratitude
Were able to fright manhood from poſterity,
And check all undertakings.

Hanno. Whence did you
Receive commiſſion to move peace with *Scipio?* (danger

Han. From mine owne judgement that foreſaw the
My power could not prevent.

Hanno. It ſeem's you were
Declin'd to coward.

Han. Ther's no priviledge *Pulls him downe.*
Vnder your gowne for that. Learne to know man;

Then

Then be his judge.
Boſt. Pray heaven he hurt not me.
Moſt valiant *Hannibal.*
Han. I hate your flattery,
Tis mixt with ſcorne; and I will rather trample
Vpon your purple.
Nunt. Good my Lord forbeare
Your violence. Conſider but their perſons
And dignities.
Han. Should *Jove* himſelfe provoke me
With a diſgrace like this, I'de challenge him
To meet upon a cloud ram'd full of thunder:
And dart it at him, 'till with flames I had
Conſum'd the braſſe ſupporters of his heaven;
Tumbling him downe with all his petty gods
Vnto their firſt mortality.
Nunt. The cuſtome
Of *Carthage* government commands reſpect
Vnto their difference.
Han. Let the reſpect
Be likewiſe taught them that belongs to me.
And if my labour hath maintain'd their eaſe,
In which they have both ſtudied and eſtabliſh't
Civill formalities, my rugged life
Did never practiſe, it may well excuſe
A greater errour. Who is my accuſer?
Hanno. Your ſelfe.
Han. My ſelfe! my ſelfe will be my judge then:
And make th'abus'd ſeate honour'd for a juſtice,
Which your corrupted ſoules would never ſuffer
Your power to execute. Looke Carthaginians;
And if your reaſons eyes can ſee the errours
Your blinded envie led it to, with bluſhes
Guide them to reformation. I that tooke
An oath at nine yeares old before the Altar,
When it was ſmoking with the horrid ſacrifice
Of immolated men, to be *Romes* enemy,

And perfect what my Father had begun;
I that transferr'd the wealth of *Spaine* to *Carthage*,
And thorow the frozen Alpes melted my way
Into the fertile plaines of *Italy*;
That waded with my army thorow the fennes
Of gloomy *Arnus*, in whose fogges I lost
One of my bodies comfortable lights;
I that o'rethrew sixe Consuls, and at *Cannas*
In one fight kill'd a hundred Romane Senators,
And thence presented *Carthage* with a prey
That might out-vye an Indian treasury
Cram'd with the choyceſt wealth; I that abroad
Whilſt here you bath'd in pleasures made my body
Proofe 'gainſt a tempeſt, and endur'd the rage
Of more prodigious ſtormes then ever frighted
Mortals into religion.

Hanno. Yet at *Capua*
The faire Salapian *Omphale* could teach
Our Carthaginian *Hercules* to ſpin,
And mind his diſtaffe; elſe ſhe would not ſmile
Vpon him for his worke.

Han. Thy malice *Hanno*
Like to the broken ſome a rock beats back
Vpon the angry maine, fowl's thine owne boſome.
I am above it; and in ſpight of thee
Or all the battery of thy calumnies,
Will ſtand like a *Coloſſus* to be gaz'd at
By all beneath me, when the ſcorne of men
Shall laſh thy envie with the whips of Satyres:
Who vainely doſt attempt to ruine that
Is built for fame.

Hanno. Nay you may keepe your ſeate,
It well becomes you.

Han. It becomes you better,
When your grave nod and formall hem ſtrik's terrour
Through the affrighted malefactors heart;
Who for ſome ſlight offence expects his judgement,

No

No leſſe than baniſhment, or confiſcation
Of all his ſubſtance; which is ſhar'd amongſt you,
The publike uſe neglected. But in vaine
I taxe your vices, when your ſoules are ſullyed
With an ingratitude to me, that makes
All others white as innocence compar'd
With that black monſter. *Carthage* I diſclaime thee,
And rather then imploy my power agen
To raiſe thy head 'bove others, in thy ruines
Ile hide mine owne. And but for reverence
I beare the aſhes of mine anceſtors,
I would my ſelfe plough furrowes in thy wombe,
And ſow my faction onely for th'increaſe
Of mine owne greatneſſe.

Hanno. Pray obſerve it Fathers.
He doth affect the Monarchie; he would
Alter our government.

Han. You are deceiv'd.
Y'are weake enough already; there's no need
Of a ſedition to ſubvert your ſtate.
Can yee reſiſt the Romanes, and make peace
Vpon your owne conditions?

Scene the third.

To them Himulco *haſtily.*

What's the meaning?

Him. You are betray'd my Lord; your ſafety needs
A ſudden reſolution. *Scipio's* enter'd
The Gates of *Carthage.*

Han. Oh inhumane trechery!
But for preventing juſtice that will fall
Heavie upon you by ſome other inſtrument,
'Twere piety to waſh corruption
From this abus'd place with your bloods; whoſe ſtaines
Would yet infect the pavement, and remaine
Like bluſhes in the marble to betray

The guilt yee dy'd for. When the Romanes practiſe
Their tyranny upon you, wiſh in vaine
Yee had an *Hannibal*.
Him. Your danger will not
Allow your paſſion vent. Pray'ſligh my Lord.
Han. Into ſome deſart to converſe with beaſts;
Th'have gratefull ſoules. *Carthage* me thinkes an earth-
Should palſey thy old joynts, & ſhrink thy head (quake
Into thy ſhoulders: or thy *Genius* wrap thee
In a perpetuall cloud to hide the ſhame
Of this baſe act. Revenge, Ile court thee through
The ruine of mine owne. *Carthage* ſhall ſee
Not mine from her, her greatneſſe grew from me.
All thoſe that love me follow. *Exeunt, Senators remayning.*
Hanno. Would we had
Enſnar'd him better: but his faction wanting
A head, 'tis ſtrengthleſſe. Let a cryer publiſh
The ſentence of his baniſhment, that *Scipio*
May take it for our act. We muſt comply
With all occaſions that may make our peace
A uſefull good, no voluntary bondage.
We muſt receive the Romanes with a ſhew
Of leſſe feare, then the ſtraites of our neceſſity
Might excuſe manhood for.

Scene the fourth.

To them Scipio, Maſſaniſſa, Lelius, *ſome Souldiers.*
Scip. Now Carthaginians,
Although I am a conquerour, ſucceſſe
Swells me no higher to preferre my ſelfe
Above what judgement warrants. I have ſtrove
With all oppoſing reaſons to forget
Your often breach of faith: which you are tax't with
By all men for a vice that th'ayre you breath
Infects you with, as if the places nature
Enforc't it from neceſſity. But cuſtome

Muſt

Muſt be concluded, is the moſt efficient
To cauſe that barbarous neglect of piety,
Which ſhould be mans ſole object. I am ſtrengthned
Sufficiently 'gainſt feare; ſince I can eaſily
Compell you to ſubjection. But preferring
A mild command before imperious rigour,
Declare your ſelves, and you ſhall finde that we
Practiſe no cruelty.

Hanno. Moſt worthy Romane
We might excuſe the generall, and conferre
The guilt upon ſome private few, who led
By an ambition made this warre without
Conſent from us. Some we have juſtly puniſht;
And him, by whom (as by the firſt great mover)
The reſt were hurried forward, we have baniſht,
To take from *Rome* all cauſe of after-jealouſie.
His faction did prevent it, elſe we had
Yeelded him up to *Scipio*. Peace is now
The thing we crave, and the conditions
No ſtricter then the Carthaginians
Would have propos'd, had they beene conquerours,
And *Scipio* ſu'd to them.

Scip. Can there be faith
In thoſe that would betray their owne! and ſuch a one
As made the end of all his actions
Your greatneſſe firſt, and when that fail'd your ſafety?
A man that more than figur'd *Mars*, and merited
A deifying by your gratitude.
Bluſh at it fame, and with thy hundred tongues
Till all are hoarſe proclaime it. The conditions
Propos'd ſhall ſtand, if but to puniſh this,
This monſtrous act. Nature me thinks ſhould throw yee
From her warme boſome with an angry motion
Of all th'earths ſinewes, and not ſuffer yee
To ſuck her milke; but dry her fruitfull wombe
Into a barrenneſſe, before ſuch monſters
Should be againe produc't. As you performe

The ſtricteſt clauſe, and what afflicts yee moſt,
Call it not ſatisfaction for our injuries,
But puniſhment for your ingratitude
To *Hannibal*.

Hanno. That will take from my ſuffering.
When thoſe we hate in miſery beare a part,
Envie growes fat by eating her owne heart. *Exeunt.*

Scip. Lelius attend the Carthaginian Senators;
Survey the City, and ſee execution *Exit.*
Of all the league includ's. Doth *Scipio* triumph,
And *Maſſaniſſa* hang the head! One article
Is that they ſhall reſtore to *Maſſaniſſa*
All that they have depriv'd him of.

Maſſa. They cannot
Reſtore my *Sophonisba*.

Scip. Still that paſſion!
I thought her memory had beene waſh't away
With the large ſtreames of blood ſo lately flow'd
From his victorious ſword. Come *Maſſaniſſa*
You ſhall enjoy a Romane Lady; one
That ſhall out-vye the glory of a ſunne
Thron'd in his cleereſt skie, and make his light
Appeare but as a ſhadow to her beauty,
One that ſhall comprehend within her ſelfe
All that was ever faign'd of other women,
And make their fables probable.

Maſſa. Rome hath not
Another *Sophonisba*.

Scip. That the wealth
Of *Romes* beſt province might but ranſome home
His loſt command o're paſſions.

Scene

Scene the fift.

To them Lelius, Lucius, *a young Lady.*

Who's this Lady?

Leli. A Spaniſh captive.
Scip. Did ever innocence
Looke ſweeter, as if ſhe were joy'd to make
This little frame her manſion. Why d'ee weepe?
They ſhall not hurt you pretty one.
Lad. They ſay
They'l carry me to *Rome.*
Scip. Suppoſe they doe;
Romanes are full of gentleneſſe, and mildly
Will entertaine you; where you ſhall be taught
Civility of manners. Education
Clothing your minde in ornaments of vertue
Fitting your expectation, and your beauty
Rip't with mature age, Romane Knights ſhall court it.
Perhaps my ſelfe would take you to my bed.
Lad. Indeed you ſhould not. You are a rough ſouldier;
Your lookes would fright me.
Scip. Can you then deny
To cheriſh ſuch a hope? You ſhould enjoy
Delights above your wiſh. Your houſe ſhould be
A court of pleaſure. Spring ſhould alwaies dwell
Within your gardens, as if Tempe were
Tranſlated thither. Virgins ſhould attend you
Faire as the morning, when ſhe uſhers in
The day with bluſhes. Your bathes ſhould be the dew
Gather'd from Roſes, and your garments ſoft
As the curl'd ayre, by mild Eteſian windes
Made temperate, when the Sunne rides on his Lion
To hunt heavens Dog up. You ſhould ſleepe on downe
Driven from Swannes white necks; be viſited
By Matrons; uſher'd to ſolemnities;
And at the publike ſhowes out-ſhine the glory

Of

Of daylight with the luſtre of thoſe jemmes
You ſhould be deckt in; and a conquerour when
His head's wrapt in triumphant Lawrell, couch it
Vpon your lap.
Maſſa. He's taken. Mans weake judgement,
That calls it vice in others, which himſelfe
Is equally inclin'd to.
Lad. I nere heard
Of ſuch fine things before.
Scip. The barren ſoyle
That bred you is in fault. I muſt confeſſe
Nature hath in your yet imperfect beauty
Shew'd wonders to the world: you are th'epitome
Of her moſt curious labours; and if fortune
Should in ſo faire a booke blurre any leſt
Exact drawne line, her deity were cruell.
Your owne's a barbarous country, where civility
Hath ſcarce a name. You cannot there expect
A value of your ſelfe, above the worſhip
Their eyes will give you, when they rudely gaze
Vpon your forme, and by the ſenſe diſtinguiſh
The outward workmanſhip. We teach our ſoules
A glorious converſation with thoſe vertues
That deck the inſide of a beauteous frame,
And vary pleaſures, honours, earths delights
To th'imitation of that infinite
And never dying part.
Lad. You *Lucius*
Did never court me thus. You'd onely tell me
That I ſhould be a Queene, when your old Father
Went to the lower Kingdome.
Scip. What is *Lucius*?
Luci. A Prince amongſt the Celtiberians.
This Lady Nobly borne to me betroth'd,
If *Scipio* will be mercifull, I'de ranſome.
Scip. You love her then?
Luci. Above my ſelfe: without her

My

My being is not perfect.
Scip. Bleſt occaſion.
Now *Maſſaniſſa* if example may
Rectifie errors in thee, make my act
An imitable preſident. Young Prince
Receive her from my hands; withall the ſumme
Intended for her ranſome as a dowry.
Love *Rome* and *Scipio*.
Luci. Nobleneſſe above
The reach of praiſe. How ſhall I ſhew my gratitude?
Lad. When he hath made me Queen, Ile bid you wel-
To *Lucius* Court. (come
Luci. And *Lucius* when growne man
Will bring you Souldiers.
Maſſa. Seem'd he not to love her?
And yet without leaſt pauſe he gave her back
Being poſſeſt. I am o'recome; I ſee
Paſſion's the noble ſoules worſt enemy
I'm all for action. *Muſick.*
Scip. *Maſſaniſſa* is
Become himſelfe agen. Wherefore this muſick?
Leli. To gratulate your victory, and the peace
That gives them reſt, the Souldiers have prepar'd
A ſlight ſolemnity: The Carthaginians
Mixe with the Romanes, though their heavie hearts
To part with ſo much treaſure ſcarce admits it.
Scip. 'Tis ſeaſonable: there is cauſe to joy,
Since *Maſſaniſſa's* new wed to my boſome,
And this young Ladies nuptials.

The Souldiers led in by their Captaines, distinguisht severally by their Armes and Ensignes, to the Musick of the following, put themselves into a figure like a battalia.

The Song.

On bravely, on; the foe is met;
The Souldiers ranck't, the battaile set.
Make the earth tremble, and the skies
Redouble ecchoes from your cryes.
Bloud puts a scarlet mantle on
The late greene plaine: they'l flie anon.

Chorus.

Then follow; but your orders keepe;
Take prisoners; set their ransomes deepe.
Retreat. For fame and the delight
That peace brings onely Souldiers fight.

The dance expressing a fight.

Thankes to all.
So you proportion pleasures, we give way to't.
Is *Lelius* yet inform'd of *Hannibal*?
Leli. That he is fled unto *Antiochus*,
Or else to *Prusias* of *Bythinia*.
His ends are doubtfull.
Scip. If his discontent
Should anew whet his envie to attempt
Their aydes, 'twould much disturb the Asian provinces.
Wee'l follow to prevent it. *Lelius* you
Shall carry our successe unto the Senate,
And with it *Syphax*, and the *Carthage* pledges.
Come my soules halfe, wee'l hunt this *Affrick* Lion
Into a stronger toyle. Fame shall waite on us
Till we have loaded her, and that shee see
Our triumph finisht in his tragedy. *Exeunt.*

The

The argument of the laſt Act.

Hannibal *being fled to* Pruſias *King of* Bythinia, *receives his promiſe for his ſafety. The Romane Legates being arrived, and* Hannibal *perceiving* Scipio *and* Flaminius *(the Sonne of* Flaminius *whom hee had formerly ſlaine) to be amongſt them, and underſtanding the houſe to be encompaſſed by armed men, ſuſpecting himſelfe to be betray'd, takes poiſon, (which he alwayes carryed about him in his ring) Of which he dyes; and* Scipio *to prevent the like ingratitude from his Romanes, and out of a naturall addiction he alwayes had to learning (it being ſaid of him, that* Pædiam Cyri de manu non ponebat; *and* nonnunquam incepto prælio cum philoſophis diſputabat) *retires himſelfe to his Country* Villa; *taking upon him as it were a voluntary baniſhment.*

The Scene *Bythinia.*

Scene the firſt.

Pruſias, Hannibal, Himulco, *Attendants.*

Pruſ. Y'are welcome, though your fortun's ebb'd. The
Of what you have bin ſhould cõmand reſpect (memory
From good men to you. Vertue is not leſſen'd
By want of a ſucceſſe; that's but a gloſſe
Fortune ſets on her: Miſery doth make
Her inſide glorious ſometimes, when deſertleſſe,
And baſtard actions as the heires of chance
Shine in their ſuperficies: but being ſearcht

Are found like bladders, ſwolne with an enforcement
Of wind into them: which the leaſt neceſſity
Or adverſe fortune pricking, they dilate
Th'included ayre, and ſhrinke into their firſt
Narrow dimenſions: When true vertue beares
Her owners head above afflictions waves,
And ſteeres him into harbour.

Han. You are noble,
And like a King with judgement value me.
My mind was ne're ſubjected: I have knowne
So much of both, that neither of the paſtimes
Fortune delights her ſelfe with, can incline me
To height above a moderate, nor decline me
Below my ſelfe. Proſperity, adverſity;
Both make one even ſcale, and weight being added
To either, ſhews the difference. Hee's not man
Will be dejected or exalted. Every one
Should temper the condition of his ſtate,
Such as the preſent makes it, with the feare
Or hope of after change: and when hee labour's
In the extremity of one, or flowes
I'th ſwelling height of th'other, ſtill his mind
Should be the ſame. Chance varies every way;
But vertues courſe is conſtant.

Pruſ. You expreſſe
A noble reſolution, and your ſoule
Shows rich and glorious even through the clouds
Of your misfortune. There's a readineſſe,
And a propenſe deſire in me to ayde you.
But circumſtance muſt make it probable
Whether the cauſes juſtneſſe may command
Th'attendance of ſucceſſe. For an attempt
That's warranted by juſtice, cannot want
A proſperous end.

Han. If to defend my Country,
Or to compell encroaching enemies
To ſatisfaction, ſuch as would deprive us

Of th'earth that nature in her legacy
Made our proportion be a juſtice, I
Did never injury; for theſe were onely
The motives to my actions. Fame I know
Could not be ſilent, but ſhee muſt informe
Even the remoteſt dwellers, how proud *Rome*
(Whoſe infant greatneſſe by ambition nurſt
Is now in growing, and will ſpread it ſelfe
If a prevention ſtay it not, beyond
All limits of the yet knowne world) inſults
Over her neighbouring Provinces. From *Carthage*
She hath enforc't *Sicilia* (the worlds granary)
And other Ilands: and her Generall
Swolne with his fortune, hath attempted farther
To overflow all *Affrick*. You may likewiſe
Expect he will encroach upon your *Aſia*;
Antiochus being already vanquiſht,
And fled to *Epheſus*. If nothing elſe,
Your ſafety ſhould invite you to take armes,
Though but defenſive. States that never knew
A change but in their growth, which a long peace
Hath brought unto perfection, are like ſteele;
Which being neglected will conſume it ſelfe
With its owne ruſt. So doth ſecurity
Eate through the hearts of ſtates whilſt they are ſleeping
And lull'd in her falſe quiet. *Pruſias* therefore
Should dwell no longer in ſo great a danger.
If hee'l not be a Souldier, let him arme
His people; *Hannibal* will be their Captaine,
And lead them unto actions that ſhall take
Fame with the wonder, 'till I have made *Rome*
(Who like th'earths iſſue heapes up hills on hills,
To raiſe her proud head) nothing. My right hand
Jove-like is arm'd with thunder, which ſhall ſligh
Wing'd with prodigious flames of juſt revenge
To puniſh her impiety.

Pruſ. I could gladly

Cheriſh your reſolutions, being grounded
On juſtice: but t'engage my ſelfe or people
In an uncertaine warre, before provok't
By enemies, were raſhneſſe that excuſe
Could no way gloſſe to make it ſhow an act
Worthy a man, much leſſe a King.

Han. You value
Thoſe ſcruples more than a full weight of honour.
Heaven gave the difference to you but to be
The figure of that power, that will exact
A juſt account of a Kings greater actions,
Then what inferiours owe to their creation.
Th'eſſentiall part of your eternity
Depends upon that point: and can you more
Expreſſe your ſelfe heavens miniſter, then when
You doe the things agree with't?

Pruſ. *Rome* comply's
With us for peace. The violation
Of a religious oath, ſuperiour juſtice
Cannot but puniſh: elſe we might be bold
To call the worſhip of the gods no more
Than th'iſſue of credulity, produc't
To fright us with a name that had no power
But what our feares allow'd it. *Rome* is yet
Our friend; and 'till ſhe fall from honour, we
Muſt hold her deare.

Han. In that conſiſts your danger.
Shee's mask't in policy, and like a Stateſman
Without religion, ſteeres her courſe by ſhowes
And meere appearance to what ever ends
Ambition points her. Be not then too raſh.
Make not the greatneſſe which is yet your owne
Derivative from her. 'Twill leave your name
A ſtaine in times records, and blot the tables
That ſhould preſerve it.

Pruſ. Noble *Hannibal*
Be ſafe with us and confident. I expect

The Romane Legates; and if mediation
Or any practice which I can with honour
Assay to reconcile yee, may be usefull.
Han. To reconcile us! Time shall first runne back
To his beginning, and the world returne
To its first *Chaos* e're I will admit
Of such a word. Let those that fawne upon
The smiles of peace and softnesse to delight
Their wanton appetites, practise their low
Effeminate soules in feares and passions.
Each thought of mine shall be a numerous Army
To lead 'gainst *Rome*: in my imagination
I will fight with her still, though I want Souldiers.
Prus. Nobly resolv'd.

Scene the Second.

To them Scipio, Massanissa, Flaminius, *other Romane Legates.*

Han. Ha! *Scipio* and *Flaminius*
Amongst the Romane Legates! there's some treachery.
Informe thy selfe *Himilco*. His pursuing *Exit.*
My course, imports no good, and my sad soule
Labours with a prophetick apprehension
Of something he intends. Be ready thou,
Thou my last refuge.
Prus. Sudden clouds me thinkes
Creepe o're your eyes. Though you be enemies,
Peace warrants gentle greeting. Shee is emblem'd
In Doves that have no gall. Y'are here my guests,
And shall partake a courtly entertainment
Worthy such persons.
Scip. Hannibal I know
Hath put of the rough habit which his mind
Was lately wrapt in: and since chance hath made him
The subject of my conquest, in the peace
Rome hath allow'd his Country (the conditions

Being

Cheriſh your reſolutions, being grounded
On juſtice: but t'engage my ſelfe, or people
In an uncertaine warre, before provok't
By enemies, were raſhneſſe that excuſe
Could no way gloſſe to make it ſhow an act
Worthy a man, much leſſe a King.

Han. You value
Thoſe ſcruples more than a full weight of honour.
Heaven gave the difference to you but to be
The figure of that power, that will exact
A juſt account of a Kings greater actions,
Then what inferiours owe to their creation.
Th'eſſentiall part of your eternity
Depends upon that point: and can you more
Expreſſe your ſelfe heavens miniſter, then when
You doe the things agree with't?

Pruſ. *Rome* comply's
With us for peace. The violation
Of a religious oath, ſuperiour juſtice
Cannot but puniſh: elſe we might be bold
To call the worſhip of the gods no more
Than th'iſſue of credulity, produc't
To fright us with a name that had no power
But what our feares allow'd it. *Rome* is yet
Our friend; and 'till ſhe fall from honour, we
Muſt hold her deare.

Han. In that conſiſts your danger.
Shee's mask't in policy, and like a Stateſman
Without religion, ſteeres her courſe by ſhowes
And meere appearance to what ever ends
Ambition points her. Be not then too raſh.
Make not the greatneſſe which is yet your owne
Derivative from her. 'Twill leave your name
A ſtaine in times records, and blot the tables
That ſhould preſerve it.

Pruſ. Noble *Hannibal*
Be ſafe with us and confident. I expect

The Romane Legates; and if mediation
Or any practice which I can with honour
Assay to reconcile yee, may be usefull.
Han. To reconcile us! Time shall first runne back
To his beginning, and the world returne
To its first *Chaos* e're I will admit
Of such a word. Let those that fawne upon
The smiles of peace and softnesse to delight
Their wanton appetites, practise their low
Effeminate soules in feares and passions.
Each thought of mine shall be a numerous Army
To lead 'gainst *Rome*: in my imagination
I will fight with her still, though I want Souldiers.
Prus. Nobly resolv'd.

Scene the Second.

To them Scipio, Massanissa, Flaminius, *other Romane Legates.*

Han. Ha! *Scipio* and *Flaminius*
Amongst the Romane Legates! there's some treachery.
Informe thy selfe *Himilco*. His pursuing *Exit.*
My course, imports no good, and my sad soule
Labours with a prophetick apprehension
Of something he intends. Be ready thou,
Thou my last refuge.
Prus. Sudden clouds me thinkes
Creepe o're your eyes. Though you be enemies,
Peace warrants gentle greeting. Shee is emblem'd
In Doves that have no gall. Y'are here my guests,
And shall partake a courtly entertainment
Worthy such persons.
Scip. *Hanniball* I know
Hath put of the rough habit which his mind
Was lately wrapt in: and since chance hath made him
The subject of my conquest, in the peace
Rome hath allow'd his Country (the conditions

Being

Being ſtrictly kept) all paſt contentions
Muſt loſe their memory, and after ſtrifes
Be ſtifled in their firſt birth by prevention.
I muſt acknowledge my ambition
Bo're my thoughts higher than my Countries good,
Or her enlargement onely. Had my fortune
Captiv'd the perſon of great *Hannibal*,
My triumph ſhould out-vye all the rich pompes
That ever made *Reme* ſhine.
Han. That perſon yet
Is free, and capable of new deſignes,
To make himſelfe full owner of a glory
'Bove *Scipio's* conqueſt. Tis not thy ſucceſſe
Declines me the leaſt ſtep towards ſubjection
Of my ſtill high built hopes: which being ſtrongly
Propt with my reſolutions, ſhall in time
Raiſe monuments of fame unto my actions.
Let not one chance exalt thee. *Hannibal*,
Though *Carthage* ownes him not, command's a world
Greater than her, or *Rome*.
Scip. But the dimenſions
Are bounded with that ſtrict neceſſity
They cannot be extended. Flatter not
Thoſe hopes with expectation of a change
To any better than the now condition
Of thy ſubverted greatneſſe: which being ruin'd
Beyond all reparation, thy attempts
To build it new, wanting materials,
Are vainer farre than the *Sycilian* Dogs
Barking againſt the Moone.
Han. Be not deceiv'd
With too much confidence. The more th'are preſt,
The more palmes flouriſh. That that would make *Scipio*
Looke downewards, lifts me up.
Scip. How thou art mockt
With ſelfe-opinion! Know I have a ſoule
So full inſtructed, it hath power to temper

The difference of my fortune with that meane,
That even the higheſt glory to my ſelfe
Is but adverſity, and an abject ſtate
No leſſe then is my preſent greatneſſe. Man
From outward accidents ſhould not derive
The knowledge of himſelfe: for ſo hee's made
The creature of beginnings over which
His vertue may command: Fortune and chance.
When he by ſpeculation hath inform'd
His divine part hee's perfect; and 'till then
But a rough matter, onely capable
Of better forme. It oft begets my wonder
That thou a rude Barbarian, ignorant
Of all art, but of warres, which cuſtome onely
Hath (being joyn'd to thy firſt nature) taught thee,
Shouldſt know ſo much of man.

Han. I ſtudy man
Better from practice, than thou canſt from bookes.
Thy learning's but opinion, mine knowne truth;
Subject to no groſſe errours, ſuch as cannot
Be reconcil'd, but by production
Of new and greater. Did thy learned Maſters
Of Arts, with whom even arm'd thou haſt converſt
Before a battayle joyn'd (if fame ſpeake truth)
By their inſtructions ſhow thee ſurer wayes
To victory, than Fortune joyn'd to valour.
And a full ſtrength of men?

Scip. That which conſiſts
In action onely, and th'event, depends
Vpon no certaine rule demonſtrative,
Is fates, not reaſons.

Pruſ. Fie, this ſtrife ſounds harſhly,
Come *Maſſaniſſa*, you have ſhar'd your part
Of vertue and of fortune.

Han. Leaſt of vertue,
That left a juſt cauſe to ſupport a wrong one;
Such was his fall from *Carthage*.

Maſſa. You being judge
In your owne cauſe: but who will elſe ſubſcribe
To ſuch a partiall ſentence?
Pruſ. Pray' no more.
My Court lookes like a Parliament of Souldiers;
Where warre me thinkes ſhould be diſcours'd on; how
A battaile ſhou'd be order'd, or what forme
Hath moſt advantage. What men have you knowne,
Or Hiſtory doth mention, that exceeded
In the degrees of merit?
Han. Alexander
The firſt beſt Captaine.
Scip. Who the ſecond?
Han. Pyrrhus.
Pruſ. And who the third?
Han. Doubtleſſe my ſelfe.
Scip. What then
Am I that conquer'd *Hannibal?*
Han. If I
Had conquer'd *Scipio*, I had then beene firſt.
Scip. Did ever pride ſo ſwell th'infected parts
Of a rich ſoule! Were not his mind corrupted
With that diſeaſe of vertue, I ſhould covet
To joyne mine with't in an eternall fellowſhip;
And onely here in outward enmity
Divide our bodies.

Scene the laſt.

To them Himulco.

Han. How art ſatisfy'd?
Am I yet ſafe?
Him. My obſervation
Hath beene I feare too curious: for your danger
If any be intended wants all meanes
Of oppoſition. But my feare perhaps

Inter-

Interprets worſe than a conſideration
Will from the circumſtance; which yet hath ſhew
Of probability.
Han. Why what haſt ſeene?
Him. Arm'd troupes guard all the paſſages by which
The houſe is enter'd.
Han. I am then betray'd.
Can Kings be trecherous? have they mortall parts
Subject to that corruption ſtaines with leproſie
The glorious brow of honour! Can creation
Be in her different workes ſo negligent
As not to perfect them? Shee's idle when
She makes Kings, ſhould be like gods, leſſe then men.
Pruſias and *Scipio*, thus I mock your plots.
Be trecherous now; you ſhall have nothing but
Hannibals earth to worke on. *Takes the poiſon.*
Scip. What's the meaning
Of this?
Maſſa Tis poiſon ſurely that he takes.
Scip. Reſtraine him.
Han. 'Tis too late.
Pruſ. Call our Phyſitians.
Han. All helpe is vaine as your conſpiracy.
It was no juggling ſop to wrap the ſenſes
In ſlumbers like death, *Colchos* never yeelded
A juyce more banefull. I went ſtill prepar'd
Thus to o'recome your malice; which diſcover'd,
My death beares me above it.
Scip. Why ſhould *Hannibal*
From the weake warrant of a bare ſuſpition
Be guilty of ſuch barbarouſneſſe! By all
The hopes I have of good mens loves, or memory
'Mongſt their true valuing of deſert, I'ever
Reſtrain'd m'uncertaine thoughts their liberty
From being buſie 'bout betraying *Hannibal*
By any practiſe honour might not father,
And gladly call his owne.

Han. Perſwade thy flatterers
To credit it: Thoſe that would deifie
The vertues in thy booke, not of thy mind.
Practice hath taught me how to read mens ſoules.
Doe not I know then thy hypocriſie
Plaſters the wounded credit of thy act?
But if thou healſt it, there will be a ſcarre
To ſhew poſterity that what thou didſt
Was full of baſe corruption.
Scip. Thou didſt much
Leſſen thy ſelfe in thy firſt feare; and now
By the ill-grounded jealouſie of my vertue
Wilt make thy owne taxt. From this *Pædia*
I have beene truely morall; th'inſtitutions
Have beene my guides in every action
Which I did either as a man, or Prince.
Cyrus himſelfe, to whom they were directed,
Purſu'd them not ſo ſtrictly as I have.
Breath not thy ſoule forth then 'till thou art ſatisfy'd
Of my true innocence: for if thou dy'ſt
In thy ſuſpition, be aſſur'd it will
Diſturbe thy peace hereafter, and thy aſhes,
As the pile hallows them, will fright thy ghoſt
With ſhapes of the diſhonour thou unjuſtly
Wouldſt lay on *Scipio*.
Han. Tell thy Philoſophers
The earth hath not a center; that the day
Is not illumin'd by the Sunne; that fire
Is colder than the ever-frozen rocks
That beare the North-end of th'earths Axeltree:
When they allow theſe paradoxes, I
Will credit *Scipio*. Worke on thou brave miniſter
Of my laſt victory over my ſelfe.
Quench thy unnaturall flames with my ſcortcht bowels.
Now thou haſt met a heat, which joyn'd to thine
Makes all the frame like the bright forge, whence *Jove*
Hath his artillery. My heart, my heart;

Qurench

Quench it *Eridanus*: but it would dry
Thy waters up. I'm wrapt in greater fires
Then the raſh boy thou choak'ſt. Would this were *Oeta*;
That like the furious Thebane I might build
Mine owne pile, and the flame as it aſcends
Transforme it ſelfe into a conſtellation;
Or fixe ith' upper region of the ayre
Like a perpetuall comet to fright *Rome*
With his prodigious light. Me thinkes an earthquake
Totters the aged fabrick that ſo long
Hath borne me on't, and the divided poles
Embrace to kiſſe each other. An inverſion
Of natures order ſhall attend the fate
Of dying *Hannibal*. So Okes eradicated
By a prodigious whirlwind, teare the earth
Through which their large rootes ſpread themſelves.
No leſſe then the whole world to be my grave. (Ile, have
Scip. He's dead: with him my glory. *Scipio's* acts *Dy's*.
Have not another object worthy them,
Or his attempts.
Him. Fame breake thy trumpet now;
Deafe thy wide eares, and ſilence all thy tongues,
Since he is dead, who with his actions wont
To ympe new feathers to thy broken wings,
And make thee ſigh a pitch above the reach
Of common eyes.
Pruſ. Leſt that my honour ſuffer
In the ſuſpition of betraying him,
I will provide a laſting monument,
And fixe his ſtatue on't.
Scip. You *Maſſaniſſa*
Ile ſee eſtabliſht in your Kingdome. *Carthage*
Thy baſe ingratitude to him, whoſe merit
But juſtly challeng'd all that thou could'ſt owne
Shall teach me a prevention. Solitude
Is the ſoules beſt companion. At *Linturnum*
My Country *Villa* I will terminate

My after life free from mens flatteries,
And feare of their leane envie. He that ſuffers
Proſperity to ſwell him 'bove a meane,
Like thoſe impreſſions in the ayre, that riſe
From dunghill vapours, ſcatter'd by the wind,
Leaves nothing but an empty fame behind.

The Epilogue by Scipio.

Our ſtrife is ended: yet in ones I ſpy
Peace ſmile, and warre frowne in anothers eye.
Being victorious I muſt not ſubmit
To a diſlike. Rather to him that writ
Our ſtory, gratefully I would allow
One leafe of Lawrell torne from mine owne brow.
And with their faire opinion of it theſe
May make it a full Garland if they pleaſe.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 Al

COVENT GARDEN.

A PLEASANT COMEDIE:

Acted in the YEARE, MDCXXXII.

By the *Queenes* Majesties Servants.

The Author

THOMAS NABBES.



LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD OULTON, for
CHARLES GREENE; and are to be
sold at the Signe of the White *Lyon*, in
PAULS *Church-yard*.
1638.

VOL

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY OF HIS HONOVRS Sr. JOHN SUCKLING *Knight*,

SIR,

THere is no excuſe for this my preſumption, but a preſumption upon your φιλαυθρωπία. *It is likewiſe an error in my weakneſſe, to put ſo meane a piece to a ſecond tryall; when in your peruſall it will meet with a more piercing judgement, then the* Stages, *that gave it ſome partiall allowance. For the ſtile, 'tis humble:*

Serpit humi tutus nimium, timiduſq; procellæ.

Your owne is Pindarus, *mine* Bacchylides. *Yet I would have endeavour'd to make the persons ſpeake better, had it been proper to their condition. As you are a* Patron *to all good endeavours, you merit to be the ſubject of many* Encomiums: *But your ſelfe by your ſelfe in making the world (which can never be ſufficiently gratefull for it) happy in the publication of your late worthy labour, have prevented the intentions of many to dignifie that in you which is ſo farr above them. My hope is, that by your favourable acceptance of this, I may gaine ſome opinion with others; to whom I have and alwayes do declare my ſelfe in my deſires ambitious to be knowne by you at the becoming diſtance of*

Your honourer and humble Servant

THOMAS NABBES.

The Prologue.

Doe not expect th' abuſes *of a* Place;
Nor th'ills ſprung from a Strumpets painted face
To be expreſt. Our Author *doth not meane*
With ſuch vile ſtuffe *to clothe his* modeſt Scœne.
Nor doth he brand it *with a* Satyres *marke*;
But makes a Juſtice *wiſer then his* Clerke.
His Ruſticks *likewiſe will pretend to* Wit:
So all the Perſons *which wee counterfeit.*
He juſtifies that 'tis no borrow'd Straine,
From the invention of another's braine.
Nor did he ſteale the Fancie. *'Tis the ſame*
Hee firſt intended by the proper Name.
'Twas not a toyle of yeares: *few* weekes *brought forth*
This rugged Iſſue, *might have beene more worth*
If he had lick'd it *more. Nor doth he raiſe*
From th' imitation of authentricke Playes
Matter *or* words *to height: nor bundle up*
Conceits *at* Tavernes *where the* Wits *doe ſup.*
His Muſe *is ſolitary, and alone*
Doth practiſe her low ſpeculation.
He hath no faction *in a partiall* way,
Prepar'd to cry it up, *and boaſt the* Play,
Swelling your expectations: *hee relies*
Meerely upon your ingenuities.

The Matter's *weake: how can the* Building *ſtand?*
Yes; if ſupported by a gratious Hand.

The

The PERSONS.

DVNGVVORTH. *A Countrey* Gentleman.
RALPH. } *His Servants.*
DOBSON. }
Mris. TONGALL. *A busie Gossip.*
THEODORE ARTLOVE. *A compleat Gentleman.*
LITTLEWORD. *A reputed Wit.*
HVGH IERKER. *A wilde Gallant.*
IEFFEREY IERKER. *A lad of the same humour.*
DOROTHY WORTHY. *Daughter to* Sir GENE.
SVSAN. *A Waiting-woman to the* Lady.
WARRANT. *Clerke to* Sir GENEROVS.
SPRVCE. *Gentleman Vsher to the* Lady.
Lady WORTHY.
Sir GENEROVS WORTHY.
Young WORTHY. *His Son.*
DASHER. *A complementing Vintener.*
DRAVVER.
CONSTABLE.

The Scœne COVENT-GARDEN.

COVENT

Act. I. *Scœn.* I.

Enter DVNGVVORTH, RALPH, *and* DOBSON, *as newly come to Towne by the right* SCŒNE.

DOBSON.

NOw we are come to *London*, fellow *Ralph* what ſhall we doe? or what courſe will our Maſter take with us?

Ralph. Why, *Dobſon*; he may doe what he will, and wee will doe what we liſt. A little inſtruction and practice will make us wicked enough, I dare warrant thee.

Dobſ. I hope we are not to learne that. But all this while the Plough ſtands ſtill.

Ralph. Sha, *Dobſon*; thy mind's upon nothing but dirt.

Dobſ. Indeed heer's ſtore of it, ankcle deepe.

Dung. What place is this *Ralph*? thou knowſt *London*.

Ralph. It ſhould be COVENT-GARDEN; but 'tis much alter'd ſince I was here laſt.

Dungw. A *Garden* call you it! 'Tis a very barren one.

Dobſ. I would I were at home againe, amongſt the *Creame-bowles*.

Ralph. I could be content to have the tother ſmacke at our *Gillian* the Dayry-Maids ſugar-candy——

Dobſ. How, fellow *Ralph!* you kiſſe my Sweet-heart *Gillian!* pronounce it againe, and by the faith of a new made Serving-man, that puts his whole truſt in his Livery and the Quarter-dayes, I will kill thee preſently, and challenge thee the next Holi-day before the Congregation.

Ralph. Kill me firſt, and then challenge me! for a kiſſe or two! nay, good *Dobſon*; ſhe has lips big enough to ſerve us both. Prethee lets not fall out and beat one another: theſe people would but laugh at us for't.

Dobſ. Indeed 'tis a jolly company. Dwell they all here abouts?

Ralph. I ſcarce thinke they are all of one Pariſh, neither doe they goe to one Church. They come onely for an evening recreation to ſee COVENT-GARDEN.

Dobſ. Bleſſings on their hearts for it. 'Tis a goodly place.

Ralph. And a godly one too if rumour lie not.

Dung. What are all theſe things with rayles?

Ralph. I thinke mewes for hawkes, or ayrings for gentles. Other hawkes are not here in any requeſt.

Dung. Mewes for hawkes, thou wouldſt make mee a Buzzard.

Dobſ. Doſt thinke we ſhall dwell hereabouts?

Ralph. I hope ſo: we ſhall then be neere the *Cock-pit*, and ſee a Play now and then.

Dobſ. But tell me *Ralph*, are thoſe Players the ragged fellowes that were at our houſe laſt *Chriſtmas*, that borrowed the red blanket off my bed to make their Major a gowne; and had the great Pot-lid for *Guy* of *Warwicks* Buckler?

Ralph. No, *Dobſon*; they are men of credit, whoſe actions are beheld by every one, and allow'd for the moſt part with commendations. They make no yearely Progreſſe with the *Anatomy* of a Sumpter-horſe, laden with the ſweepings of *Long-lane* in a dead Vacation, and purchas'd at

at the exchange of their owne whole Wardrobes. They buy not their Ordinary for the Copie of a *Prologue*; nor insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of an admiring *Ningle*, who for his free comming in, is at the expence of a Taverne Supper, and rinses their bawling throats with Canarye.

Dobs. But I would I had stay'd still in the Countrey, now Sports are tollerated, in despite of Justice, *Troublesome's* malicious Authoritie. I had rather see a Morris-dance and a May-pole, then ten Playes: what care I for wit which I understand not?

Ralph. The duller Asse thou.

Dobs. How, Asse to my face! provoke me no more with such foule language, lest I enter and act thy Tragedy.

Ralph. Nay, prethee fellow *Dobson*; if we abuse our selves sometimes, 'twill be the better taken when wee abuse others. Enter Dungworth.

Dung. To morrow Ile have you accoutred in liveries, and put my selfe into a gentile garbe. I am resolv'd to forsake the Countrey profession of mine Aunncestors; and meane to turne Gallant. He sell some few dirty Acres, and buy a Knighthood: Ile translate my Farme of *Dirt-all* into the Mannor of *No-place*. Would I were acquainted with an honest Scrivener.

Ralph. You wish an impossibility, unlesse the Pillory were more terrible.

Dobson. But doe you meane to sell your Land?

Dung. Yes indeed; I shall be the likelier to goe to heaven when I forsake earth.

Ralph. But 'tis a dangerous way through a Scriveners conscience.

Dung. What dost tell me of danger! 'Tis the Cowards bug-beare; a scar-crow to City gulls, that dare not weare swords for feare of being challeng'd.

Dobs. Nay, my Master is as tall a man of his inches.

Dung. Yes, *Dobson*; thou hast seene me doe something.

But ſirrah, let it be your charge to finde out a good Inne; ſee Crop eat his meat.

Dobſ. Ile warrant Sir, hee'l eat his meate, and 'twere Good-friday.

Ralph. Had he but eares then, hee might make a very good Puritan horſe.

Dung. Indeed, their beſt vertue is to heare well.

Ralph. But their doing ſometimes, begets a hotter zeale in the Siſter-hood.

Dungw. I'le have a lodging heere. Prethee aske that Gentlewoman; ſhee ſeems an inhabitant.

The ſecond Scœne.

Enter Mris. TONGALL, *by the right* Scœne.

Ralph. Pray Maſter, know you hereabouts any convenient Lodgings?

Tong. Many Sir, for convenient perſons.

Dungw. Of credit, and unſuſpicious.

Tong. It is not in my underſtanding; wherefore the ſatisfaction I can give you will be doubtfull. I know none of my neighbours better then my ſelfe. I have as handſome Lodgings as any are in *Covent Garden:* my fore-roomes have a faire proſpect, and my back-roomes a ſweet ayre.

Ralph. Which is not uſuall backwards.

Dung. May we ſee them?

Tong. If you pleaſe to let that Taverne receive you till I have made them ready, I will returne and give you notice.

Dung. I'le ſup there: ſhall I intreat your company?

Tong. I ſhall be ready to fulfill your deſires.

Dobſ. And we our bellies: hitherto, we have had but a hungry journey of it.

Dungwell and Dobſon goe forth by the left Scœne.

Tong.

Tong. My friend, pray what's your Maſters name?

Ralph. What if it be not in my Commiſſion to tell you?

Tong. My demands are civill and for no hurt. I muſt know before my houſe can give him entertainment.

Ralph. But I muſt not tell you, till I have a mind to it. You may be the agent to an Informer: doe you not correſpond with the Sumner and Apparitour, to keepe your ſelfe off ſome deſerv'd puniſhment.

Tong. I am a patient bearer.

Ralph. Not unlikely, I have heard there are many ſuch in *Covent-Garden.*

Tong. I meane with your unmanerlineſſe.

Ralph. If a downe-right Countrey thing will pleaſe you.

Tong. A downe-right! you make me bluſh.

Ralph. This intereſt then, and——

Tong. So Sir, the termes are not equall for ſuch familiaritie.

Ralph. Why then you muſt ſeeke you a more proportion'd Schoole-maſter to enter you farther, and teach you my Maſters name. The Wine ſtayes, and I want it.

Tong. Good friend ſtay a little, and tell me thy Maſters name.

Ralph. What agen! Fare you well, I have forgot it.

Tong. Nay, prethee friend: my knowledge of it may much concerne his, or (if not) thy good. My daughter *Iynny's* a handſome girle, he that pleaſeth me beſt ſhall have her.

Ralph. I rather thinke hee ſhall have her that pleaſeth her beſt, elſe I ſhall doubt her for a woman. But how can ſhe concerne our goods? your inſtance.

Tong. Nay, credit me upon my word, 'tis earneſt.

Ralph. A Womans word! 'tis not worth an ounce of feathers. Beſides, you may be under covert barne. Have you not a Husband?

Tong. Yes indeede.

Ralph. What's his profeſſion?

Tong. An under-Lawyer, an Attourney.

Ralph. His word may be taken in the terme for a gown-facing or ſo: but to doe any man good, is worth a double fee, if he performe it. Miſtris, if you muſt know my Maſters name, goe to *Carterton* in the Countie of *Suſſex*, and there in the Church-Regiſter you ſhall finde, that *Roger* the ſonne of *Rowland Dungworth* of *Dirtall* Farme in the Pariſh of *Carterton* aforeſaid, was baptiſed——But ſtay, I'le know firſt if he be reſolved to continue a Chriſtian; 'tis ordinary to change names with religion. Beſides, hee means to be a Knight; and *Dungworth* will ſtink in the delicate noſtrils of a Lady: it may make the heraulds give him a mock-coate with three kennell-rakers. Farewell ſweet Miſtris, and if my Maſter chance to lie at your houſe, I ſhould be glad if I might lie over your Daughter.

Tong. Farewell good friend. The Gentleman to lye at my houſe! very good. I muſt project a profit out of the accident; a new Gowne, or a Beaver, or ſome compoſition with a bond of aſſurance, when I procure him a good Wife. Perhaps hee ſhall have my Daughter *Lynny*. Who would thinke this little body of mine were ſo buſie in ſtirring actions, Maſter *Theodore Art-love!*

The third Scœne.

Enter ART-LOVE *by the right* Scœne.

Artl. Miſtreſſe *Tongall*, you are delighting your ſelfe with theſe new erections.

Tong. Faire erections are pleaſing things.

Artl. Indeed they are faire ones, and their uniformity addes much to their beauty.

Tong. How like you the Balconee's? They ſet off a Ladies perſon well, when ſhe preſents her ſelfe to the view

of

of gazing paſſengers. Artificiall fucations are not diſcern'd at diſtance.

Artl. Pray which is Sir *Generous Worthie's* houſe?

Tong. Your deſires (I believe) are bent towards his faire Daughter. Let me ayd you: my neighbour-hood hath intereſted me in her acquaintance; I can make way; and truely Mr. *Art-love* I like you ſo well, that (were ſhe worthy) you ſhould have my daughter *Iynnye*. But doe you love Miſtris *Dorothy*?

Artl. I have ſeene her beauty, and her nimble eyes
Have ſhot a fire into me, that inflam'd's
My cold deſires. I that have reſiſted
Th' aſſaults of paſſion to a perfect conqueſt;
And call'd it (juſtly too) the height of folly
To give that wanton Power the attribute
Of a falſe Deity: I, that have out-gone
Th' example of *Zenocrates*, am captiv'd;
But by a Beauty, ſuch as would review
Heat in the frozen boſome of an *Anchorite*,
Who hath ſpent his age even to decrepitneſſe
In ſuch auſterities as would mortifie
The ſtrongeſt pamperd wantonneſſe. I covet
A good ſucceſſe, but faile in't. Never yet
Could I be bleſt with opportunity
To ſhew her my deſires, and to try
The fortune of perſwaſion.

Tong. And would you not uſe me! hath ſo long practiſe in match-making made me politicke to contrive, and my converſation with your ſelfe and the reſt of the Wits made me complemental, and doe you thinke I cannot facilitate your entrance to Miſtris *Dorathy*?

Artl. Should I be fortunate in my attempts
To win her liking; ſhould my perſon pleaſe her,
Or that annexion to my better part
Of education, yet the diſparitie
Betwixt our ſtates, checks me from hoping

That

That the deſigne can proſper. The lighter fire
Nere mixeth with the earth, but to confuſion:
Or from their ſeverall natures bringing forth
Events prodigious.

Tong. Why, you are an Heyre to a thouſand pound a yeare. An officious lye may be diſpens't with.

Artl. But ſimple honeſty
Clad in the naked livery of truth
Is a moſt glorious vertue, that preſerves
White innocence unſtain'd with falſhood.
Good meanes as well as good intention
Muſt make an act good.

Tong. If you have ſuch a tender conſcience, ſo religiouſly ſcrupulous, you'l never be a Politician.

Artl. Let thoſe that ſtudy miſchiefe
To ſatisfie their ſenſualties
Practiſe ſuch wickedneſſe. I'de not abuſe
A noble goodnes to poſſeſſe the *Indies*.

Tong. But heere's one will, and I muſt ayd him int. Mr. *Littleword*.

The fourth Scœne.

Enter LITTLEVVORD, IERKER *and* IEFFERY, *by the right* Scœne.

Ierk. Friend *Art-love*, the good fortune of a petticote light upon thee, in the name of Venery what mak'ſt thou here? art' in queſt of a ſmock-bedfellow.

Artl. Thy old humour ſtill friend.

Jerker. Prethee ſalute this little gentleman my Couſin: he hath more age and wit then his ſmall proportion doth promiſe.

Artl. I ſhall be ready to ſerve him.

Ieffr. Your acquaintance will adde much to my happineſſe.

Ierk.

Ierk. He hath gotten leave of his Vncle to liue here in my tuition. Hee thrive's well in his conceit, a right *Ierker*; he begins to love a wench already.

Art. Thy inſtruction and example will ſoone enable him that way.

Ieffr. Is not that a wench Couſin?

Ierk. Try Coſ. and ſatisfie your ſelfe.

Ieffr. Mr *Little-word*, if your ſalute be ended, pray reſigne. Nay, Miſtris, I can kiſſe you without the helpe of a joynt'd ſtoole you to walke, and let my hand ſupport you.

Tong. Whither pray you little ſir?

Ieffr. To the next vaulting-ſchoole.

Tong. Alas, you cannot get up without a ſtirrop.

Ieff. Yes, and ride too without falling: pleaſe you to trye my activeneſſe.

Art. Prethee recall thy wonted goodneſſe home,
And with a vertuous ſcorne ſhake off this habit
Of looſe deſires; it hath infection in it.

Ierk. Nothing comes from thee but documents. I ſweare I ſhould love thee much better if thou hadſt leſſe vertue. I prethee leave thy *Stoiciſme*, and become an Epicure with me. My little Coſ. here ſhall prove with undenyable arguments that drinking and wenching are the onely vertues in a gentleman of the laſt edition: to be excellent at them is a maſter-piece of education. Beſides, they are the onely *acumens* of wit.

Artl. Yes, to diſeaſe it.

Ierk. Take heed thy iudgement be not brought in queſtion. Why diſeas'd wits are———

Ieffr. Better play at ſmall game then ſit out. A young gameſter may throw in and in.

Tong. Very ſeldome with three dice. Can your littleneſſe cogge?

Ieffr. Faire play is a gameſters glory. I love to ſhake the boxe well, and then let them run their length.

Artl. Yes, I confesse it; where there is an union
Of loving hearts, the joy exceed's expression.
That love is vertuous whose desires doe never
End in their satisfaction, but increase
Towards the object. When a beautious frame
Garnish't with all the lustre of perfection
Invite's the eye, and tells the searching thoughts
It holds a richer minde, with which my soule
Would rather mixe her faculties.

Ieffr. Iudge not of a man by his outward dimensions; My shape is not so defective to make you doubt performance: let's finde out a convenient place and try.

Tong. Alas little one, you'l lose your selfe: you'l never hit the way home.

Ierker. 'Tis a blisse above the faign'd *Elysium*
To claspe a dainty waste; to kisse a lip
Melts into *Nectar*; to behold an eye
Shoot amorous fires, that would warme cold Statues
Into a life and motion; play with hayre
Brighter then that was stellifyed.
And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd
With thousand satisfactions of this kind,
Then follow's th' absoluteness
Of all delight. But were desire restrain'd
From variation, soone 'twould satiate,
And glut it selfe to loathing.

Ieffr. Please you to drinke a pint or two of wine? there may be provocation in it.

Tong. Preserve your courtesie child, and your money: Lent's at hand, and then every street wll afford boyes recreation.

Ieff. Why how now impudence! do you flout a man?

Ierk. How, a man Cousin!

Ieffr. I want not so much of my full age to bee cal'd a boy.

Artl. But you must not fall out with the Gentlewoman.

Ieffr.

Ieffr. I desire rather to have fal'n in with her.

Ierk. I would not have you so forward Cousin. You must be sure to deale with sound ware.

Ieffr. What care I? 'tis but the losse of a mans hayre; an excrementall ornament: wit consists not in't. A man may cover his baldnesse with a periwig, and the fashion take's away the suspition. I hope I came to *London* to learne wit and the fashion.

Tong. Come Mr. *Little-word.*

Artl. Adiew Mistris *Tongall.*

Exeunt Tongall and Little-word, by the right Scene.

Ieffr. I tooke her rather for a Wag-taile.

Art. What silent Gentleman's that?

Ierk. His Character in his owne language is I and no: yet he speaks well in paper. He is a wit, but somewhat a dull one.

Artl. What serious affaire have they together?

Ierk. There are hidden pollicies in the world. Thou hast a bookish humour; I a wenching one; and why may not his dulnes dreame of some rich match! Mris. *Tongal's* the onely match-maker in the Towne.

Artl. Those words create a hell of torment in me.
Is there no love
But what's attended by vaine jealousie!

Ierk. Art thou in love?

Artl. Yes, passionately.
My dreamings, wakings, thoughts and actions
Are nothing but desire.

Ierk. I can assoone credit an impossibility. Thou in love! why 'tis more improbable then the projection of draining Marsh-land with a wind-mill. But prethee what is shee?

The fifth Scœne.

Enter DOROTHY SVSAN *in the* Balcone.

Artl. See where my comforts Sun
Breaks through a clowd. Oh that this unkind diſtance
Might be contracted into leſſer ayre:
I'de then convey my whiſpers to her eares;
And teach her underſtanding what delight
Society hath in it.

Ierk. Sure thou haſt not boldnes enough to ſpeake to her. Thou wouldſt bluſh, and fall into ſome patheticall booke diſcourſe, or tell her the ſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, to make her tenderneſſe whine. 'Tis not the way. Get acceſſe to her; and after one mannerly ſalute, double and treble thy kiſſes; tumble her a little, and if opportunity ſerve, offer the reſt: Magick hath not a Philter like it.

Ieffr. Is not that a houſe (Couſin) where the Wenches are?

Ierk. Yes, queſtionleſſe.

Ieffr. I meane in the ſenſe of ——

Dorot. Yonder Gentlemen obſerve us: let's be gone.

Suſan. Not yet (Miſtris *Dorothy.*) Now I have drunke a cup of Sack, I muſt be in love with one of them, him that ſeemes moſt worthy of a gentleuman.

Dorot. You have fall'n my glove.

Suſ. I'le fetch it.

Exeunt from the Balcone.

Artl. Bleſt accident;
Why doe you ſtop my haſt? let me embrace it.
Thus with religious worſhip doe I kiſſe
What your white hand hath hallow'd. Ha! ſhee's gone.
What envious miſchiefe intercepts the meanes
Of my deſired happineſſe! or have mine eyes
Waſted their beames in gazing on the place

Where

Where I first saw her, to imagination
Fancying her figure.

Jeffr. Sure Cousin the gentleman is in love; he talks very madly.

Artl. Where are the powers of my intellect?
Reason and understanding have forsaken
Their proper seates, and left strong passions
To triumph o're this captiv'd *Microcosme.*

Jerk. Now I see thou art mad: but prethee strive to conceale it; the place is publique.

The sixth Scœne.

Enter SVSAN *by the middle* Scœne.

Susan. Pray you Sir, did you take up a Gentleumans glove?

Artl. It was my happinesse, and 'twould be much increased, if I might kisse the hand that wore it.

Susan. As I am a Gentleuman I shall be most carefull to give your deservings their due commendations.

Artl. May I be bold to enter with you?

Susan. You are a stranger Sir, and it may give occasion of jealousie. But I am my Ladies Gentleuman: I keepe the key of her secrets, and if you please, her closet shall conceale you; where you may dispose of Suckets and Eringoe's for your refreshment. I pray Sir, call not a gentleumans freenesse immodesty.

Artl. My behaviour shall deserve your good opinion.

Susan. Truely Sir, a man could not stand better in the conceit of a gentleuman at first sight, then you doe in mine. I hope your goodnesse will not misconster my readinesse to humble my desires to your disposing.

Art. You teach me language which my selfe should use:
But if my gratitude doth seeme to want
Verball expression, I had rather act

Then promiſe what I owe you.

Ieffr. This is pretty foolery, Couſin.

Suſan. Sir, you appeare ſo repleat with goodneſſe, that I preſume you cannot but anſwer the deſires of a gentleuman, who proſtrates her love at the feete of your acceptance.

Artl. Doth ſhe love me? what greater ſecret
Hath Nature in her Workes then ſimpathie!
I doe conceive a thouſand fond expreſſions,
Which throng ſo faſt, they choake the paſſage up,
That none can finde an iſſue.

Ierk. Out of fooles Paradiſe: thou art in it. But pray you Gentleuman protract not his ſatisfaction with theſe circumſtantiall delayes. Whilſt Mris. *Dorothy* and he are buſie, you and I will taſt the ſweet-meats in your Ladies Cloſet.

Suſan. I underſtand you not.

Ieffr. He meanes you ſhould lie under him.

Suſan. Fie little one, that you ſhould ſo offend the chaſt eares of a Gentleuman. But to you Sir, the Load-ſtone of my heart, that turnes it ſelfe at your motions pointing ſtill to the North of your Love.

Ieffr. Indeed Miſtris 'tis a cold corner, pray turne it to the South, and let my needle run in your Diall.

Suſan. And ſince the ardor of my deſires have urg'd my bluſhes to diſcover them; let not your appearing worth ſuffer ſuch a diſparagement to contemne a Gentleumans willingneſſe.

Art. How's this! why friend, did ſhe not ſeeme to come inſtructed (by direction) with an embaſſie
As to prepare my love?

Ierk. No, no, ſhe loves thee her ſelfe. Take her. Me thinks ſhee's very beautifull; what pinken-eyes; what a ſharpe chin! Why her features tranſcend *Mopſa's* in the *Arcadia*.

Ieffr. Hath ſhe not ſtudied it Couſin, thinke you? and

is

is transported to a humour of loving every man she sees. I have known it in the Countrey in an age-decayed waiting-woman.

Artl. I cannot answer her; my heart is bigg
With other thoughts: which till I am deliver'd of,
I suffer torments.

Susan. Vnfortunate Gentleuman as I am, to be thus rejected.

Ieffr. Will you resigne your interest? I'le court her folly.

Artl. Take it,
But not t'abuse the others innocence,
Whilst I with sighes draw in th' unwilling ayre
Which she perfum'd at distance.

Ieffr. Pray Gentleuman could you love me a little? I'm very sportive.

Susan. Truly young Gentleman, I doe not know what I may doe when you come to your full growth.

Ieffr. Blirt my Ladies Gentleuman, who taught you to scoffe at a mans person?

Susan. Cry ye mercy little Sir; you may be the father of dwarfes. The sack begins to leave working and by this time my Ladie expects her gentleuman. Farewell, unkind Sir.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Ierk. Farewell loving Gentleuman. She hath prevented me. Sure friend she came but to mocke thee. 'Twas little lesse then downeright impudence.

Ieffr. Let's to the Taverne Sir, and drowne this passion in a cup of Canary.

Ierk. Come, come; I was ordained to doe thee good. Thou knowst I had a Mistris, whose friends disliking my wildnesse, marryed her to the Father of the Gentlewoman whom thou lov'st (hornes be his punishment for it.) She loves me still; and I doe not despaire of making him Cuckold. Wee'l arme our selves with a quart or two, and then I'le bring thee to her.

Artl.

Artl. Ayd me love, wit and fate; that my deſires
Burne not themſelves without her equall fires.
Ierk. More paſſions yet! If thou the marke wouldſt hit,
Let Sacke inſpire thee: 'tis the Soule of Wit.
Ieffr. Sack that makes Prophets; gives a *Poet* birth:
And then a wench; *Elyſium* upon Earth.

Goe forth by the left Scœne.

Act. 2. *Scœn.* 1.

Enter SVSAN *and* WARRANT, *by the middle* SCŒNE.

SVSAN.

NOw I proteſt Mr. *Warrant*, you wrong the love of a Gentleuman, in not imparting the cauſe of your diſcontent. Come not fees in roundly? Doe not the Delinquents underſtand, I'le ſpeake a good word for you?

Warr. You are the onely object of my thoughts. 'Tis your beauty hath animated my preſumptuous weaknes to expreſſe how much my deſires are yours.

Suſan. Alas Mr. Warrant how can a poore Gentleuman deſerve it?

War. Yes, you have power of my Lady, and ſhe much acquaintance at Court. A pardon might be got.

Suſan. A pardon! bleſſe me, for what?

Warr. Not for murder; but for killing (yet not a Man) fairely in the field.

Suſan. Are you earneſt?

Warr. 'Tis not yet done; onely I am reſolv'd to doe it, were I but ſure of my pardon.

Suſ. If not a man, what then is it?

Warr. A

Warr. A meere ſuperfluous complement of ſtate formality. One of my Ladyes raiſing. A fellow that hath croſſe caper'd himſelfe out of a Taylor into a gentleman Vſher.

Suſan. Who Mr. *Spruce?* but have you chaleng'd him?

Warr. Yes, with all due forme and circumſtance. The weapon ſingle Rapier; the place the *Piazza*; the time this moone-ſhine night preſently before ſupper.

Suſan. And your quarrell my love. Well Mr. *Warrant*; I know a Gentlewman hath intereſt in a Lord at Court, who hath long beene inward with her. I'le warrant your pardon. But my Lady expects me. *Exit.*

Warr. Deareſt part of my ſelfe: to get my pardon, here's *Spruce*, now will I affront him.

The ſecond Scœne.

Enter SPRVCE *by the middle* Scœne.

Spruce your being my Ladies Gentleman Vſher, her preambulator or her anteman muſt not protect you in the competition of Mris. *Secretaries* love.

Spruce. *Warrant*, thou art a ſcribbled ſhred of baſeneſſe to twit me with my Ladies favours, and mine owne deſervings. Mris. *Secretary* is my Ladies gentlewoman, and I will love her by priviledge.

Warr. By priviledge *Spruce!* Thou art a Baboone of formality, and an ape of court-ſhip. When I have kill'd thee, and got my pardon, I will have thy skin ſtuff't; and with a protection ſhew thee at countrey Faires and Markets for a *Ginney Pigmie.*

Spruce. *Warrant*, thou art the *Epitome* of my Maſters authority, and the abridgement of his juſticeſhip.

Warr. *Spruce*, thou art a very loute, bred in thy croſſe-legg'd profeſſion; that having ſuckt a little bloud of Gentility, inſtead of thy uſuall bread breakfaſt, art growne to a ſaucy familiarity, with thy maintainers. Thou buy'ſt thy

laundry in Long-lane or Hounſditch with the impudenc of a cheater.

Spruce. *Warrant*, thou lyeſt.

Warr. How! lie. That ſome-body were here to ſtand betwixt us. Come not neere me, leſt I blaſt thee with the breath of my juſt indignation.

Spruce. Keepe at diſtance *Warrant*, leſt I lame thee, and ſend thee from Conſtable to Conſtable in a Wheele-barrow.

Warr. For this *Spruce* I will not compaſſionate the good parts which my Lady commends in thee. Thy Fiddle-ſticke ſhall not ſave thee; nor thy capring lift thee an inch from the ground which I have laid for thy deſtruction.

Spruce. *Warrant*, thou art the very parings of a Pedanticke to flout the compleatneſſe of education. Becauſe thy dulneſſe is capable of no more then to frame *Hetroclites* from mens names, and ſcribble a warrant or a *mittimus* by a preſident; yet thou art a Juſtices Clerke.

Warr. And thou a Ladies Gentleman Vſher, a bundle of complementall follyes ſtitcht up with how-dee's. I will ſend thee anon upon a viſit to the Divell.

The third Scœne.

Enter SVSAN, *by the middle* Scœne.

Suſan. Fie Mr. *Spruce* and Mr. *Warrant*, how loud you are! my Ladie heares your noiſe, and is offended.

Spruce. Yes, my Rapier and mine arme ſhall maintaine it upon his life, I love you beſt.

Suſan. Indeed Mr. *Spruce* and I love you.

Warr. I'le maintaine it againſt the life of all the world, I love you beſt.

Suſan. Truely Mr. *Warrant* and I love you.

Spruce. He that offers to love her beſides my ſelfe, dies.

Suſan. Mr. *Spruce* and Mr. *Warrant*, ſend but for one bottle

bottle of Sack, and be friends; I'le love you both.

Warr. I'le brooke no Rivall.

Spruce. Nor I; death muſt determine it.

Warr. Remember then, I muſt to the Cutlers.

WARRANT *goes forth by the middle* Scœne.

Suſan. Though I am but a waiting-uman, I haue more wit then to believe this is earneſt. As if I did not know them to bee as arrant Cowards, as a Juſtices Clerke or Gentleman Vſher can be; and deſerve rather to be whipt by a Satire, then rewarded for their valours with the love of a gentleuman. But Mr. *Spruce* doe you meane to fight?

Spruce. Yes, and kill him too. I feare nothing but death and the Gallowes; from which you may ſave me.

Suſan. As how? the meanes.

Spruce. Begg me, I ſay beg me. Let not my good parts be made unuſefull by an untimely turne at *Tyburne*. Me thinks I ſee the pittifull ſpectators condoling me. The fiſh-wives drowning their dead ſoles with ſalt water from their eyes; the Oyſter-wives weeping for me in moſt lamentable pickle. An hundred Chamber-maids running ſtark mad, and as many more falling into the greene ſickneſſe with longing for me. Begg me therefore (I ſay) reſolve to begg me, and make great haſt. It is my feare above death, that otherwiſe ſome rich Citty Heyre will prevent you. Reſolve therefore to be the firſt that ſhall begg me.

Suſan. As I am a Gentleuman Mr. *Spruce*, if you kill him fairely in a duell; and upon no baſe advantage I'le doe it.

Spruce. Confirme it then with a kiſſe, and inſpire an *Herculean* valour into me.

Suſan. By no meanes at this time. I'le kiſſe you at the gallowes. My Lady.

The fourth Scœne.

Enter LADY *and* DOROTHY *by the middle* Scœne.

Lady. You ſee how my obedient youth
Hath joyn'd it ſelfe with an unequall mate;
Your aged father, onely to ſatisfie
The Provident will of Parents. Doe you ſo.
Fortune hath made me now your Mother.
Had nature don't, my care could not be greater,
Nor more my providence to dipoſe your good.

Doroth. Mother, the duty which I owe my Father
You (being his) muſt ſhare: and this expreſſion
Of more then common love, I muſt repay
With more then common gratitude.

Lady. Then tell me,
Now time hath given your age perfection;
Your roſes are full blowne, and fit for gathering.
Doe you not long for a husband?

Doro. Not with much earneſtnes: I have as yet
No paſſionate deſires; as yet no breath
Poyſon'd with *Hyperbolicall* flatteries
Hath courted my poore beauty; no deep vowes
Have paid idolatrous ſacrifice of ſervice
To my faire hand, whoſe whitenes if but kis't
Can purifie a ſoule. Beleeve me yet
The man's a ſtranger to my knowing memory
That ever ſaid he lov'd me.

Lady. But take heed:
There are a ſort of fond effeminate men,
Deepe ſtudied in diſcourſive complement,
That many times will waſt more ayery language
To take a ſollemne leave, then would make up
A Citty Oratour.
Beware that no ſuch oyle-tongu'd amoriſt

Sigh

Sigh forth his passions in thy credulous eares,
And captivate thy weaknesse. 'Tis their practise
To glory in diversity of Mistrisses:
And when one frownes or chides their over-daring
With a repulse, will not stick to revenge it
With a foule defamation of her honour.

Susan. Neither can a Gentleuman be in love now and then but she is censur'd.

La. Let not thine eares drink in their *Rhetorick* charms,
Lest they bewitch thy glorious understanding
To dote on their pretences, which perhaps
Shall be chast love for it's Creations end:
When but their covetous hopes preferre a portion
Before your beauty, birth or education;
And yet perhaps there is disparitie
'Twixt lower fortunes, and their weake desert.
Deceit's a cunning baud, and many times
Makes vertue prostitute it selfe to misery.

Doroth. There is a power
Call'd Fate, which doth necessitate the will,
And makes desire obedient to it's rule.
All the resisting faculties of reason,
Prevention, feare and jealousie are weake
To disanull what in it's firme decrees
Is once determin'd. Yet my heart is free;
Vnbounded by the stricter limits of
Particular affection: so I'le keepe it.
No proud ingratefull man shall ever triumph
O're the captiv'd sweets of my Virgin love.
Nor a vain-glorious gull that offers service
To every noted beauty, boast my favour.
I'le cloath my thoughts in humorous observation;
And if on any that sollicits love
I fixe a liking, I'le refer my selfe
To what is destin'd for me.

Lady. The resolution's noble; I commend it.

The fifth Scœne.

Enter LITTLEWORD *and* Mris. TONGALL, *by the middle* Scœne.

Lady. Welcome Miſtris *Tongall*; welcome. You are the onely company in the neighbour-hood. A Ladie can ill be without you.

Tong. This Gentleman Madame, whom I preſume to commend to your Ladiſhips acquaintance, is of worthy birth and education: the *Littlewords* are not moderne; beſides their Auncеſtors were great Philoſophers.

Suſan. And the latter great fooles.

Tong. Goe, and talke to her. I'le tell your Ladiſhip a ſtrange thing of the *Little-words*. In ſeven generations there was but one girle, and ſhee dyed an infant. Contrariwiſe of the *Tongalls* there's but one man left, that's my Husband, and he's a Lawyer: now your Ladiſhip knowes hee gets nothing but wenches. Speake to her Mr. *Littleword*.

La. Is the Gentleman of ſo good education?

Tong. Extraordinary Madame; hee's a wit. I would my *Iynny* were worthy of him, he ſhould ſeeke no further. I pray Mr. *Littleword* ſpeake to her.

Lady. Can he Poetiſe Mris. *Tongall*?

Tong. Excellently Madame; hee hath things in print. His next dedication ſhall be to your Ladiſhip. Why doe you not goe and talke to her?

Lady. What eſtate hath he?

Tong. Five hundred a yeare preſent poſſeſſion, more in reverſion. This Gentleman, Mris. *Dorothy*, is my friend, and deſire's to bee your ſervant. I have made way now, why doe you not ſpeake to her? I am bold to commend him to your liking.

Doro. Pray you Mris. *Tongall*, what wages takes he?

Tong.

Tong. You mistake Mris. *Dorothy*; 'tis your love hee would serve you for.

Doro. That's a cold reward; a Livery would keepe him warmer.

Ton. Fie, that you will not speake to her. And how doth your Ladiship like an old man?

Lady. A cold bed fellow. But Religion and Conscience. Now 'tis done I must love him. Would hee were not jealous.

Tong. None are so confident (Madame) as cuckolds. But your Ladiships knowne vertue will soone put out the eyes of his suspition. Speake to her Mr. *Littleword.*

Susan. I would not now for all the Sacke in *Spaine* my loving humour were upon mee. This dumb Gentleman would make me forsweare the qualitie.

Dorot. Sure Mris. *Tongall* your friend would make an excellent midwife; he can keepe secrets.

Tong. 'Tis his modestie Mris. *Dorothy.* Blesse mee that you would not speake to her.

The sixth Scœne.

Enter IERKER, ARTLOVE *and* IEFFREY, *by the middle* Scœne.

Ierk. Madame, I am bold to commend this Gentleman, who will deserve your acquaintance.

Artl. As far as my power will extend to expression.

La. You are welcome Mr. *Jerker* and this Gentleman, and shall bee whilst your visits are seasonable. But you know I have a jealous husband.

Ierk. There are medicines to cure it Madame.

Ieffr. May not I salute the Ladie Cousin?

Ierk. 'Tis but courtesie and manners.

Ieffr. I am bold with your Ladiships lip.

La. 'Tis marvell you blush not. So bold and so young!

By

By that time you come to your full growth pretty Gentleman, you'l make up the number of the ten Worthies.

Iessr. Madame, I am neither Infidell, Iew, nor good Christian; though I am little, I dare be your Ladiships Champion in an active skirmish.

Tong. This 'tis to be backward: you'l never thrive in any thing unles you are more forward. Loſe ſuch an opportunity with not ſpeaking to her!

Lady. Secretarie.

Suſan. Madame.

Lady. Goe, and direct the Cooke.

SVSAN *goes forth by the middle* Scœne.

Artl. How on a ſodaine my reſolves are numb'd,
And frozen into ſilence, that confirmes
The firſt diſtruſt of my knowne indeſervings,
I dare not ſpeake.

Doroth. Shall I have another dumb ſervant! Are you not well Sir?

Artl. Well Ladie! yes. Health it ſelfe
Is a diſeaſe in others, if compar'd
With th' abſolute ſtate of mine. Where you are preſent
Sickneſſe can have no power over frailtie.
The beames which your bright eyes ſhoot, purifie
The moſt infectious ayre. Your words diſtill
A Baline more precious then that Miracle
The *Chymicks* dreame of.
At diſtance I have often ſeene your beauty;
And thence receiv'd a fire, whoſe quickning flames
Did animate my ſoule, that elſe was earthy,
A lump of paſſive dulneſſe; now 'tis active:
And if you pleaſe to cheriſh it, ſhall pay
All it's derivative abilities
Vnto your loweſt ſervice.

Doro. You too much flatter my unworthineſſe:
And in that likewiſe derogate
From your owne fulneſſe of admired merit.

Th'un-

Th' vnskilfull'st *Physiognomist* may read
In your bright forehead, and your formes exactneſſe,
A man repleat with all perfections.
Whoſe very ſuperfluities might be
Additions to the barren worths of others.
Ierk. And can there be greater diſparity?
Would it not ſeeme a Prodigie in nature,
To have greene Summer with her roſe-crown'd head
Kiſſe the white iſicles from Winters beard?
Extinguiſh her bright fires in his cold boſome?
Madame, I know your ſportive Youth deſires
A more proportion'd mixture. Come, let's trie.
Fire put to fire increaſeth active Flames;
Contraries dull each other with confuſion:
Such are the frozen kiſſes of your Husband,
Vnto your warme delights——
Art. Ladie, if any worth appeare in me
It muſt derive it's fulneſſe from your liking:
Had I inu'd into me all the excellence
Of thoſe *Heroicks* whom the Poets fain'd;
Were I made up with all Perfections
That Fiction ever painted, to expreſſe
Defect in freſheſt colours;
Vnleſſe you cal'd it worth, 'twere but a ſubject
For baſe contempt, though popular admiration
Gav't divine Attributes. Since you commend
The faculties your whiteneſſe muſt diſpoſe of——
Ieffr. Aske your husband leave! by this hand I would not aske an Alderman leave to Cuckold him. So he might take example from a Citty kinde one, whoſe Wife long'd to kiſſe a Lord: upon which he grew ſo proud for being exalted above the reſt of his neighbours, that he would ſuffer none to Cuckold him ever after but Lords.
Dorot. By no meanes Sir.
Wrong not your judgement, which muſt needs bee abſolute.
The choice of me

Is too inferiour to your richer value.
The *Cyprian* Queene had ſhee but ſeene your face,
Would ne're have dy'd the roſes with her blood,
Wept on their paleneſſe for *Adonis* loſſe:
But circled in a ring of all her graces
Court your celeſtiall forme upon the boſome
Of ſome more fragrant *Tempe*.

Artl. She mocks me ſure.

Dor. Did *Syrens* heare your voice they would give o're
Their own malicious charms: and through the witchcraft
Of it's more powerfull muſicke, rage with madneſſe:
Leaving their proper element to dye
In the purſuit of ſweeter melody.

Artl. This groſſe flattery, Ladie,
Commends your wit, rather then your good nature.
My heart is a plaine heart, and my deſires
Are truly vertuous, not to be contemn'd.

Lady. Fie, Mr. *Ierker*! beſides the words incivility, I did not expect ſuch abſurditie in a reputed wit. Could you not haue couch'd it better; ſhall I have leave to doe your Ladiſhip a piece of night ſervice; or ſo. Come, come, forbeare theſe wicked ſollicits, or I ſhall diſclaime the promiſe of my favours reverſion when my old Huſband die's, if nature be not mercileſſe, and I goe firſt.

The ſeventh Scœne.

Enter Sir GENEROVS WORTHY, *and young* WORTHY, *by the middle* SCŒNE.

Sir Gen. Ha! what's here! Courtſhip on all hands?

Lady. My Husband.

Dorot. My Father, and my Brother.

Y. Worth. I like not this.

Sir Gen. Mr. *Ierker*, you are welcome, I hope; having fail'd in his old, hee hath not a new ſuit; that as I made

her

her a Ladie, shee should bestow an hornourable Crest upon mee.

Ierk. Let his jealousie conster it into truth.

Lady. He shall neuer be but a Vnicorne.

Ierk. Madame, however I appeare in my wildnesse, I shall continue to your Ladiship in my first desires. So with this tribute of my devotion.

Artl. I would first kisse your hand.

Dorot. My lip being too unworthy.

Tong. I take my leave Madame.

Lady. Farewell Mistris *Tongall.*

Sir Gen. Son, schoole your Sister. Come with me Wife.

Y. Wor. Sister, I can but wonder much, that you *Ex.*
Should make your selfe the object of their Courtship,
Who beare perhaps but th' empty names of Gentlemen,
Without the reall fulnesse.

Doroth. What meane you (Brother) by this introduction?

Y. wor. Sister, to take the priviledge of discretion,
And schoole your ignorant courtesie, that upon
The shadowes and appearances of Men
Confer your favours.

Dorot. Brother, you may pretend your love
In this distrust; but 'tis an ill expression.
Thinke not my judgement subject to such weaknesse,
That I can build a faith on Complements,
Or (with rash passion) run into an error.
Nothing but knowne desert shall tye my thoughts
To a staid liking, if I may distinguish it.
And when my choice is fixt, it shall be such
As your fraternall love must not dispute.

Y. Wor. Sister, my counsel's milde.
Nor would I have you violent in defence
Of a suspected folly. Guilt is apteſt
To make excuse. But if your resolution
Be bent thus wilfully to persist in actions

Of fear'd diſhonour, be aſſur'd my Spirit
Shall rage with ſuch an anger, playes ne're painted.
Dorot. Diſhonour Brother, I have a ſpirit too,
That ſcornes as much an Act of foule diſhonour,
As you, or any Maſculine pretender
To noble Vertues. Guilt is apteſt ſtill
To be ſuſpitious. If a maid be free
In her diſcourſe, and courteous entertainment,
She ſtraight is cenſur'd. But let a man appeare
Stuck full of apiſh Courtſhip; light, inconſtant,
As talkative as Parrats, that are taught
A voyces imitation; one that courts
Every tam'd beauty with a ſeeming zeale;
As if his ſoules devotion were reſtrain'd
Onely to her Divinitie; this man's call'd
A well-bred complementall Gentleman.
Mens greateſt follies, if compar'd with ours,
Are vertues, fit for our imitation.
Y. Wor. Siſter, your *Satyr* ſmart's not:
The laſhes reach not me.
Dorot. They are but ſuppoſitions Brother.
And pray ſuppoſe the Gentleman that ſeem'd
To court my beauty, were indeed a man;
Not guilded imperfections; one whoſe words
Were full of weighty judgement, not mere ſound;
Whoſe reall vertues did beget an envie,
Perhaps an emulation in all others;
And from the freedome of his richer minde
He gave himſelfe and them to be my ſervants;
What gratitude in me might equall this?
Y. Wor. I know you are free.
And rather then a complementall ſervant
Should be diſcourag'd in his ſerious wantonneſſe,
You'l give it countenance to make him bold
In's amorous purſuit; perhaps to th' impudence
Of a laſcivious charge upon your modeſtie;
Becauſe you ſcorne ingratitude.

Doroth.

Dorot. Brother, did not the ties
Of love and nature check my forward aptneſſe,
I'de tell you y'are not noble, and ſuſpect
Whether your mind hold that derivative goodneſſe
Which generous bloud communicates, to ſuſpect
Her reſolute conſtancie whom you call Siſter.
Thinke not your being a man prerogative
To be the onely Counſellor in manners
Brother, though to your perſon I am partiall.
Through confidence of your appearing vertue;
The generall vices noted in your ſexe,
Such as with publique oſtentation
You glory to be guiltie of, which in
Our very thoughts raiſe bluſhes———

T. Wor. Siſter no more.
Leaving theſe circumſtantiall arguments,
Pray let a Fathers care and Brothers love
Commend him firſt whom you intend for Husband:
You'l finde us tyrants elſe. Nature is kind;
But if provokt, ſhe hath a *Tygers* mind.
Ile finde him out and ſatisfie my ſelfe
How farre he is deſerving.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Dorot. How is our weaknes trodden and inſulted on
By theſe imperious men! Aid me reſolves
Againſt their threats and counſels, unleſſe grounded
On ſtronger reaſons then ſuſpition.
As the pure Oare refin'd exceeds in value
Treble proportions of the courſer droſſe;
So true deſert in Man an outward gloſſe.

Goes forth by the middle Scœne.

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 1.

Enter DOROTHY *and* SVSAN, *in the* BALCONE.

Suſan. Come Mris *Dorothy*; here's a Moone would make a great bellied uman long for greene cheeſe. Me thinks 'tis pleaſant taking the ayre by Moone-ſhine.

Dorot. But 'tis not ſo healthfull The night infects the ayre with unwholſome vapours.

Suſan. A figg for theſe Phyſicall obſervations. I have knowne a Doctors preſcriptions caſt down a Gentleuman for three quarters of a yeare. But if ever I lie under any of them for the greene ſicknes.

Dorot. Fie upon thee.

Suſan. Why I doe not meane naughtines. But what doe you thinke made me ſo earneſt to have you hither?

Doroth. Some wanton humour. You have drunke a cup of Sacke, and want a handſome Gentleman to bee in love with.

Suſan. No ſuch matter. Ile not drinke a drop more till towards ſupper. I brought you to ſee a Duell.

Doroth. Bleſſe me; betwixt whom?

Suſan. My Ladies Gentle-man, and Mr. *Warrant.*

Doroth. They are unequally weapon'd. Mr. *Spruce*, though hee be a Tailor weares a——the fooliſh rime runs in my head. I had almoſt ſaid a dagger, but 'tis a ſword; and my Fathers Clerke hath onely his inkhorne.

Suſan. And that's a terrible one. But I ſaw the Cutler bring him a ſword; I ſaw it naked, which was enough to fright many a gentleuman. I ſaw him trie it on a bar of iron in the kitchin; and many more fearfull preparations.

Doroth.

Dorot. But will not you prevent them?

Susan. By no means, unlesse there were more danger. 'Twill be mirth for this twelve-month, if our eyes (through this imperfect Moone-light) can but reach the sight of them. What confident daring will be betwixt them at some great distance?

Dorot. And what's their quarrell?

Susan. The love of a Gentleuman, I assure you.

Dorot. Your selfe perhaps.

Susan. No otherwise indeed. My beauty is the object of their valour. The Combatants will enter presently. The Knight of the *Inkhorne*, and the Knight of the *Spanish Needle.*

Doro. Both affecting the Lady of the *Closet.* But Mris. *Secretary*, what if my Lady Mothers Chamber-maid and *Ioane* in the Kitchen were here?

Susan. For you to make them Ladies, as you have done me. Indeed they might serve by Moone-light; the day perhaps would discover a greasie Gentry.

Dorot. Fie; now you forget your selfe.

Susan. 'Tis ordinary for a waiting-Gentleuman but newly made a Lady to forget her selfe. But see, I am prevented from proceeding. Let us observe.

The second Scœne.

Enter WARRANT, *and a little after him* SPRVCE, *by the middle* SCŒNE.

Warr. 'Tis a good sword; it cost me two pieces. No matter. Many a mans death hath cost more at the Physitians. Who would be affraid to kill a man; when hee is sure of his pardon?

Dorot. Hee is now in some deepe meditation of your beautie.

Susan. See Mistris, there's the other.

Spruce.

Spruce. That ſure is *Warrant.* I'le goe this way. It ſhall never be ſaid I went after a man to kill him, though I am confident Miſtris *Secretary* will begg me.

Dorot. They goe contrary wayes. Wee ſhall not ſee the fight. They meane to meete and end it at the *Antipodes.*

Warr. But what ſhould I thinke of killing him? I know hee dare as well take the wall of a drunken Conſtable, or juſtle a Buffe-coat leading a wench, as meet me.

Suſan. Me thinks I perceive them ſtand.

Spruce. Yes, yes; 'tis *Warrant:* I ſmell him hitherto.

Warr. Is not that *Spruce?* certainly 'tis hee. Me thinks I ſee him tremble hitherto. Hee dare not come neere me; and I ſcorne to goe to him to kill him: It may hinder my pardon. Therefore he ſhall aſſault me firſt.

Dorot. Why, they are fixt. Hath not feare congeal'd them into ſtones?

Suſan. Diſſolv'd them rather into gelley.

Warr. That ſome good fellow would but come and beat the cowardly Raſcall.

Spruce. That ſome Sharke would come now and take away his hat or cloake.

Suſan. Now could I fancy in my imagination what they ſay. Mr. *Warrant.* O that I had this Coward *Spruce* here: I would diſmember him; and then what Gentleuman would care a ruſh for him? Now Mr. *Spruce* hath ſtudied the *Arcadia.* He ſayes. Oh that I had this *Warrant* here I would cut him into *atomes*; that whereſoever the Sun ſhines, the *trophees* of my renowned victorie might bee viſible.

Warr. That he would but come a little neerer.

Spruce. That hee were but within twice my ſwords length.

Warr. I would I had but a leg or an arme of him, ſince he will not come, that I may kill him.

Spr. That I had but his head here; how I would ſhave it.

The

The third Scœne.

Enter RALPH *and* DOBSON *by the left* Scœne.

Ralph. This is the vertue of Sack boy. Who would toile in durt for whay and butter-milke, or the windie juice of Pome-waters upon Sundayes? Now could I be as valiant as——nothing.

Dobſ. I could fight with an Army of *Polecats*, ſo they were not Women.

Ralph. I could take the wall of three times three Taylors, though in the morning, and at a Bakers ſtall.

Dobſ. That were a way to have thy skin bodkind full of ilet holes.

Ralph. If I ſhould throw downe three or foure poſtes.

Dobſ. What then?

Ralph. What then! why, I would not ſtay to take them up.

Suſan. Who are theſe? obſerve.

Ralph. Give me an armour of Sack; I am ſhot-free.

Dobſ. Whilſt my Maſter paye's the reckoning.

Suſan. Miſtris *Dorothy*, I have falten'd on a deſigne for rare ſport. My friends.

Dorot. Will you talke to ſtrangers in the ſtreet?

Ralph. What ſay you pretty paire of Wag-tailes? doe you want Play-mates?

Suſan. Will you doe a courteſie for a Gentleuman?

Ralph. Within dores, or without?

Suſan. You ſeeme to be valiant.

Dobſ. They that trie us ſhall finde our mettall.

Suſan. Perceive you not two men yonder in ſeverall places?

Ralph. Wee ſee ſomthing, but they may as well be ſtockes.

Suſan. For any manhood that's in them. If you will but

beat them a little, beſides a Gentleumans thankes, ſome other reward ſhall attend it.

Ralph. How are we ſure they are Cowards?

Suſan. You may truſt the word of a Gentleuman.

Dobſ. Come, come, thou ſtandeſt doubting like a cowardly foole, Theſe may bee Gentlewoemen of good faſhion, and apt to take fire at valour. Who knowes what preferment's neere us? We have perſons.

Ral. Why then forwards: call upon ſack, *Dobſon*, ſack.

Warr. Who are theſe come towards me? my courage begins to have an ague.

Spruce. Who may theſe be? my wiſh (I hope) ſome good fellowes to rob him.

Dobſ. What was our Commiſſion *Ralph*? to beat them, and not kill them.

Ralph. To kill them and not hurt them? Call upon Sacke, *Dobſon:* I begin to be affraid. I can perceive his ſword; he ſhakes it feareſully.

Dobſ. Draw thine then; and ſack, ſack the walles of *Troy*.

Warr. The rogue *Spruce* hath ſent them to beate mee. 'Tis ſo. I muſt ſhift for my ſelfe.

Ralph. Sirrah, thou man of feare and trembling. Call upon Sacke, *Dobſon*.

Warr. Alas, what meane you Gentlemen?

Ralph. Not ſo gentle neither. Wee are fiery furious, and command thee in the name of Sack, reſigne thy weapon, and ſubmit to be corrected by our valour.

Warr. Kinde Gentlemen, I hope you'l not kill me. I'le doe any thing, rather then be kill'd.

Ralph. A handſome beating ſhall aſſwage our fury.

Warr. Sweet Gentlemen, I'le doe any thing rather then be beaten.

Spruce. 'Tis ſo; they are robbing him, and I ſcorne to aid him. Teach the rogue to be ſuch a coward: he might have come to me.

Dobſ.

Dobs. Are you prepar'd Sir?

Warr. Mercifull Gentlemen; I have ſome money, a Cloake and a good Beaver: I'le give you all, and forgive you too, ſo you'l not beat me.

Dobs. This was beyond our expectation.

Ralph. Our mercy may bee brought to a compoſition. But ſhould we be pittifull, could you be content, ſince you cannot fight in your owne defence, to lye in our defence.

Warr. I'le ſay or ſweare any thing, rather then be kill'd or beaten.

Ralph. That we did beat you?

Warr. That you left mee dead. I'le lye at a Surgeons theſe two moneths; and pretend that my skull was broken in twelve places: that halfe my braines were putrified and taken out. I'le be mad all my life after to confirme people in the beliefe of it.

Ralph. Depart then, and praiſe us.

Warr. Yes, at the gallowes. I'le have you hang'd for robbing me: I ſhall teach you to attempt any thing on a Juſtices Clerke.

Goes forth by the right Scœne.

Suſan. Nay, pray you ſtay a little longer.

Dorot. I am wearie; wee'l imagine the reſt done. I'le ſend my Brother forth to make them friends.

Exeunt from the Balcon.

Spruce. 'Tis done ſure. Now will I home, proclaime him a coward, and triumph. Ha! doe they way-lay mee! the rogue hath hir'd them to beat or rob me. An ague of feare is upon me. Now could I wiſh my ſelfe transform'd into a beaſt, and have foure legs. Theſe two which have beene my moſt uſefull members will ſurely faile.

Ralph. Sirrah, you Raskall.

Spruce. You miſtake Sir, I am a Gentleman Vſher.

Ralph. Then thou abuſer of wit and good cloathes, be mannerly, and uncover to thy betters.

Spruce. I hope Gentlemen you doe not meane to rob me? Truſt me, I have no money, but a few farthings of my Ladies to give poore people.

Ralph. We will be ſatisfied with a ſmall diminution of your plentifull Wardrobe. Wee know you have more Cloakes and Beavers at home.

Spruce. No I proteſt Gentlemen. I have but this onely caſe for my Carkaſſe: and 'twill not be quite paid for til the next quarter.

Dobſ. Why then Sir, we will beat you handſomly, and that ſhall allay our fury.

Spruce. Nay kinde Gentlemen, I had rather ſtand to my Ladies bountie, then be beaten.

Ralph. Why then thanke our mercy and depart, whilſt we like honeſt theeves ſhare our booty.

Spruce. And I find out the Conſtable.

Goes forth by the right Scœne.

The fourth Scœne.

Enter ARTLOVE *by the left* Scœne.

Artl. How glorious ſhews *heaven* with tremblinglights
Sparkling their diſtant beames! The full orb'd Moone
Borne on nights dewie wings, rides in her *Sphœre*;
And throwes the ſhine which from her brothers rayes
She borrowes to illuminate the earth
Through thinner ayre, where no condenſed vapours
Are interpos'd to let her piercing eye
From ſeeing that which ſhe gives ſight to. Yet
My heart is wrapt in clouds of leaden ſadneſſe.
Love is not that in me which others feigne it.
I dreame not of delights; my buſie fancie
Preſents no fabulous heaven. A hell of torment
Darken's my mind's bright faculties; and reaſon
ſuffers it ſelfe to be eclips'd by paſſion.

Dobſ.

Dobs. Now we are enter'd *Ralph.* what if wee made this our profession? many a one lives by it.

Ralph. And many a one is hang'd for it.

Artl. Oft have these instruments of heavens influence
Seene my contemplative watchings;
When with profound and an unwearied search
I have scan'd the causes of their great effects;
And waded through the most inscrutable secrets
Both of the mediate and immediate nature.
But comming once to read a Womans face,
There were so many heavens, that every thought
In me, requir'd a severall understanding,
To give each severall grace a severall name,
And definition.

Dobs. Thou art affraid of the gallowes?

Ralph. Not much of the gallowes without a hangman.

Artl. The *Chaos* and the earth were loves first Parents;
And yet the child did give the Parents forme.
What Riddles are in nature!
Man's a disorder'd Masse, a meere confusion
Of rude, inanimate sense and understanding.
Vntill inspir'd with loves diviner soule.
The sense is tir'd, unlesse it varye's objects.
Knowledge would be finite, were not the mind
Delighted with diversitie.
But love's a subject for eternall studie;
And one faire booke preserv'd so, a full library.

Dobson. I am resolv'd; I'le nor spare man, woman nor child, whilst the sack works.

Ralph. For women and children let me alone; if I fall upon the one, Ile soone get the other.

Artl. What fabulous errors learning is attended with!
Plato's five Worlds; their sempiternitie;
Pythagoras transmigration; and opinions
Judgement would blush to father. But a woman,
Did men contemplate such a one as I doe,

They'd Make her all those Worlds; and then include
All the fam'd excellence of former beauties
In her more perfect frame.

The fifth Scæne.

Enter young WORTHY *by the middle* Scæne.

Y. Wor. Is't possible such shew of resolution
Should appeare in Cowards! I'le make them friends.
And that being done mine owne intentions
Must be pursu'd to finde that Gentleman
Courted my Sister. Love of all sorts bends
It selfe to courses for it's severall ends.

Dobs. Now for a daring Constable.

Ralph. Without his staffe of authoritie, or a fortification of Sack. A Constable may be valiant when hee commands others what he cannot doe himselfe.

Y. Wor. What! my paire of valiant Cowards! friends already.

Dobs. How! Cowards! swallow that word, or it shall choake thee.

Y. W. These fellowes have out-gone their Commission and rob'd them. I was a wise man to come abroad without a sword.

Ralph. Hee hath never a sword. Sirrah, thou man of presumption, that hast profan'd our incomparable valour, redeeme thy forfeited life of our mercie with some gold or silver pictures out of thy silken pockets.

Y. Wor. They'l rob me too: Why, Gentlemen; silke clothes have not money in them at all times.

Ralph. He lookes terribly *Dobson*. Call upon Sack.

Dobs. I will cleave him at one stroke.

Y. W. Doe you meane to murther a Gentleman?

Artl. Murder a Gentleman the voyce came thence.
Ile rescue him, though danger and destruction

Met

Met me with open mouths. Villaines, desist.

Y. W. You have done a benefit I must acknowledge.

Artl. That's to reward it sir; from which base ends
Good actions should be free. I'de gladly heare
A short relation of the Accident.

Dobs. Why dost thou quake so *Ralph?*

Ralh. Why dost thou tremble so *Dobson?* I dare bee whipt if these bee not some kin to the Gentlewoman that sent us hither from the thing at yonder house.

Y. W. Were you sent to rob or kill me?

Dobs. Alas Gentlemen, we are very ingrums.

Ralph. Meere Country Animals. Wee have valour to steale a May-pole, or rob the Parsons Hens-nest: but to kill a man as far from our intents or daring, as pittie from an Executioner, or bashfulnesse from a Jingo.

Y. W Forbeare the rest. This affords me matter: Returne to that house, there leave your bootie and receive your reward; onely this I'le keepe.

Ralph. With all our hearts: wee had rather any body should have them, then the hangman both them and us for them. Come *Dobson*, we have got the money yet; and a little sack will animate us againe. My soul's under foot; I must raise it: But if ever I quarrell againe by Moone-shine unlesse I am drunk, valour forsake me.

Goe forth by the left Scœne.

Y. W. Blest Accident! 'tis surely the same.
After a stricter view, my memory
Vnlesse it erres, tells me I have seene your person
Before this at my fathers.

Artl. If you are the son of Sir *Generous Worthy.*

Y. H. It was the blessing n
Nature and Fortune did bestow on me.

Art. It is indeed a blessing, when the vertues
Of noble Races are hereditary;
And doe derive themselves from th'imitation
Of vertuous Ancestours. You have a faire Sister.

Y. Wor. Her beautie is not worth your commendations.

Artl. Your modestie is too severe
In your restraint from praising her pure excellence,
Which should be Poets studie; not with fiction,
And common figures, but diviner attributes:
Then they must call it nothing but it selfe.

Y. W. Have I found you? I shall search you deeper.

Artl. The subjects weight would make a Poem weighty;
And take away the imputation
Which seeming solidnesse would throw upon't
Of a light fancie.

Y. W. It seemes you love my Sister?

Artl. He were a Divell did not love such goodnesse.
It is the onely vertue frailty boasts of,
To love faire sensuall objects: but my soule
Hath noted inward beauty in her mind,
Which makes me glory (though it be presumption)
That I doe love her.

Y. W. Cal't not presumption sir, you doe deserve her,
In that you have indear'd me for my life
Who am her Brother. And I commend your wit,
Which I presume my Sisters love hath whetted.
'Twas a quaint Plott. Were th' Actors here againe,
I'd pay their wages.

Artl. Your Riddle needs some *Oedipus* to solve it.

Y. W. Why sir, ridiculous fables
May sometimes serve for imitation.
Though twere a meere appointment in this rescue,
To shew your love and valour.

Artl. What base suspition
Poysons his jealous thoughts! 'Tis injurie
Beyond all patience.

Y. W. Alas sir, you are mov'd?

Art. Yes, to an indignation, whose just heat
Burnes me almost to rage. But there are charmes

And

And ſpels about you conjure downe my ſpirit.
You are her Brother.

Young. Wor. It ſeemes your guilt dare not denie the truth? *Artl.* Dare not denie it!
Were thy hands armd with Thunder;
Hadſt thou a *Gorgons* looke, wer't not her Brother,
Ring'd in the terror of a thouſand Jibbets
And executioners, I have a point
Should finde thy hart out.

Y. W. But I muſt tell you ſir,
Seldome high ſpirits that purſue their honours,
With earneſt flights, will ſtoop at weake reſpects:
But prey upon th'opinion of thoſe men
That ſcan their actions; tearing their reputations
Out of ſuſpitions bowels. Hee's not a Gentleman
Will not preſerve his honour.

Artl. Your ſpeech, Sir,
Savours of ſtrange ſeverity. My honour
Is that part of my ſelfe, without which
The man that's in me can have no ſubſiſting.
Honour's the greateſt of exteriour goods,
And muſt be ſtill purſu'd as the reward
Due unto vertue, through the greateſt dangers.
Yet fortitude is not the appetite
Of formidable things, nor inconſult
Raſhneſs; but vertue fighting for a truth;
Deriv'd from knowledge of diſtinguiſhing
Good or bad cauſes. Thinke me not a Coward
Becauſe I am not raſh: nor through defect
Of better counſell, doe not reſiſt the force
Of will or paſſion; howſoe're your jealouſie
Proceeding from our better thoughts infection
Hath beene a provocation. And perhaps
The love I beare your Siſter, will appeare
Your chiefeſt ſafety.

Y. Wor. In an attempt of right

I have more ſafetie heere then your pretences
Can arme me with. But if you love my Siſter,
It muſt be honourable and not wanton:
She will finde Champions elſe.
Artl. It muſt be honourable!
Thoſe words include a doubt works ſtrangely in me.
Love muſt not wrack my reputation.
Sir, I begin to ſcan the circumſtance,
And conſter your intention. You would trie me:
But your temptations have beene too abuſive.
And now my reſolution is prepar'd
To doe my credit juſtice.
Y. W. You will not fight with me that am her Brother?
Artl. There's Magick in thoſe words.
Y. W. I doe preſume my Siſter will reward you
For theſe expreſſions. She is free to pay
Her ſervants promis'd wages; be it kiſſes,
Or any other dalliance. (flies,
Artl. What a prophane breath from his blacke mouth
Would poiſon all the idolatrous religions
That e're aw'd wicked mortalls.
He is not ſure her brother, but ſome impoſtor,
That onely counterfeit's his worthier perſon.
I could be patient at the lye, or Coward,
Or any thing that can make paſſion violent.
But her bright honour ſtaind's a cauſe of juſtice
To arme a Nation. Draw, if th'art a man;
And with the plea of valour, (if th'aſt any)
Defend thy errours: Draw thy ſword.
Y. W. Not againſt him that loves my Siſter.
Artl. Is my juſt anger mock't! love made ridiculous!
Draw; leſt I make my ſelfe an Executioner.
And doe an act of juſtice on thy guilt.
Y. W. Never againſt your boſome, where a ſpirit
So truely noble dwel's, that hath converted
All my faign'd jealouſies to uſefull love.

Artl. I

Artl. I am confounded to amazement.

Y. W. Pray reconcile all your diſtractions.
Let not the leaſt diſtruſt abuſe your confidence
Of what I undertake. My Siſter's yours,
If the adviſe of me that am her Brother,
And intereſted in her good or ill,
Can be prevailing.

Artl. Then requeſting Sir,
That you'l preſume no more upon the priviledge
Of that pure love I beare your vertuous Siſter
T'admit a jealouſie of any action,
Or thought of mine which tends not unto nobleneſſe,
Next unto her my boſome holds you deare,
And ſhall doe ever.

Y. W. So mine the like. Thus noble cauſes
Put fire into the ſpirits of full men.
Though ſometimes ſeeming valour may ariſe
Through luſt or wine, from hatefull cowardiſe.

Goe forth by the left Scœne.

Act. 4. Scœn. I.

Enter IERKER *and* IEFFREY, *with a Drawer, by the left* Scœne.

BOY.

ANon, anon Sir, by and by.

Ier. Some more wine Boy. Is Mr. *Artlove* return'd?

Boy. Not yet Sir.

Ieffrey. Poore Gentleman; hee's complaining to the Moone, or ſtudying the event of his love in the Starres. Mee thinks I could make a counterfeit expreſſion of his paſſions to the life.

Drop from thy *Sphere* thou ſilver Miniſtreſſe
Of watry light; dance no unequall motions
On thy foure orbes; but quench thy paler fires
In Lovers teares, that all inconſtancie
May ſo be drown'd. I would I were in love Couſin.

Ierk. Before you are capable of it.

Ieffr. Why Couſin, is it not defin'd to be youth's folly! Indeed, all things in Youth are folly.

Ierk. Not ſo Coz. all folly may be in Youth:
But many times 'tis mixt with grave diſcretion,
That tempers it to uſe; and make's it judgement
Equall if not exceeding that which Paſſeys
Hath almoſt ſhaken into a diſeaſe.
But why would you be in love Coz.

Ieffr. That I might Poetize: you know 'tis the onely dancing Maſter to teach the Art of Meaſures; though I have knowne Poets ſcarce able to ſtand on their feet.

Ierk. Then you would write *Satyres* Coz?

Ieffr. 'Tis your dancing conceit. But the Grinkums Couſin cleaves not the feete.

Enter DASHER.

Ierk. Mr. *Daſher*, this freeneſſe hath doubled the favor; vizit us of your owne accord!

Daſh. Gentlemen my ſelfe, and all that depends on my ſelfe, or on any thing that hath dependance on my ſelfe, is at your ſervice.

Ieffr. I ſhould deſire your wife then.

Daſh. Sweet young Gentleman, you are the *Epitome* of a faire body, and ſhall command the Commander of my ſelfe and family. I will but preſent a glaſſe of Greeke Sacke to the hands of a noble Lord, and returne to ſerve you. *Exit.*

Ierk. You have a vertue Sir, I could wiſh communicated.

Ieffr. What's that Couſin?

Ierk. To cozzen Couſin.

Ieffr.

Ieffr. And would you learne it?

Ierk. The *Theorie*, but not the *Practicke*. I converſe much in Tavernes; and the uſe ſhould onely be a thrifty prevention.

Ieffr. As my obſervation hath taught me ſomthing in a baudy houſe, where they cannot change money.

Enter DASHER.

Dash. Now Gentlemen diſpoſe of your ſervant.

Ierk. Indeed Mr. *Daſher* our Wine's naught.

Dash. How! naught! who drew it? name but your drawer; he is puniſh't whilſt you pronounce it. I'le not keepe an offenſive mouſe that eats the crums under my table, but ſhall pay his life to doe you ſervice. *Exit.*

Ieffr. Why Couſin, the Wine's good.

Ierk. I onely gave him matter for a complement.

Ieffr. 'Tis pitty to abuſe him that is ſo apt to abuſe himſelfe. But what doe you muſe on Couſin?

Ierk. I am ſtuddying a conceited health.

Ieffr. Why to the long ſtanding of *Banbury* May-pole.

Ierk. No Puritan will pledge that.

Ieffr. Yes, the Good-wives: they'l finde dancing a more wholſome exerciſe for the body, then ſome of their Doctrines for the Soule.

The ſecond Scœne.

Enter ARTLOVE *and young* WORTHY, *by the left* Scœne.

Ierk. Ar't come friend, and Mr. *Worthy*?

Y. W. Our mutuall loves.

Enter DASHER.

Dash. I am bound to ſerve you Gentlemen, and I wiſh my roofe were worthier, and my diſordered houſhould order'd to your content.

Artl. We are bound to thanke your readineſſe.

Daſh. Gentlemen, your ſervant will ſend his ſervants to wait upon you preſently. *Exit.*

Ierk. What accident brought you two together?

Artl. The mercie of my Starres: but what event Their influence will direct, I cannot propheſie. Trethee be carefull, hee's a *Cynick* noter Of men and of their manners *Ierk.* If he bite, Here's that ſhall blunt his fangs.

Artl. Good friend be milde; Temper thy paſſions here. Scandall may grow From low foundations to an heighth of infamy. Thou know'ſt my temperance doth not oft frequent Theſe publique places.

Y. Wor. Sir, the relation 'twixt a ſon and father May make you jealous of my partiall nature. Truſt me, I never yet was ſo indulgent To mine owne weakneſſe, that untill my judgement Had made a full diſtinguiſhment of cauſes, I could bee violent in his defence Farther then filiall dutie; which ſometimes Hath ſtretcht it ſelfe to counſell and advice Againſt ſuſpition. For though your wild behaviour In ſome particular actions might provoke him, Shee whom new dutie makes me now call mother Hath given large teſtimonie of her vertue Even to ſatisfaction of all goodneſſe; Although his age (in other things judicious) Cannot ſo eaſily admit beliefe, And ſafer confidence.

Ierk. Though I appeare In outward carriage apt to make diſtruſt Condemne me vicious; yet my Soule retaines (Beſides a generous diſpoſition Deriv'd from noble blood) ſome ſcrupulous ſparkes Of better conſcience. Call it not ſelfe-flattery

In

In that I am mine owne defenſes inſtrument.
Report ſufficiently may informe your knowledge,
(Nor is it error) that my intereſt
In her you now call Mother
Was beyond all diſpute: our equall loves
Mov'd in one circle; and our thoughts were fixt;
Nor can I varie; ſhee's the object ſtill
Of my deſires. I confeſſe I uſe
Wanton ſollicites; and ſhould ſcarſe reſiſt
My wiſhes ſatisfaction ſhe conſenting.
But thoſe delights would end in ſuch a loathing,
That I ſhould never more have mercifull thought
There can be any goodneſſe left in Woman.

Y. W. This jarres upon my heart-ſtrings.

Ierk. Dos't diſtaſt you Sir,
That I defend my ſelfe?

Y. W. You muſt not wrong my Father.

Ierk. I doe abhor the thought of injurie.
Nor ſhall my ſpirit fall in the juſt plea
Of mine owne right.

Y. W. But not to wrong my Father.

Ieffr. If he bee abuſive, Couſin challenge him. I'le bee your ſecond.

Ierk. Hee's not a Crane Coz.

Ieffr. Nor I a Pigmie; you mock my love.

Ierk. Your forwardneſſe is dangerous.

Ieffr. Why, he can never have wit, that is not valiant. I'le trie him my ſelfe, if not to diſturb you Sir.

Y. W. I thanke you little one.

Ieffr. How little one! Is not that an affront Couſin?

Ierk. 'Tis as you take it Coz.

Artl Fill ſome Wine boy: never a Drawer here?

Enter DASHER.

Daſh. What Gentlemen, none to attend you? (whooh) An unlook'd for happineſſe that my unworthy ſelfe is prefer'd.

Y. W.

Y. W. An inferiour ſervant may ſerve, Mr. *Daſher.*

Daſh. I am the ſervant of my ſervant that ſhall ſerve you. And unleſſe hee ſerve you he is not my ſervant. I'le tunre them all away preſently for this neglect of your worthy Perſons. *Exit.*

Ieffr. Men weare ſwords Sir.

Y. W. And boyes too ſometimes.

Ieffr. You'l anſwer it?

Y. W. Anſwer what Child?

Ieffr. Little one! Boy! Child! I ſhall bee degraded next to an infant.

Ierker. Fie Couſin, containe. The Gentleman cannot brooke it.

Y. W. Yes Sir, hee can brooke any thing but wronging of his Father.

Artl. I pray no more, the ſubject is too harſh
To make good muſicke in ſocietie.

Ierk. Then here's a health to her that beſt deſerves
The attribute of Faire: whoſe white and red
Prove what's lifes mixture. From whoſe forms exactnes
Rules of Proportion might be better drawne
Then from Arts Principles. To her whoſe Youth
Warmes Winters icie boſome with her Spring;
Yet will not wrong your Father. As it goes round,
Each give his Mittris ſome commending Character.

Artl. Why then a health to her whoſe beauties are
Not a groſſe Earth, with painted ſuperficies;
But a more ſprightly Element of pure Fire.
Within whoſe *Sphere* a glorious Mynde doth move
All th' orbes of vertue with celeſtiall flame.
Whoſe active climbings carry her deſires
To th' utmoſt height of nobleneſſe and honour:
To her that calls you Brother.

Y. W. Let not your love appeare ſo full of flattery.

Ierk. Nay, Coz; 'tis yours.

Jeffr. Then here's a health to her will freely put

Her

Her ſweets to uſe. Kiſſe, and be kiſt againe
Without a fie. Whoſe boldneſſe will not bluſh
At an aſſault, or any wanton touch.
And if a man perſiſt to further doing,
Accounts it loſſe of time, a tedious wooing.
To her that I call Miſtris.

Y. W. Bravely come off Sir.

Ieffr. I can come on Sir.

Artl. Now Sir, 'tis yours.

Y. W. This Sack ſhall then have my *Encomium*.
Which had the youthfull Father ever taſted,
He would have left his rites to Poetize;
And chang'd his Yvy Chaplets into Bayes:
Vnchain'd his ſpotted Linxes, and ſupply'd
His Chariots loftier courſe with *Pegaſus*.
And with bewitching numbers charm'd the gods
To be his *Bacchanalls*, that they might feaſt
With this moſt heavenly *Nectar*.

Enter DASHER.

Ierk. Mr. *Daſher*, your Wine is highly commended.

Daſh. I can aſſure you Gentlemen, the Grape from whence this Sacke was preſt——

Y. W. Grew in *Spaine*.

Daſh. I would have fetcht it farther Gentlemen to doe you ſervice. A voyage to the *Indies* ſhould bee no more then a deſcending into my cellar, and up agen.

Art. You have handſomely contracted your journey.

Ierk. But Mr. *Daſher*, you have an eminent Houſe, extraordinary Wine and entertainment; but no Signe at firſt to diſtinguiſh it.

Ieffr. Me thoughts Couſin, the Logger-heads was a pretty conceit.

Ierk. Had there not beene a third.

Daſh. Gentlemen, I intended a paire of Scales with a glaſſe of Wine in one Ballance, and a piece of gold in the other, or a jewell.

Y. Wor. An excellent conceit, to ſhew the value of good Wine.

Daſh. Sweet Gentlemen, I am the ſervant of your noble wits. I muſt kiſſe the faire hand of an honourable Lord, who is now departing: I will then returne to be diſpos'd by you. *Exit.*

The third Scœne.

Enter Sir GENEROVS, *young* WORTHY *by the left* Scœne.

Y. Wor. Sir 'tis my father.

Sir Gen. Ha! my ſonne here; and Mr *Ierker!*
I came i'th' perſon of authoritie,
Invited by your noiſe. But that put off,
Out of my love borne to the generall good,
I doe adviſe you to be temperate:
That the faire hopes conceiv'd of growing vertues
Might not be loſt. 'Tis pitty that your wits,
Which (joyn'd with ſome experience) might deſerve
To fill the ſeats of Magiſtracie, and be
A ſpeaking law) ſhould ſpend themſelves in places
And acts of ſin and ſhame; wherein ſeveritie
Of law and government muſt not be partiall.
Therefore I pray no more of theſe diſorders.

Y. Wor. Pray Sir, take nothing ill. 'Tis the neceſſity
Of his place: his diſpoſition elſe is milder.

Ierk. Sir, we are Gentlemen; and by that priviledge
Though we ſubmit to politique Government
In publique things may be our owne law-makers
In morall life. If we offend the law
The law may puniſh us; which onely ſtrives
To take away exceſſe, not the neceſſity
Or uſe of what's indifferent, and is made
Or good or bad by 'ts uſe. We doe not drinke

To

To a diſtemper, and from thence derive
Th'originall of miſchiefes: nor is pleaſure
Our law but temperance. Creation made
Every thing good, if we abuſe it not.
Then good Sir, (though you find enormities
Amongſt the rabble) be not ſo ſuſpitious
Of our more carefull carriage, that are gentlemen.

Sir Gen. You have ſaid to ſatisfaction
And more then I expected. Harke you ſonne.

Art. I did not think th'adſt beene ſo good an Oratour.

Ierk. Why friend? becauſe wanton familiaritie
Make's us leſſe ſerious when we are alone,
Muſt it neceſſitate we cannot ſpeake
In a high cauſe! Couſin, you muſt be carefull
Of your behaviour: you are before a Iuſtice.

Ieffr. Why Couſin, have Iuſtices power over a mans will?

Ierk. Some buſie ones have arrogated much;
But being told their owne have ever ſince
Given Gentlemen due reſpect.

Ieffr. I'le make a tryall here. Pleaſe you a little
To put off this ſeverer gravitie;
And drinke a glaſſe of Sack. Your age is Priviledge
In what the law of moderation,
Denies our hotter blood.

Sir Gen. Pretty ſweet Gentleman. Is't poſſible
That one ſo young, ſhould have ſo gray a wit;
'Tis wanting many times in graver beards.
Pleaſe you Mr. *Ierker*, to bring theſe Gentlemen to my houſe to ſupper. You'l find ſome emptie diſhes.

Ierk. We know your table's plentifully furniſht.

Sir Gen. This was very good Sacke, neighbour. Pray ſend me home a dozen Bottles. And keepe good orders.

Daſh. The beſt orders that can be kept in my houſe or any office of my houſe ſhall bee at your Worſhips ſervice.

Ieffr. Fogh; that complement ſtinckes.

Sir Gen You are very courteous neighbour. Will you goe along with me Gentlemen!

Artl. We are your ſervants. 'Tis a bleſt opportunity.

Sir Gen You ſhall now make tryall of my profeſt love.

Ierk. The reckoning M. *Daſher.*

Artl. Wee'l take the Barre in our way.

Goe forth by the left Scœne.

Daſher. You'l doe mee honour to pay it there. Ten thouſand welcomes wait upon you Gentlemen (whooh) Come ſirrah, be the *Mercury* of neatneſſe, and nimbly ſet this diſorder'd roome in order. Then give the gentleman below notice, that it is now ready to doe him ſervice: Hee's like to be a bountifull gueſt. He talks of ſelling his Land, and being a Wit: but how can that agree together! yes, very well. A countrey Gentleman to ſell his land, is as it were to change his copie: leave his knowne trade to project a better profit. Which changing of Copie here with us, ends many times in the citie freehold at Ludgate.

The fourth Scœne.

Enter DUNGWORTH, RALPH *and* DOBSON, *by the left* SCŒNE.

Daſh. Worthy Sir, I have now made ready a roome to entertaine your worthy perſon. My houſe was ſo cramd with Lords; and this eſpecially with moſt choyce gentlemen, ſome of the admired wits, to which very name I owe reſpect and ſervice.

Ralph. 'Tis a fine Chamber, it ſhines like a Gold-ſmiths ſhop in Cheap-ſide.

Dung. 'Twould much indeere mee to your kindneſſe to bring mee acquainted with ſome of thoſe Wits: you ſay they keepe their rendevous here many times. If I may

mold

mold my ſelfe capable I ſhould gladly add to their number. Indeed, I have had but Countrey breeding.

Dobſ. City bringing up forſooth.

Ralph. Yes; for we ridd like mad men.

Daſh. Queſtionleſſe, Sir, there are of the wits ſome mercenary ones, whom your money may command to be your ſervants. But theſe are of a nobler ſtraine. Howſoever, I will upon the next occaſion ſhew my deſire to doe you ſervice.

Dobſ. Prethee *Ralph*, what be thoſe Wits? A familie?

Ralph. No *Dobſon*, they be of all tribes. Some are Iewes, and ſome are Gentiles. Some are noble both in blood and condition, and ſome in neither. Some ſtudie Arts of uſe; ſome of delight; ſome conceive well, but talke wickedly.

Dobſ. Thoſe be the Women *Ralph.*

Ral. No interruptions. Some breake jeſts; ſome breake pates; ſome breake Tailours; and ſome breake their faſts with Duke *Humphrey.*

Dobſ. A wiſe houſe-keeper belike.

Ralph. Some weare Pluſh that others pay for. Some love Sacke, and ſome love wenches. Few will dye of the Aldermans Gout, and ſome will never bee cur'd of their owne——

Dobſ. I underſtand thee *Ralph.* But how com'ſt thou to know all this?

Ralph. Tut man; I liv'd in *London* before now; was ſervant to one that converſt much with the wits, and kept an Academie of Muſicke. I tell thee *Dobſon*, I have pickt up more learning among the crummes of a broken bisket, after one of their meetings at a Taverne, then would make twenty Ballad-makers commence Poetaſters; and with the over-plus indoctrinate ten Iuſtices Clerks, and an under-Sheriffe.

The fifth Scæne.

Enter Mris. TONGALL, *and* LITTLEVVORD *by the left* Scœne.

Dungw. Sweet Miſtris, you are welcome to my expectation.

Tong. If my preſumption to bring a worthy acquaintance along with me, ſeem's not unmannerly.

Dungw. You rather expreſſe kindneſſe to a ſtranger that deſires worthy company.

Tong. Sweet Mr *Daſher*, you are the beſt Woman Vintener that ever lov'd a Goſſips tale. You have ſo many good things to pleaſure a woman with. You were wont to have an excellent neat tongue.

Daſh. Sweet Mris. *Tongall*, my beſt tongue, and all is at your ſervice.

Tong. Kind Maſter *Daſher*.

Dung. To your welcome Miſtreſſe.

Tong. My humblene receives your favour thankfully. My ſervice to you Mr. *Daſher*.

Daſh. I kiſſe the hand of your ſervant.

Ralph. And make a legg. This Vintener ſure hath had very mannerly breeding. he came not from the Bankes ſide, where the ſurly Watermen live.

Daſh. Noble ſir, I preſume to preſent my deſires to doe you ſervice.

Dobſ. This Gentleman hath leſſe manners. Hee anſwers nothing.

Tong. My friend (Sir) though he be of few words, is a fine wit, and a great obſerver.

Dung. A Wit, Miſtris; I ſhall be the prouder of his acquaintance. But when I am a Witt, I ſhall preferre my talking before my obſervation.

Tong. I thank you Mr *Little-word*.

Ralph.

Ralph Mr. *Littleword* and Mris *Tongall!* very good. Sure this woman had a French-man to her Father.

Tong. Indeed Mr. *Dasher*, 'tis excellent Sacke. If you were unmarried you should have my daughter *Iinny*, for keeping such good Wine in your house.

Dash I retribute all due thanks for your kindnesse, that you would doe me so great an honour.

Ralph. Mistris, you said I should have your daughter.

Tong. My friend, why so thou shalt. This Sacke makes my heart merry.

Ralph. Who then shall my Master have?

Tong. Why my Daughter Iinny.

Ralph. A right woman: so her tongue goe, no matter what she sayes.

Dash. What will that Gentleman with his table-booke!

Dung. Let's have a health to some body.

Tong. Please you Sir, to my daughter Iinny.

Dung. Let it goe round then.

Tongall. And hee that will not pledge it, shall not have her.

Dobs. I hope we shall drinke now *Ralph.*

Ralph. Else we lose both our share of the Sack, and our hopes of her daughter Iinny. *Ent. Drawer.*

Dung Some more Wine.

Dash. (Whooh) be nimble sirrah; and bring of my kingdome (that's my word for good wine) that it may wait on these Gentlemen.

Tong. William, thou art an honest fellow; and if thou bringst us good wine, thou shalt have my daughter Iinny from them all.

Dash. Sure this Gentleman write's what I speake. I hope 'twas not treason to say my Kingdome. I would I knew what he were.

Dung. The Vintener seem's troubled at this Gentlemans table-booke.

Tong. 'Tis his practise of observation. Hee is taking

a humour for a Play: perhaps my talking of my daughter Jimmy.

Dung. I'le hatch ſome mirth from it. Sir, you muſt not take it ill, if I tell you of your errours. You have ſpoken ſomthing raſhly.

Daſh. Kind and worthy Sir, my life is your ſervant for this noble care.

Dung. That ſilent Gentleman is an intelligencer; a ſtate ſpie. Hee'l informe againſt you. Therefore complie with him to prevent it. 'Tis his pollicie to ſay nothing himſelfe, that his obſervation may be the more, and his owne danger the leſſe.

Daſh. Sir, I owe your goodneſſe all that ever I have beene, am, or ſhall be. He writes againe.

Tong. Now Mr. *Little-word*, you have ſome fine matter there to worke upon.

Daſh. To undoe me. Sir, I deſire you will command all that is to bee commanded in my houſe to doe you ſervice. Yes, yes; he writes againe.

Dung. That word command is a word of great danger, I would you had not us'd it.

Daſh. Alas Sir, Mris *Tongall*, 'twas not neighbourly done of you to bring an informer into my houſe.

Tong. How, I bring an Informer! as I am a Matron, he's a Gentleman, a wit, and a rare Projector.

Daſh. I believe it, to undoe a poore Vintener, that cannot complement a Gentleman into a ten pounds expence; but his necke muſt be in danger. Sir, if I were a King I would be your ſervant. He writes againe.

Enter a BOY.

Dung. Bleſſe me Sir, you have ſpoken treaſon.

Daſh. Alas, Sir, I am undone then.

Boy. Maſter, the Conſtable and other officers are comming up.

Daſh. Yes, yes; to apprehend me.

Ralph. 'Tis for us, *Dobſon.*

Dung.

Dung. The Conſtable! I hope wee are not ſuſpected perſons.

Tong. If I thought you were, you ſhould never have my daughter Iinny.

The ſixth Scœne.

Enter CONSTABLE *and* OFFICERS; *by the left* SCŒNE.

Conſt. By your leave Gentlemen.

Ralph. You are welcome Sir, and I pray be gone.

Conſt. But not without you Sir. You are ſuſpected, and muſt anſwer——

Dung. Anſwer what? heere are neither Traitors nor Fellons.

Daſh. I feare I ſhall be prov'd both.

Tong. No Sir, nor night-walkers that are taken up, and caſt downe I have declar'd my ſelfe of as good carriage as any in the neighbour-hood; and my daughter Iinny waits upon an honourable Ladie.

Daſh. Mr. Conſtable, I am your ſervant, I hope you ſuſpect no Traitors in my houſe. If you doe, they ſhall wait upon you into the Cellar; and there commit what treaſon you will againſt as good Sack as is in the King of *Spaines* Dominions. The Gentleman writes ſtill. I am utterly loſt.

Conſt. There are two ſuſpected to be heere, that have broken the peace, and committed a robbery.

Dobſ. Denie it *Ralph.*

Ralph. I tell you Conſtable, there are none heere, but can breake the peace, as well as you that are a Conſtable.

Dung. They ſhall obey your authority, and in the Vinteners phraze wait upon you.

Dash. I feare I must waite upon the Gallowes.

Dungw. Being my servants, I'le goe likewise along with you.

Dash. Yes, yes; a meere plot to goe along, that hee may witnesse against me.

Dobs. Feare nothing *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen will not see us hang'd.

Ralph. But they may suffer us, and that's a word for hanging.

Dung. You seeme apprehensive of your owne danger. There's a reckoning to pay; if you but forgive it, I'le free you from this Gentlemans information.

Dash. Most gladly Sir, and bee your servant. But how shall I be sure of it?

Dung. You shall heare it from his owne mouth. You will not (Sir) informe any thing against this man! I pray say no.

Little. No.

Dash. I am satisfied: and will be your servant in any thing but treason.

Tong. But be sure you speake to Mistris *Dorothy*. Nay I'le along with you too, and perhaps speake a good word.
I have acquaintance with the Iustice, and his Clerke knows my daughter *Iinny*.

Dash. Let mee bee your servant Mr. Constable, and light you downe. I hope my house will receive no scandall by this.

Dung. 'Twas a beginning yet, and more may hit.
Thus in th' abus'd sense cheating is cal'd wit.

Goe forth by the left Scœne.

Act. 5. Scœn. 1.

Enter SVSAN, *by the middle* SCŒNE.

SVSAN.

THanks honeſt *Nicholas*. 'Tis time to cover: my Lady will to ſupper ſo ſoone as my Maſter comes home. He brings ſtrangers with him. This Butler is the kindeſt fellow to a Gentleuman; and deſerves my love more for this bottle of Sacke, then *Warrant* or *Spruce* for fighting. Come thou inſpirer of a diviner ſoule, that teacheſt myſteries, of which without thee none are capable: to bee valiant; to love; to Poetiſe: ſuffer a thirſty gentleuman to delight her drye pallat with thy ſweet moiſture, and refreſh her ſpirits with thy comfortable operation. (*Drinks*) Excellent Sack, as I am a Gentleuman. Now am I in love with my old Maſter for buying it; wth the Vintener for ſelling it; with the Drawer for drawing it; nay, with the very Porter that brought it home: but moſt of all with kinde *Nicholas* for beſtowing it upon mee; good heart, hee hath ventur'd a chiding if it ſhould be miſt. (*Drinks.*) What fooliſh Poets were they that made the more fooliſh gods drinke *Nectar*! Had *Apollo* preſented *Daphne* but with a cup of ſuch Sack, ſhee would have lov'd him, as I doe *Nicholas*: but not to lye with him. A gentleuman muſt not humble her ſelfe to a Butler. (*Drinks.*) My Ladie.

The ſecond Scœne.

Enter LADIE, *by the middle* Scœne.

Lady What is't ſhould make my Husbands jealouſie
Rage ſo within him to ſuſpect the viſits
Of every friend! Cannot my carefull carriage
Kill his diſtruſt, and make him confident!
Many a young Ladie that had ſuch excuſes
As I may well pretend, his age, diſeaſes,
And all the cold defects are incident
To a decaying ſtrength, would priviledge
Her raſher wills diſpenſe with young deſires.
Such are in me; but not to ſatisfaction:
I muſt not wrong my fame: though my hot bloud
Should dance a luſtfull meaſure. But hee's jealous;
And I muſt practiſe ſome ſtrange cure upon it.
Secretary.

Suſan. Madame.

Lady. Why doe you gaze upon me?

Suſan. I would not for th'exchange your Ladiſhip were a man.

Lady. And why ſo?

Suſan. I ſhould runne madd, for love of your Ladiſhip.

Lady. What humour have you got? you have ſure beene tipling. Fie Secretary.

Suſan. I hope your Ladiſhip hath a better opinion of your uman, then to be earneſt becauſe ſhe jeſts.

Lady. You know Mr. *Ierker?*

Suſan. A very handſome gentleman. I wonder no worthy Gentleuman is in love with him:

Lady. No Secretary; what thinke you of me?

Suſan.

Susan. Doth your Ladiſhip love him? truely and ſo doe I.

Lady. But not as I doe:
I could betray mine honour to his love;
And ſell my fame for his more ſweet embraces:
Give thoſe delights which are my Husbands due
To his enjoying.

Susan. And will your Ladiſhip diſcover this to mee? Truely I meane not to bee degraded from your Ladiſhips woman, to hold the doore, and crye, my Maſter's comming.

Lady. Thy employment ſhall be
When wee are cloſely ſet at dallyance
Bluſh not what ere thou ſeeſt; but call thy Maſter;
The ſervice may be worth a new gowne.

Susan. How, call my Maſter! Did ever any Ladie enjoy a friend in a corner, and wiſh her Husband (who is ſufficiently jealous alreadie) to ſee it! Now as I am a Gentleuman, and had rather bee a Ladie, 'tis not my mind.

Lady But 'tis mine;
His knowledge of't would add to the delight,
And make th'offence leſſe. Citie Dames can practiſe
Slights to deceive their Husbands, mine ſhall know it.

Susan. But is your Ladiſhip earneſt?

Lady. As earneſt as reſolves can make me.

Susan. But I am reſolv'd not to obey your Ladyſhip. Shall I that am my Ladies Secretary as it were, be treacherous to her ſecrets? Then let me not be counted a gentleuman. If it pleaſe your Ladiſhip Ile tell him you intend ſuch a thing that he may prevent it.

Lady. Diſpute not my commands, but doe them:
Or I ſhall ſtop the current of my favours.
That hitherto have flow'd ſo fully on thee.

The third Scœne.

Enter Sir GENEROVS WORTHY, IERKER, ARTLOVE, *Y.* WORTHY, SVSAN, IEFFREY, *by the middle* SCŒNE.

Sir Gen. I have brought you ſome gueſts Wife. Send your entertainment be worth their labour.

Lady. I could wiſh it much better for Maſter *Ierkers* ſake.

Sir Gen. I feare you are too free that way.
I am yet a man, and my declining age
Hath not ſo weakened judgement in me,
That paſſion ſhould betray my jealous thoughts.
Nor can I but ſuſpect, and muſt be ſatisfied.
Her woman is the inſtrument. Mris. *Suſan.*

Y. W. Pray Sir, let me prepare her. No more will I
In the ſeverer Perſon of a counſellour
Inſtruct your care. But ſince by curious ſearch
I have inform'd my knowledge
Even to ſatisfaction of his worth,
Let me commend this noble gentleman
Vnto your beſt deſires; let him poſſeſſe them.

Dorot. Brother, without mature conſideration
I dare not doe an act; on which depends
Such dangerous events.

Y. W. My love's your warrant.
Have not I ſearchd him throughly? have not I
Found him deſerving all that's due to man,
Though malice were his judge. View but his perſon,
Art could not ſhape a more exact proportion:
And through his Chriſtall boſome read his heart
Wherein ſuch noble thoughts are character'd——

Suſan.

Susan. You shall command a poore Gentleuman any thing; neither doe I expect reward. I onely desire you will accept it as an act of my love. But why should you be jealous of my Lady.

Sir Gen. Aske me no idle questions, but doe it. Thou mayst bee a Lady thy selfe, if it lie in my power to raise thee.

Susan. Alas Sir, an old mun raise a Gentleuman.

Dorot. We have a father (Brother) to whose care
We owe another dutie, then that onely
Which Nature hath injoyn'd us for receiving
Our beings from him. Let not our rash wills
Sway'd onely by desire, run any course
Agrees not with his liking: Yet I'le tell
The Gentleman how much he owes your love
For thus commending him.

Lady. How now Sir *Generous?*
Courting my woman? am not I warme enough
To thaw your frozen appetite?

Susan. Truly Sir, if my Lady knew how much I lov'd you, 'twould make her jealous.

Lady. Indeed it would not.
Revenge should be a remedie.

Sir Gen. That's my feare.

Lady. Nay, to her againe; you are not the first
That hath abus'd his Lady.

Sir Gen. Wife, forgoe these fond thoughts, and with care apply your selfe to entertain these gentlemen.
I'le to my closet. *goes forth.*

Lady. I want but th' opportunity of their absence,
Which I must straight contrive.

Artl. I am now animated
To come the neerest way without more circumstance;
And tell you how your beauty and your vertues
Have won on my desires to make them yours.

Dorot.

Dorot. I thanke you Sir, and could mine owne eyes ſee
But halfe that worth my Brother ſayes is in you,
My equall thoughts ſhould anſwer.

Y. W. What ſaid ſhe Sir?

Artl. It ſeemes you did commend me!

Y. W. Yes by my hopes of good, no otherwiſe
Then I deſire to have my ſelfe commended
Vpon the like occaſion.

Artl. I muſt thanke you Sir.

Y. W. I doe interpret it; and have thought upon
Another tryall. Let me intreat you Siſter
To conſter my intentions right. Though I
Commended him, 'twas onely to diſtinguiſh
Your paſſion and your reaſon. Now I find
The latter ſtrongeſt, that you refuſe the love
Of one ſo much defective.

Dorot. How! defective!
Brother, my judgement hath as ſearching eyes
Can ſee the fulneſſe of his manly worth
Through all the vailes of your detraction.
And now to ſhew how much I doe prefer
The freedome of my will before your counſell;
I'le tell him I doe love him.

Y. W. Siſter, I hope
You are not earneſt!

Dorot. As earneſt as my love;
Which ſince I firſt beheld him tooke poſſeſſion
Of all my thoughrs, though cuſtomary niceneſſe
Reſtraind me from diſcovering them; but now——

Lady Pray daughter overſee the ſervants.

Exit Dorothy.

Y. W. Mother beſhrew your heart, ſhe was in a good veine. But come ſir, wee'l purſue it.

Exeunt young Worthy, and Artlove.

Ieffr. It hath beene no ſmall puniſhment for mee to hold

hold my peace all this while. My Couſin is morall before companie and counſel's my manners. But now I hope my tongue ſhall have libertie; and her's my Ladies gentleuman to exerciſe it with.

La. Your little Couſin may ſtay. How like you the plot?

Ierk. As the end proves it. And ſince your conſtancie
Hath held out 'gainſt my leud temptations,
Which have as well beene tryals of your vertues
As acts of wantonneſſe, I here deſiſt.
Henceforth my tongue ſhall never utter ſound
Offenſive to your modeſtie.

Lady. Pray let's ſit,
And enter on the project, though it be nice
When wit masks vertue in a cloke of vice.

Suſan. They are going to it, and heer's a little one will tell. Pray ſir, can you keepe counſell?

Ieffr As well as a woman.

Suſan. Indeed they and children are kin.

Jeffr. You need not feare your ſecrets.

Suſan. Then I ſhall love you heartily. But pray Sir, no medling with a gentleumans apron. Here's that will helpe your growth: pleaſe you to partake.

Ieffr. She abuſeth me, I muſt fit her. What is't Miſtris?

Suſan. Suck I aſſure you Sir; and I hope you will love a poore gentleumans as ſhe loves you.

Ieffr. If the Butler be not too deeply intereſted.

Lady. Secretarie.

Suſan. Madame.

Lady. You forget your imployment.

Suſan. I ſaw your Ladiſhip doe nothing yet.

Lady. Doe we not kiſſe?

Suſan. I runne then, and dare not looke backe for feare of bluſhing. *Exit.*

Ieffr. What ſtrange contrivement's this?

The fourth Scœne.

Enter Sir GENEROVS WORTHY *with* SVSAN, *by the middle* Scœne.

Lady. Nay, bluſh not Mr. *Ierker*, ours is no act of ſhame, but to be gloried in; youth to youth. Sir *Generous* are your hornes ſo lop-heavy they make you hang the head. Never droop at it man. A Lord may bee a Cuckold and never the wiſer: you have gotten the knowledge of what you did but ſuſpect before.

Sir Gen. Out of my warring thoughts diſcretion
Hath order'd a reſolve, whoſe practiſe ſhall
Preſerve my credit. Though I much wonder
A womans ſmooth hypocriſie ſhould make
Even her ſecret'ſt actions to appeare
Moſt vertuous; yet in this to ſtaine her whiteneſſe.

Lady. I did it Sir to cure your jealouſie
More then for ſatisfaction of deſire,
Which I have often ſatiated, when
Your cold abilities were comforted
With downe and ſileuce; when your dreames preſented
The quiet of a grave.

Ierk. I did it Sir,
In gratitude for your hoſpitality.
Pleaſe you to take my counſell. Be divorc't.
You need no proofes, ſince ſhees her owne accuſer.
I'le then procure a diſpenſation
And wee'l be marryed.

Sir Gen. 'Tis aſſented to.
Nay more, I'le give you all her portion backe:
Nor ſhall the leaſt diſquiet in my thoughts
Make me remember it. Think not (young man) mine age

So

So weake, but I can conquer paſſion.
My act ſhall inſtantly have confirmation;
And be a preſident where ſuch inequality
Of yeares are joyn'd.
Lady. Pray good Sir *Generous ſtay.*
I have not yet conſented; and I thinke
The Law cannot diſpenſe whilſt either live.
If you reſolve divorce, you'l only force me
To an unwilling widdow-hood; and how little
My innocence deſerves, the leaſt ſuſpect,
Though I did faigne a guilt for better ends,
Juſt heaven can witneſſe. There was no neceſſity
To tempt my woman to diſcover us.
It was my firſt command.
Sir Gen. I heare ſtrange words
Which muſt be ſcan'd and conſtrued.
Ierk. Here my ſolicites ceaſe. But I deſire
I may remaine the ſervant of your vertues,
And weare your favours livery, whoſe example
Hath won on my reſolves to reconcile
My wilder ſoule.
Lady. Whilſt you perſever in't,
I ſhall preſerve you in my pureſt thoughts;
But never to infect them.
Sir Gen. The World reputes me
A man of full diſcretion; and mine age
Is not ſo rotten yet, to be twice childe.
Hence yee vaine jealouſies, that in love diſeas'd
Are peccant humours: therefore muſt be purg'd.
Come to my boſome patterne of true goodneſſe.
Here more thoſe bug-beares to the minds bleſt quiet
Shall fright thee thence.
Lady. Then will my joyes be ſetled.
Sir Gen. Good Sir forgive
The rathneſſe of my paſſion. I'le no more

Be jealous of your visits; but desire
The love I beare your person may be usefull
To all good ends.

The fifth Scœne.

Enter Y. WORTHY, ARTLOVE, DOROTHY, *&c.*

Y. W. Nay, blush not Sister;
Though it be vertues colour. Say't agen.
Here are more witnesses.

Sir Gen. Whence growe's this exultation?

Y. W. From inward joy that she affects this gentleman,
Whose Vertues wonn
Vpon my love to be his Oratour;
And not respects infected with the mixture
Of any worse condition.

Sir Gen. Doe you love him?

Dorot. I hope to your kind judgement 'twill appeare
A vertuous truth.

Sir Gen. If he be found deserving
In the dependances on bloud and fortune
I shall consent, and then may mutuall love
Render you happy.

Artl. How am I blest that your white soule
Hath bounded it's desires within the circuit
Of my too narrow worth!

Sir Gen. Supper not ready yet! my servants are musicall; please you Gentlemen to dance a little. 'Tis a healthfull exercise; bid them prepare their instruments. Come, come, settle to it.

Spruce and Warrant, enter with Musicke.

I love to see a nimble activenesse
In noble youth; it argues active minds
In well shap't bodies, and begets a joy
Dancing within me.

Dance.

The

The ſixth Scœne.

Enter LITTLEWORD, TONGALL, DUNGWORTH, CONSTABLE, RALPH *and* DOBSON, *by the middle* Scœne.

Sir. Gen. Welcome neighbour *Tongall:* what meane theſe people?

Conſt. I have brought them, an't pleaſe your Worſhipp.

Sir Gener. Whom, and't pleaſe you, Maſter Conſtable.

Conſt. The theeves, and't pleaſe your Worſhip, that rob'd your worſhips Clerke.

Spruce. Now *Warrant.*

Warr. How! I rob'd! the Conſtable is ſurely drunke: I was not rob'd.

Conſt. How's that! did not you bring mee to the Taverne; ſhew mee the fellowes, and direct me to apprehend them? Did you not promiſe me a ſhare if they might be brought to a compoſition?

Warr. Who? I? verily I ſay I know thee not.

Conſta. How! not know the Conſtable! Come Mr. *Warrant*, let mee underſtand the myſterie without being farther abus'd. You forget the place where wee had recreation for nothing, onely promiſing the wenches favour upon occaſion: againſt whom wee afterwards inform'd to get fees.

Sir Gener. Is't noe otherwiſe? it ſhall raiſe ſome mirth.

Dobſ. Did not I tell thee *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen?

Ralph. Well, 'tis a rare thing to bee a Juſtice. Were I but ſwel'd with a little authoritie, mee thinks I could

crye, you Rogue, you Raſcall, or you Conſtable, moſt gravely.

Dobſ. And 'tis as rare a thing to bee a Conſtable; to command in the name of authority, and bee drunke at midnight, without danger of the ſtocks.

Sir Gen. I ſhall reſpect him Mris. *Tongall.* Mr. *Conſtable* I doe conceive an abuſe done to my perſon, in that you here traduce two ſtrangers, pretending appointment, when none will accuſe them; nor can I ſuddainly diſcover the errour.

Conſtable. Now by all the painted authoritie of my ſtaffe——

Sir Gen. No ſweating Conſtable; I have determin'd to conferre a power upon the accuſed, to judge both it and you; and the moſt offendors ſhall ſuffer what ſhall be due.

Conſta. Whither ſhall I fall! from my Empire of command, to obey a mock-Conſtable! The danger of example forbid it, that Clownes and fooles be not made Juſtices in earneſt.

Sir Gen. No more of this modeſtie: I'le have it ſo; and exerciſe your wit. I have knowne a Countrey fellow full of knaviſh clinches.

Dobſon. Yes Sir, 'tis ordinary in a Smith.

Ralph. Then if I fit you not for a Juſtice.

Dobſon. And I for a Conſtable. You ſhall heare my tone.

Conſt. And I for an offendor.

Ralph. Can you write and read young gentleman?

Ieffr. Like a gentleman.

Ralph. Then you ſhall be my Worſhips Clerke. And ſo I aſſume authoritie. (hem, hem)

Spruce. Now ſhall we be jeer'd out of our skins.

Warr. Set a good face on't.

Ralph. (hem, hem,) what are you ſirrah?

Dobſ.

Dobſ. I am *Dobſon*, the Conſtable and't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Conſt. Hee lies and't pleaſe your Worſhip, I am the Conſtable.

Ralph. You were the Conſtable; but your dignitie is juſtly taken from you, and confer'd upon honeſt *Iohn Dobſon*. Thou haſt beene a raskall ſirrah, a corrupt Conſtable. Thou haſt converſt with deeds of darkneſſe, hating the all light, but wenches and a lanthorne: which a married Conſtable can never want at midnight. Thou haſt watch't little and pray'd leſſe: thou ſhalt therefore faſt thy ſelfe into amendement. And ſo I commit thee with thy guard of Bill-men to the mercie of a Shrove-Tueſdayes rebellion. (hem, hem.)

Dobſon. Here's an other refendant, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Ralph. Now Sir, what are you?

Warr. A Juſtices Clerke.

Ralph. Oh, I know you ſirrah.
You write true Latine, not to be underſtood by the Worſhipfull bench.

Warr. Your Worſhip is miſinform'd. I cannot write true *Orthographie* without a Copie; and for Latine, I have leſſe then the Deane of Dunſtable. I have read *Ignoramus*: but finding hard words which were not in the Dictionary; I ſweare I underſtand it no more then *Ignoramus* himſelfe.

Ralph. Make his *Mittimus* and ſend him to ſchoole; (hem, hem,) what are you Sir?

Spruce. A Gentleman Vſher.

Ralph. You are a Malkin of mock-Gentry, made up of ſilke and vaine-glory. You begin to grow out of faſhion. I will therefore have you ſtitcht into a caſe of complements, and commended to ſome thrifty houſe-keeping Ladie in the Countrey, where you may ſave her Ladiſhip

the

the charge of a Taylour; and if you can read, ſerve for a houſe-Chaplaine in rainy weather. (hem, hem.) Bring that Countrey Gentleman before me.

Dung. You'l grow ſaucie ſirrah.

Sir Gene. Pray let's uphold the jeſt. I'le not ſpare mine owne perſon. Your ſervant's witty.

Ralph. You are a Countrey Gentleman; a Gallant out of faſhion all the yeare; but eſpecially at Seſſions, and upon high Holi-dayes, when your ſattin doublet drawes away the eyes of the ſimple, and diſtracts their devotion almoſt into Idolatry: giving it more worſhip then the Heraulds ever gave your Aunceſtors. You intend as I underſtand to come forth in a new Edition: and when the Mercers and Tailors have new printed you; and that ſome gentile wit may be read in your Character to marry a Wife in the City. You ſhall then have a paſſe ſealed upon her by a Courtier; be ſhip't at Cuckolds haven, and ſo tranſported into *Cornwall.* (Hem, hem.) Now Sir, what are you? never a wiſe word to anſwere a Juſtice?

Tong. He is my friend Sir; and if you abuſe him, you ſhall not have my daughter *Iinny.*

Ralph. There is a tempeſt in her tongue able to ſhake the foundation of the wiſeſt Juſtice-ſhip.

Dobſ. My Ladie Sir.

Ralph. Madame, I have heard complaints of your Ladiſhip, that you riſe early every morning before noone, and are readie before night, unleſſe there bee a maske at Court. You are likewiſe a great frequenter of the balls, meerely out of charitie to the poore Fidlers.

Sir Gen. He hits you home Wife.

Ieffr. And this is my Ladies Gentleuman.

Ralph. Stop your eares Gentlewomen, here's a foule buſineſſe towards. But you may tell the man, the time and place, though not the manner.

Secre.

Secre. Truely Sir, if I am with child, 'tis but with a bottle of Sack.

Ralph. Give it me; I'le keepe it. Many a Justice in the City keepes children are none of his owne. (*Drinks.*)

Ierk. A right Sack Justice.

Ralph. And now for you Gentlemen. You are of the wits that give Poets Sack and old Bevers, and vent their conceits in Tavernes for your owne.

Ieffr. Please you Sir, these Gentlemen are my friends.

Ralph. How's that! a Justice take bribes! the example is too frequent, and I will have it mended.

Sir Gen. You begin now to overdoe.

Ralph. Bribes have purchas'd more then the whole race of Aldermen since *Luds* time.

Sir Gen. You are bitter now: 'tis time to resigne.

Ralph. 'Tis time indeed, when I will not take bribes to be a Justice *Quondam.*

Sir Gen. When Wit makes not abuse it's exercise,
The users of it then are truely wise:
But 'tis a foolish Vanitie, not Wit,
When Conscience bounds are broke to practise it.

The EPILOGVE.

Y'Ave ſeene a Play, *wherein was no* diſguiſe;
No Wedding; *no improbable* deviſe:
But all an eaſie matter, *and contein'd*
Within the time of action. *'Tis arraign'd*;
And doubtfull ſtands before your judgements barre,
Expecting what your ſeverall cenſures *are.*
Some that pretend commiſſion *to the* Stage,
As th'only Cato's *of this* Critick Age;
Condemning all not done by imitation,
Becauſe this new Play *hath a* new foundation
Wee feare will cry it *downe: our hope is then*
That your faire hands *will raiſe* it *up agen.*

FINIS.

3 A 4

THE SPRINGS GLORIE.

VINDICATING LOVE by temperance against the tenent,

Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.

Moralized in a Maske.

With other Poems, Epigrams, Elegies, and Epithalamiums of the Authors

THOMAS NABBES.



LONDON,
Printed by *I. D.* for *Charles Greene*, and are to be sold by *Nicolas Fussell* at the signe of the white Lyon in *Pauls* Church-yard.
1638.

To his intimate and learned friend Maſter THOMAS NABBES on his enſuing Poems.

LEt thoſe who to the world oft publiſh forth
Their owne deſerts, in prayſing others worth,
Throng for a roome; and pride themſelves to be
Ranck'd in the front of thy learn'd poeſie.
It ſhall ſuffice mee (who have never yet
Studied to humour others, nor have ſweat
Like ſome, two houres in plodding jeſts, which may
At the firſt ſight their authour's wits betray)
To have a meaner roome: for I nor come
To begge the reader mittigate thy doome;
Nor with intent to praiſe thy worke or thee:
For that would ſeeme a plaine Tautologie.
Thoſe, whoſe diviner ſoules *Phœbean* flame
Hath throughly kindled, ſuch as have a name
I'the liſt of *Phœbus* darlings, will admire
The eager flames of thy poetique fire.
None will diſlike ought here, but ſuch dull things
Whoſe ſoules are out of tune; When *Phœbus* ſings
Some bayards will be bold to judge his ſtraine
Harſh and unpleaſing; yet applaud the vaine—
—Confuſed ſound of ſome hoarſe pipers voyce,
And ſay 'tis rare, and makes an excellent noyſe.
If that it chance ſome fancy not thy ſtraine
Th'are dull and ignorant; the wiſer traine
Will praiſe thee for't, and utter ſtill with fame
The often mention of thy honour d name.
Let critiques cenſure, and theſe lines condemne,
Secur d by thine owne bayes, their rage contemne.

C. G. Oxon.

To his honoured friend Maſter THOMAS NABBES.

HAd I the maſſie wealth of Cheops, *then*
I'de raiſe a Piramid unto thy pen
That ſhould for State put downe the empty fame,
Of Mauſoleus *tombe, blot out the name*
The Sunnes Coloſſus *had in that ſame day*
When it beſtrid the ſpatious Rhodian bay.
Let Momus *prate; thou art above him farre:*
The curre that barkes at, cannot hurt the ſtarre.
But why ſhould I preſume? for mee to praiſe
Thy winged raptures, rhapſodies and layes.
Were with darke Lanterne up and downe to runne,
And ſhew th'admiring world the glittring Sunne.

Robert Chamberlaine.

THE SPRINGS GLORY;

Within an Arch of agreeable workmanſhip, a Scæne of Winter preſents it ſelfe, the Trees and Earth covered with Snow, and in the middle thereof a proſpect of a faire houſe as the Manſion of Chriſtmaſſe.

Venus and *Cupid* deſcend.

Venus.

Without good meat and drinke muſt *Venus* freeze?
Muſt I derive my flames and my deſire
From *Ceres* and from *Bacchus*? ſhall the fire
That burnes in hearts, and payes me ſolemne rites
Kindle from fulneſſe and gorg'd appetites?
It ſhall not Sonne. Learne of thy Sea-borne mother
Never to borrow power from any other.
The vertue that's your owne, who dares to claime?
Are not both Gods and men by thy ſure ayme,
When at their boſomes thou direct'ſt a Dart,
Wounded with paſſion paſt the cure of art?

Did not the god of Medicine himſelfe want;
(When he was ſtruck by thee) a ſoveraigne plant
To heale his hurt? nor did it rancor by
Abundance of choyce cates and luxurie?
'Twas meerely thy effect. Why then ſhould we
To *Ceres* or to *Bacchus* deity
Aſſigne our rights?

Cupid.

In part we muſt; for they
Are aiders in our worke, and therefore may
Share in the attributes of power. If wine
Did not the ſpirits and the bloud refine,
Making them warme and active, I ſhould throw
My ſhafts at rocks of ice, and from my Bow
The winged arrows of deſire would flie
With empty and ſucceſleſſe battery.
If *Ceres* bounties flow'd not, where ſhould I
Find any flame to light my torches by?
Fulneſſe and eaſe aſſiſt me more then all
The helpes I have beſides.

Venus.

And therefore ſhall
They be preferr'd? Thou art a fooliſh boy.
Their baſe effects are luſt; they love to joy
In what is ſenſuall onely. Our pure heate
Borrowes no activeneſſe from drinke or meate:
It moves more in the ſoule. God *Bacchus* ſhall
Have his due attributes, and *Ceres* call
The plough, crookt ſickle, flayle and many more
Her owne admir'd inventions, and the ſtore
Shee gathers for mens uſe. But ſhould the mind
Make theſe her only objects, what a blind

And dangerous iſſue of effects would grow
From ſuch a ſeed! high ſpirits ſtrive to know
More then a common eye ſees, and aſpire
Still upwards like the Piramide of fire,
When earth tends to its centre. We muſt move
More then the ſenſe; elſe 'tis not perfect love.

To them Ceres *and* Bacchus.

Here's *Ceres* and *Lyæus*.

Ceres.

Wee are told
By *Maia's* ſonne that you intend to ſcould
With me and *Bacchus*.

Venus.

I have cauſe to chide.
You'ld rob me of my titles, and beſide
Make it a gluttons tenent, there can be
No love without you.

Ceres.

And your Deity
Hath ſummond us for this: 'tis very good.
I muſt confeſſe you made your father wood
To raviſh faire *Europa*. Having ſeene
Traynes of Arcadian Virgins on the greene
Tread their chaſte meaſures, or with nimble pace
Through the *Parthenian* groves, and thickets chace
A well-breath'd Stagge, one of them ſtraight-wayes muſt
Be tempted to her ruine by his luſt:
And this employment *Venus* ſtill is thine.

Venus.

Ceres is madd ſtill for her *Proſerpine*:
Whoſe rape hath made her queene of the Abyſſe.
Who to be ſo rewarded would not kiſſe
The blacke lips of hells king? and to his bed
Bring the ſhort pleaſures of a Maydenhead?
Repine not at it then.

Ceres.

I muſt whilſt day
Hath any light, or heavens bright eye a ray.
It was your ſonnes greateſt to boaſt of; he
That ſuffers not th'infernals to goe free
Of his diſeaſes.

Bacchus.

Rather *Ceres* mine:
For if the God had never taſted wine,
Not all the heate of his infernall fire
Could e're have thaw'd him into one deſire;
Or kindled the leaſt flame in his cold breſt
Without my vertue.

Venus.

'Tis an idle jeſt.
Doth *Bacchus* thinke he can with heate of wine
Light the bright flame of love, that is divine,
And burnes not from ſuch cauſes, but takes fire
From th'elementall part of pure deſire
Unmixt with groſſneſſe? Thy effects are foule;
And motions of the ſenſe, not of the ſoule.
Subſcribe then to our power; my ſonne and I
Muſt have the attributes.

Ceres

Ceres.

Let him lay by
His quiver rather. *Ceres* meanes to be
The Queene of Love, and *Bacchus* deity
Include all that is *Cupids*.

Venus.

First I'le leave
To be immortall, and my ſelfe bereave
Of all that I can claime above the skye,
Or under heavens archt roofe, if deſtiny
May give it confirmation. Take a Dart
And aym it at her proud imperious heart
To ſhew in thy revenge what thou canſt doe.

Cupid.

I muſt not Mother. Wee'le referre it to
Another tryall, and if *Bacchus* can
Confirme what he ſo faucily began
To argue, by example, wee'le deny
Nothing that's due unto his deity.

Bacchus.

Content.

To them Chriſtmaſſe *and* Shrovetide *Enter.*

Chriſtmas *is perſonated by an old reverend Gentleman in a furr'd gowne and cappe, &c. And* Shrovetide *by a fat Cooke with a frying-pan, &c.*

And ſee occaſion hath comply'd
Even with our wiſh. It cannot be deny'd
But theſe ſhare both our bounties, have free uſe
Of all our gifts: and if you'le not refuſe
A tryall from them——

Venus.

Venus.

Let them ſpeake, whil'ſt we
To their diſpoſe referre the victory.

Shrovetide.

I ſay *Chriſtmas* you are paſt date, you are out of the Almanack. Reſigne, reſigne. Let the Oven give place to the Frying-pan, and Minc't-pies yeild ſuperiority to pancakes and Fritters.

Chriſtmas.

Reſigne to thee! I that am the King of good cheere and feaſting, though I come but once a yeare to raigne over bak't, boyled, roaſt, and plum-porridge, will have being in deſpight of thy lard-ſhip. Thou art but my fagge-end, and I muſt ſtill be before thee.

Shrovetide.

But thou wilt never be before-hand. Thou art a prodigall *Chriſtmas*; and *Shrovetide* hath ſeene thee many times in the Poultry.

Chriſtmas.

Doſt ſcorne my liberality, thou raſty bacon, tallow-faced ſcullion? Though thou be as fat as a Flemming, I'le have *Lent* choke thee with a red-herring.

Shrovetide.

I'le arme my ſelfe for that. In three dayes I can victuall my garriſon for ſeven weekes: and it ſhall goe hard but I will domineere in *Lent* deſpite of the thin-chapt ſurgeon that makes men skillitons.

Chriſtmas.

Chriſtmas.

As how?

Shrovetide.

At any Noblemans houſe, I can licke my fingers in a privy kitchin. Though I bee out of commons in the hall, there's fleſh to be had ſometimes in a chamber beſides a Landreſſe. The very three-penny ordinary will keepe me in an upper gallery, and I can be inviſible even in the pye-houſe. Should all faile, the wenches I got with child ſhall long, and have the Phiſitians ticket.

Chriſtmas.

Thou get children!

Shrovetide.

Yes more then *Chriſtmas*, and better too: for thine are all unthrifts, whores, or murderers. Thy ſonne *In and in*, undid many a Citizen. Thou haſt a Daughter called my *Ladyes hole*, a filthy black ſlut ſhee is; and *Put* is common in every Bawdy houſe. 'Tis thought *Noddy* was none of thine owne getting, but an Aldermans, that in exchange cuckolded thee, when thou waſt a Courtier. Thou haſt one ſonne bred up in the Country called *Chriſtmas gambolls*, that doth nothing but breake mens necks; and many more that would undoe the Common-wealth, were it not for the Groome porter.

Chriſtmas.

Do'ſt ſee theſe ſirrah?

Shrovetide.

Shrovetide.

Ceres and *Bacchus*: I am their worſhipper. Were Stewes tolerated, and *Venus* the Grand Bawd of them, without good meate and drinke, your young Factors would never be able to breake their Maſters or Miſtreſſes, nor your ſhee-ſilke-worme in Cheape care a button for her foreman.

Ceres.

Venus being overcome, I hope will yeeld,
Now ſhee is vanquiſht in the open field,
And her weake forces ſcatter'd: nor can they
Gather new head to make a ſecond fray.

To them Lent *enters.*

Hee is figur'd in a leane Man, his habit like trouſes, and what other anticke devices may be thought proper.

Venus.

Yes: with this champion; and his freſh ſupply
I'le wage new warre, and call backe victory.

Shrovetide.

This leane thin-gut ſtarveling, begot by a Spaniard, and nurſt at the lower end of Friday-ſtreet.

Lent.

Why thou *Hellno* of hennes and bakon, thou larderhouſe of collops and egges; thou that makeſt the kitchin proclaime

its

its employment through the neighbourhood, with the ſent of thy Lard and crumpets, what canſt thou boaſt of?

Chriſtmas.

Children, children, thou parcht ſtarveling: thou canſt get nothing but Anatomies.

Lent.

Children! I get more (I maintaine not their lawfulneſſe) then *Chriſtmas* and *Shrovetide*. Oh the vertue of Oyſters, Lobſters, Sturgeon, Anchoves, & Caveary. Why thou grout-headed bladder, puft with the windineſſe of pared apples coffered in batter: for every Brawne or hogge, either *Chriſtmas* or thy ſelfe have demoliſht; I have a thouſand Herrings, deſpight of the Dutchmens waſtfull theft, let them rob the foure Seas never ſo often. Beſides, I couple more then the Parſon of *Pancrace*: I meane City woodcocks, with Suburb-wagtailes.

Chriſtmas.

Thou couple!

Lent.

Who more? Is not S. *Valentines* day mine? are not Codds mine, thou codds-head, and Maides mine? put them together thou wilt find they are things —

Shrovetide.

Thou art a thing of emptineſſe, and *Lent* was ever a Iack by converſion.

Lent.

Such a lack as can come aloft, and doe *Venus* more credit then thy fulneſſe. Doe not I ſhare of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and *Gemini*; the Innes I lye at in my progreſſe. Yet no cuckold can deny but *Aries* and *Taurus* ſhould follow *Gemini*. And it follows, or ſhould, that I having two fathers my ſelfe, ſhould get moſt children.

Chriſtmas.

Who were thy fathers prethee?

Lent.

Devotion and *Pollicy*; and I have begotten *Hipocriſie* on a holy ſiſter, that deſpight of all Informers would have fleſh, her belly full. Let *Chriſtmas* and *Shrovetide* eate and drinke; I'le be for *Venus*, though I feed upon nothing but herring-cobbs.

Venus.

Who's now the conquerour? Will *Ceres* now
Subſcribe unto my power? and *Bacchus* bow
To *Cupids* awefull ſtrength?

Ceres.

Not till it is
Confirm'd by better evidence then his.

Lent.

Then mine! Obſerve.

Here

The Springs glory.

Here the Scæne ſuddenly changeth into a Proſpect, with trees budded, the earth ſomewhat greene, and at one ſide an old Barne, out of which iſſues a company of beggars, with a Bag-pipe.

See you theſe good fellowes, that preferre the warme Sunne, before the ſcrapps which niggardly *Chriſtmas* and *Shrovetide* feaſt them with; and would get a better race under a hedge to people *New England*, then the Seperatiſts that poſſeſſe it. Whilſt they entertaine yee, Ile ſummon the *Spring*, and ſhe ſhall moderate.

The Beggars dance. *Exeunt.*

After the dance, is heard the chirping of birds; and whilſt the following Song is ſinging, the Scæne againe changeth into a pleaſant Arbour, in which the Spring in a greene robe wrought over with flowers preſents her ſelfe.

The Song.

See, ſee a Metamorphoſis,
The late gray field now verdant is.
The Sun with warme beames glads the earth,
And to the ſpringing flowers
He gives a new and lively birth
By th'ayde of gentle ſhowres.
The Lambes no longer bleate for cold,
Nor cry for ſuccour from the old:
But friske and play with confidence
Like Emblemes of true innocence.

Chorus.

The cheerefull birds their voyces ſtraine.
The Cuckow's hoarſe for want of raine.

The Springs glory.

The Nightingale doth ſweetly ſing,
To welcome in the joyfull Spring.

Spring.

Thus breake my gloryes forth that late lay hid
Within the icye earth, and were forbid
By Winters nipping cold to ſhow their heads
Above the ſnowy covering of their beds.
The winds not rugged now, but calme and fayre,
Sweepe flowry Gardens, and perfume the ayre.
The woods ſhrill Choriſters (whoſe frozen throtes
Late wanted motion,) now have found their notes;
Strayning their little organes to ſound high,
And teach men art from Natures harmony.
Come you to welcome me?

Ceres.

Yes lovely Maid;
And to have judgement from you, who moſt aide
In Loves great worke.

Spring.

Is there a ſtrife betweene
The goddeſſe of deſire, and plenties Queene?
Will they ſubſcribe, Ile moderate.

All.

Content.

Spring.

Firſt heare my reaſons; then my ſentence: bent
'Gainſt neithers honours, for I muſt comply
With both as vertues. *Venus* Deity

Is powerfull over all; and *Ceres* gives
Each that hath being that by which he lives.
Yet many times exceſſe perverts the end
Of pure intentions; and extreames extend
Their powers to undoe thoſe acts are free
In their owne natures from impuritie.
Love ought to be Platonick, and Divine;
Such as is onely kindled, and doth ſhine
With beames, that may all darke effects controule
In the refin'd parts of the glorious ſoule.
Men doe abuſe your gifts, when they delight
Onely to pleaſe their ſenſuall appetite,
And heat the bloud from fulneſſe; whence there growes
No perfect love, but ſuch as onely knowes
The courſeſt difference, and therefore muſt
Preſume to owne no other name but luſt.
In me let Temperance teach you to apply
Things to their beſt ends; and to rectifie
All motions that intend effects, beſide
What may runne cleere and currant with the tide
Of pureſt love: in which let all your jarres
Be reconcil'd, and finiſh your ſterne warres.

All.

Thus we embrace in peace.

Spring.

And I the *Spring*
Will lead a moderate meaſure. Chirpers ſing
Your choyſeſt ayres; and as our eares they greet,
Vnto the Muſicke we'le apply our feet.

The Spring *leades them a meaſure; after which they retire backe to the Scene.*

Epilogue.

That of all the ſeaſons am the leaſt,
Though firſt in time, and uſher in the reſt,
Impart my pleaſures freely, but deſire
You'le not abuſe them with exceſſe. My quire
Shall ſing as every faire one doth become
A chaſte Bride, her *Epithalamium*,
Though they are ſhort be pleas'd with theſe, to you
I yearely will returne and bring you new.

The Spring being received into the Scene it cloſeth.

The end.

An Encomium on the leaden Steeple at Worceſter, repayred after a long time of neglect in the yeare 1628. by the then Deane, who is now the right Reverend, and right Honourable the Lord Biſhop of London, *and Lord high Treaſurer of* England.

IF e're the *Theſpian* Maidens did inſpire
A breath of raptures warm'd with ſacred fire,
Let them aſſiſt. And you whoſe ſongs have rays'd
Their fames above their ruines, and ſo prays'd
Th' Ægyptian *Pyramis*; The Delian Fane;
Th' Epheſian Temple holy to *Diane*;
With *Romes* waſt wonder; *Mauſoleus* ſhrine;
The Sunnes *Coloſſus*; thus to make them ſhine
In their dead aſhes, may your *Genij*
Paſſe all by tranſmigration into me.
But chiefly thou bleſt * Saint, now made divine,
Crown'd with rewards of glory, ſweetly ſhine
On theſe ſubmiſſive vowes. Let me invite
Thy holy freeneſſe to accept the mite
Of his devotion, who doth onely ſhow
His will to pay what thouſands abler owe.
And thou rare fabrick, who doſt comprehend
Proportions beauty in a perfect end
Of all her elements, which formed ſtand
On thy *octædra* baſe, let no black hand
Blot out thy name; for thou deſerv'ſt the skill
Of all that ever climb'd the Muſes hill.
Since thy *Hyena's* ſtrength for many an age
Hath conquer'd ſtormes, and the impetuous rage

* The Founder canoniſed for his ſanctity.

Or

Of burning ayre, whilſt others fatall ends
Have taught prevention to their widow'd friends,
I'le ſing thy fame; and tell the * Northerne ſpye
That would have rais'd himſelfe by beggery
From thy lamented duſt: that tooke ſuch cares
How into rounds he might convert thy ſquares,
Tranſgreſſing thus a Geometrick rule,
He prov'd himſelfe a true proportion'd fule.
When from thy altitude I doe ſurvey
The diſtant riſings of th'unequall way
That leads beyond perceptions watry eye;
Th'exalted mountaines joyning to the skie:
The confluence of ſo many various beames
Doe drowne my ſeeing organes with their ſtreames,
And ſtupifie the ſenſe. Sometimes againe
I view the ſubject regions; when my braine
With a *vertigo* labours; and doth runne
Beyond all comprehenſion, 'till the Sunne
Seemes to decline, and with his golden chin
To kiſſe thy bowle, and fixe himſelfe therein.
When freed from this confuſion I deſcend
To contemplate thy wonders, every end
Gives new beginning to a ſecond birth
Of artfull prodigies to fright the earth:
And make thy forme ſeeme a demonſtrative
Of thoſe *Platonick* worlds in number five;
Containing angles infinite in ſhew
As thoſe ſmall puncts, from whoſe concretion grow
What elſe may be divided. Let ſuch dreames
(Rays'd from opinions fancie) be the theames
Of their fanatick founders; whilſt to thee
I attribute no immortality,
As part of what muſt periſh: ſuch a trick
Would make me ſeeme a wilfull heretick
'Gainſt Natures doctrine, and debaſe thy glory
By falſe alluſions. Rather ſhall thy ſtory

* One that begged the Steeple, to have ſold the timber and lead; which was oppoſed by the Citizens.

Be drawne from what thou art: a perfect frame
To figure out the greatneſſe of his name,
That did at thy erection juſtifie
By miracles his bleſſed * ſanctitie.
A pile exalted ſtands thy bulke within,
(Which doth uphold thy ſuperficiall skin)
Of conſecrated Oakes: Olympian *Ioue*
Had none ſo faire in's *Dodonean* grove.
In theſe each regularitie doth deſigne
By a tranſverſe, or a perpending line
Some principle of Art; which ſhewes the eye
Of underſtanding what's Geometrie.
As thou doſt climbe thy forme contracts each ſide
Into a point, which makes a Pyramide:
And then a Globe corrects thy high aſcent
From joyning with the firie element,
Fearing your correſpondence. There doth ſit
The watchfull Cock (of care an Embleme fit)
To guard thee from ſurprizals, and to ſhow
From what bad coaſt the envious windes doe blow:
Who with their batteries have aſſayl'd thee long;
And would enforce thy chaſtitie (though ſtrong)
To a baſe proſtitution; and unite
Thee with thy * ſiſter ſteeple by their might
In fatall ruines. But thy conqueſts prove
Time hath beene kinder: and (for age may love
Faire beauties, raiſing heates from cold deſires)
He meanes to claſpe thee in his lateſt fires.
Thy * ponderous outſide now weighes downe my skill,
Though it ſuſteine it ſelfe. Some learned will
Diſpos'd it ſo for feare the weight might crack
The earths ſtrong axletree, or ſinewed back.
So had our glory with the reſt beene loſt;
And all in new confuſion had beene toſt:
Unleſſe thy beauty once againe might move,
A reconcilement by the power of Love

* At the b
ding there
workman f
ling from
loſt lay for
dead: Wh
the Founde
paſſing by
vived and
made whol
by praying
ver him. R
corded in t
window of
the Cloiſte

* A ſteeple
joyning to
upon which
ſeem'd to be
falling.

* The out-
ſide being
all lead.

That he might thee enjoy. But why in vaine
Doe I dilate what's greater then the straine
Of my weake powers; since what I so desire
To comprehend I onely can admire.
Yet I will be thy champion to defend
Thy fame against opposers, and contend
With * those that Satyre thee; that vainly spend
Their froth collections for the hated end
Of scorne and laughter, and neglect to pay
Their talents lent them by the King of day.
And though * some lately strove to rust thee more
Then times continuance ever did before.
Vertue hath sent good spirits from her clime
Who will preserve thee to the length of time:
Repayre thy breaches, and adorne thy brow;
And make thee shine againe to us below.
And for these vowes which I have payd thy worth,
Oh might I begge, that when my soule goes forth
Of this foule earth, to climbe above thy head,
And that the rest be reckoned with the dead,
Thou wouldst preserve my dust within thy wombe:
So should poore *Irus* have a *Celsus* tombe.

* Some that crie base lies upon it.

* The repaying thereof neglected, till the Deanes comming thither.

Vpon

Upon the loſing of his way in a Forreſt parting from his company to goe home, towards the evening.

YOu that have ever wander'd in the darke,
And thinking to hit home, ſtill miſt the marke,
Liſten, whilſt to the world I doe relate
A ſad diſaſter, which the will of Fate
Diſpos'd me to through error. Gently blew
The murmuring winds, and where th'earths ſweetneſſe grew
It ſcatter'd choyce perfumes: which did invite
To ſatisfie our ſenſes appetite
My ſelfe and others. Th'inſtrument of heate
Cloth'd in his glory, from his azure ſeate
Directed cheerefull beames. So forth we went
To ſuck the purer ayre, and Southward bent
Our wanton courſe: when ſpungie clowds began
(As if the Sunne had ſqueez'd them) to drop raine.
This made us to retire: by which we ſee
All things are ſubject to incertaintie.
The golden treſſed ruler of the day
Had now for his bright beames made open way.
Our number then increaſt, and ſo together
We journied with delight; but knew not whether.
A houſe at length did entertaine us, where
We dranke no *Engliſh* Ale, nor *German* Beere,
Nor *Welch* Metheglin; having ſtay'd a while
A * pleaſant *juyce* was brought, made us beguile
Time with more words then matter. Weary now
And ſurfeited with pleaſures, haſt did blow
The ſayles of my deſires, nor would I ſtay
For any guide to teach me loſe my way.

* Perry.

Th'in-

Th'inflating liquor having made me blind,
I that came in before went out behind.
Here Error firſt began the Tragick jeſt:
I tooke the North for South, the Eaſt for Weſt.
Darkneſſe increaſt, and night the ayde to harmes
Hugg'd the worlds fabrick in her Ebon armes.
When (oh the fate of darkneſſe) 'cauſe 'twas night;
Or miſled by that Error, or ſome ſprite;
Or the conceited miſchiefe which men call
The king of *Fairies* Poaſt; or whether all
Had met in counſaile to contrive my harme;
Or witcht to't by ſome other envious charme;
I miſt the path, ſtraying through unknowne places;
And alwayes backwards went with forward paces.
Oh thou that art my lifes commanding light
Th'aſcendent in my birth, was it thy might
And powerfull influence did direct my will
To be the better meanes of a worſe ill?
And * *Hermes* thou whoſe underſtanding eye
Sees all the ſecrets of Phyloſophie;
Thou cunning Moule that knowſt to worke thy way
Through thickeſt myſteries to the cleereſt day
Of radiant knowledge, was not this dayes fate
Writ in thy booke of Moones predeſtinate
For griefe and danger? Yes, thou knew'it 'twas writ;
And by prevention couldſt have hindred it.
But 'twas my error onely: had ſhe ſhone
I ſhould have read it plainly in the Moone:
For ſuch thy powerfull art is, it can bind
The ſtarres in characters to ſpeake thy mind.
Now being thus from loving friends divided
Into a deſart Forreſt was I guided,
Where horrour did preſent a thouſand feares,
But none of meeting Lyons, Wolves, or Beares.
Yet there were divers beaſts; and never a one
But I would have beene glad to feed upon.

* An Aſtrologer in the company that maintained a *Curcius inanitus* to bee affected by the beames of the Moone, and many other ridiculous things.

Yet

Yet my ſharpe hunger I was forc't to brooke:
Unleſſe the divell there was ne're a cooke.
And here ſome thoughts of him made me ſuppoſe
That every tree I ſaw had cloven toes.
And when I ſpy'd the glimpſes of a hill,
I durſt have ſworne that walkt, and I ſtood ſtill.
A *Salamander* I did oft expect;
A *Pigmie* or a *Sylvan* to direct
My knowledge to ſome treaſure: but my mind
Was vainly bent on what I ne're could find.
My friends that now had miſt me, ſcatterdly
Were gone abroad with lights to ſearch for me.
But all in vaine: their ſhowtes I did miſtake
For Owles; and thought each light a flaming Drake.
So that by ſhunning of their guidance thus
I prov'd my ſelfe the *ignis fatuus*.
Meeting a ragged colt, I fear'd the elfe;
And then I thought 'twas time to bleſſe my ſelfe.
But every thing I met with ranne away
As if I were a greater ſprite then they.
Arm'd with a mighty ſtaffe, but patience none,
In ſilent language I began to moane
My ſad miſhap; which could not anſwer'd be
By any there, but with like ſilencie.
But ow at length it wonne my cruell fate
To be a little more compaſſionate.
Hearing a dogge barke I lift up mine eye
When through the foggy ayre I could deſcrye
A ragged chimney, and a roofe that had
Two truſſe of ſtraw upon't: this made me glad.
He that this weather-beaten Manſion own'd
Being newly gone to bed, ſweet ſlumbers crown'd
His labour with ſound reſt: the fire was then
Newly put out; for had it burning beene,
Mixt with the noyſe of hammers, who can tell
But that I might have taken it for hell.

* A Smiths houſe.

Onely the doores were faſt, and *Hilax* voyce
Was a ſhrill treble, not a helliſh noyſe
Like *Cerberus*. By this arriv'd, I heard
The people ſnorting: Then I greatly fear'd
A ſharpe repulſe. But uſing gentle words,
With, Friend I am a ſervant of my Lords,
I enter'd, where the reſt of night I neſted,
And m'almoſt tired ſpirits warmly reſted.
And after *Chanticleere* had ſummond day
I payd ſome thankes, and homewards hit my way.
And ſure 'twas left behind; elſe in this fit
'Twas ten to one but I had loſt my wit.

Vpon excellent ſtrong Beere which he dranke at the Towne of Wich *in* Worceſter *ſhire where Salt is made.*

THou ever youthfull god of wine,
Whoſe burniſht cheekes with rubies ſhine;
And browes with ivye chaplets crown'd,
Wee dare thee here to pledge a round.
Thy wanton grapes we doe deteſt:
Here's richer juyce from barly preſt.
Let not the *Muſes* vainly tell
What vertue's in the horſe-hoofe well,
That ſcarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But with meere inſpiration feeds:
Oh let them come and taſt this Beere,
And water hence-forth they'le forſweare.
If that the *Paracelſian* crew
The vertues of this liquor knew,
Their endleſſe toyles they would give o're,
And never uſe extractions more.
'Tis Medicine; meate for young and old;
Elixir; bloud of tortur'd gold.
It is ſublim'd; it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified; precipitate:
It is *Androgena Sols* wife;
It is the *Mercury* of life.
It is the quinteſcence of Malt;
And they that drinke it want no Salt,
It heales; it hurts; it cures; it kills:
Mens heads with proclamations fils.
It makes ſome dumbe, and others ſpeake;
Strong veſſels hold, and crack't ones leake.
It makes ſome rich, and others poore.
It makes, and yet marres many a ſcore:

On

On a black ſpeck in forme of a ſtarre under a faire Ladies eye.

WHat prodigie is this to fright
The well-pleas'd ſenſe from its delight?
To ſee a Starre whoſe light is turn'd
Into ſad black, as if it mourn'd:
When plac'd in ſuch a heaven, where
Nothing but gladneſſe can appeare.
'Tis *Merope*, who yet doth hide
Her glory being ſtellified.
And bluſhing at her mortall choyce
When all her ſiſters doe rejoyce
By Gods embrac't, hath left the skie
To ſteale more luſtre from this eye.
But comming neere that globe of light,
By chance the lids cloſe in the ſight,
And ſo prevent the theft, whereby
Shee is ecclipſt eternally.
Nor will ſhee evermore in heaven
Be ſeene to make the number ſeven.
Onely if this fayre one were
But fixt a conſtellation there
Whence ſhee deſcended, 'twere a grace
To be a darke ſtarre on that face
Above the other fixe we ſee
Shine on the Monſters crooked knee.

An Elegie on the death of the hopefull Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS, *aged* 11.

Sonne to the Worſhipfull NICHOLAS ROBERTS *Eſquire.*

WHat ſubject hath Death brought for my ſad Muſe
To practiſe art, and ſorrow on? to uſe
(Her lightſome layes, & ſpritefull ayres lay'd by)
Some mixture of Cromatick harmonie:
'Tis a ſad ſubject, and requires each tone
And cadence to be finiſht in a groane.
Words ſuch as we from griefe can onely heare,
Straying the heart-ſtrings that reſtraine them there.
'Tis a ſad ſubject now, that living might
Have beene an equall object of delight
With any one that fancy could deviſe
To pleaſe the inward, or the outward eyes.
A youth in whoſe ſweet face each grace did dwell,
As if there were their *Acidalian* well:
And that they left *Boetias* cooling ſtreames
To warme their naked beauties in his beames.
A youth whoſe colours, ſymetrie and eye
Made up a forme to paint a *Cupid* by.
Yet (gainſt the tenent) Natures livelier part
Should ſtill excell the workmanſhip of art.
A youth whoſe fayre and glorious mind became
The Manſion of all vertues that have name.
And by his inclination did expreſſe
More age in's youth, then manyes age poſſeſſe.
But now Deaths aſhye hand hath chang'd the hew
Of thoſe bright cheekes where Roſes lately grew:

And triumphs o're his earth, that yet will be
In ſpight of Fate more conquerour then he.
Come *Libitina* then; deck thy ſad browes
With wreathes of funerall Yough, and Cypreſſe boughes.
Command thy flaming altars to be dreſt
With ſpice ſtolne from a dying *Phenix* neſt.
Let every teare that falls upon his urne
Into a Pearle (and that moſt orient) turne,
'Till they have rais'd a pile, whoſe coſtly frame
May make forgotten *Manſoleums* name.
But why ſhould empty wiſhes thus be ſpent?
His corpes enough enrich his monument.
And the long ſacred clay is hallowed more
By holding of his reliques, then before.
You then whom nature, or reſpects doe tye
T'expreſſe affection by the outward eye
Weepe not for's loſſe ſo much, ſince it hath given
A ſhrine more to the earth, a Saint to heaven.

An Epigramme on an old unhandſome, yet luſtfull woman; Who was diſcovered to weare drawers of black taffata.

THe divel's in't: did ever Witch
In mourning cloth her wrinckled breech?
Vnleſſe the *Incubus* were dead
That had her wither'd maydenhead?
Why that part veil'd? the face left free,
That hath no leſſe deformitie?
A pox on both, the reaſon's ſmelt:
Shee'd have one ſeene, the other felt.
That neither ſenſe into miſlike might grow,
Though ſhe be light, ſhe keepes all darke below.

On a faire Lady, whom a meane Gentleman hearing her ſing, and play, fell in love with.

I'M ſure in heaven. No mortall eare
Did ever ſuch ſweet Muſicke heare.
A voyce as if each raviſhing note
Were reliſht from an Angels throte.
Apply'd to cordes are ſtrooke ſo cleere,
As if each finger mov'd a ſpheare.
So full expreſſing every part,
That concord need no other art.
Beſides, my inſtruments of ſight
Are dazzell'd with a glorious light.
The Sun's but ſhaddow to her eye;
And day more darke then midnights skye.
Yet midſt this heaven there is a hell:
The ſpice ſhe breathes I may not ſmell.
Nor dare to quench my longing ſipp
One drop of Nectar from her lipp.
Nor touch her hand; much leſſe what's hidden,
And by a ſtricter law forbidden.
But might I purge my earth to move
In her high orbe ſo farre above
My pitch of flight; or but aſpire
To rarifie it with her fire,
I'de in a perfect heaven be
In ſpight of my mortalitie.

An

An Epithalamium on the hopefull happy Mariage of Maſter BVRLACYE, *and Miſtris* ALICE BANKES *married in December.* 1637.

VP grey-ey'd morning, combe thy golden hayre,
And with thy bluſhes ſtaine the freckled ayre.
Rouſe the forgetfull Sunne from *Thetis* bed,
And bid him ſhake the treſſes on his head;
That flames of light may uſher in his way,
And give beginning to a glorious day.
Vpon the God of Unions altars ſee
What piles are kindled of rich ſpicery.
As when the *Phenix* in her pregnant death
Expires her ſoule with her *Panchaian* breath:
Me thinkes th'art lazie *Phebus*. If thou pleaſe
To dwell ſo long with our *Antipodes*,
Remaine there ſtill: thy radiance wee'le ſupply
With brighter beames ſhot from the Brides faire eye:
That ſhall create a day where thy light failes
In darkeſt bottomes of *Cimmerian* vales:
And through all ſeaſons their effects diſpence
Above the power of thy weake influence.
December ſhall tranſlate himſelfe to *May*,
And with the Summers ſweetes checker her away.
And tis his hope her laſting courſe will bring
A change in time for him to lead the Spring.
The Northerne ayre that mov'd with waving ice
Melted, as if 'twould quench the ſacrifice,
And clowd the dayes pompe. But from thoſe cold ſhowres
Shall grow new iſſues of moſt fragrant flowres,
Warm'd into life, and taking perfect birth
Where her ſoft ſteps doe fructifie the earth.

As ſhe doth paſſe the birds ſhall ſtreine their throtes,
And beate the ayre with artificiall notes,
Forgetting wildneſſe. Yea, ſad *Philomel*
Shall ceaſe the ſtory of her fate to tell,
And tune delightfull ayres, ſuch as are ſong
To Victorie by a triumphing throng.
Now Sir to meet your joyes, your ſelfe addreſſe,
Cloth'd in the glory of a happineſſe,
Which beauty, chaſtitie, and conſtant love
Make abſolute, and is confirm'd above.
Take to your ſoft embraces a pure frame
Where all the vertues dwell that have a name.
When every ſenſe is fill'd, in them you'le find
Endleſſe delights to feaſt th'immortall mind.
Being poſſeſt of all that chaſt deſire
Can warme your active ſoules to with his fire,
Enjoy them without change: to ſuch as you
The repetition will preſent them new.
Whilſt all mens zealous wiſhes are to ſee
Thoſe pleaſures bleſt in a poſteritie.

On a Miſtreſſe of whoſe affection hee was doubtfull.

What though with figures I ſhould raiſe
Above all height my Miſtreſſe praiſe:
Calling her cheeke a bluſhing roſe,
The faireſt Iune did e're diſcloſe.
Her forehead Lillies, and her eyes
The luminaries of the skies.
That on her lippes *Ambroſia* growes,
And from her kiſſes *Nectar* flowes:
Too great hyperboles, unleſſe
Shee loves me, ſhee is none of theſe.
But if her heart, and her deſires
Doe anſwer mine with equall fires,
Theſe attributes are then too poore,
Shee is all theſe, and ſomething more.

An Elegie on a lovely young child drown'd at London *Bridge, in the yeare* 1335.

WHere's funerall Goddesse? why doth she delay
The solemne rites belong to this sad day?
Slights she so small a Herse? will she denie
The dues belong to every memorie?
Come and attend them, whence thou shalt derive
A glory great as Fate did ever give
Thy last respected Deity: shalt have
As much true honour by his little grave,
As if it were some great *Colossus* tombe
Swelling a Mountaine from the earths streight wombe;
And thou unruly streame that didst deprive
His parents of their chiefest joy alive,
What sinne of his made thee the instrument
And meanes, of such a seeming punishment?
His innocence ne're tempted heaven; his face
Might move some wanton God to an embrace.
Which makes me thinke thy amorous *Genens* might
Attempt him from us for his Catamite.
If so, you were good waters, and doe winne
Eternall songs for hindring such a sinne.
But this sufficeth not. Eyes flow amaine,
As if they meant to drowne him once againe.
Or fearing you asham'd of what y'have done
Should into *Neptunes* boundlesse bosome runne,
To hide your selves leaving the channell dry,
Their floud of teares should that defect supply.
Or else congeal'd to Pearles, a shrine should be
To keepe his ashes, and his memory.

A PRESENTATION
Intended for the Prince his Highneſſe
on his Birth-day the 29 of May, 1638. annually celebrated.

A Curtaine being drawne, an Ale-houſe is diſcovered, out of which Time *drives certaine ignorant, and yet Great undertaking Almanack-makers.*

Time.

AND muſt I ſtill be vext! ſhall my gray age
Be play'd upon, as if I were a Page
To your fond Art, not Nature: did not live
But by the ſtipend which you yearely give.
Your owne's but fourty ſhillings, and that price
Bindes you to order me by ſage advice
With *Ticho Brach*, and *Ptolomy*, ſo farre
You dare out-doe a learn'd *Albumazar*.
And with Predictions cheat the faith of men,
That make your bookes their gods; and from your raigne
Or drought foretold inhaunce the price of graine,
This is the end of your high practiſe.

I. *Alm.*

Wee
Doe all by juſt rules of Aſtrologie.

Time.

Starre-gazing idiots, you Aſtrologers!
That underſtand not what the name inferres.
You have not enough Grammar to conceive
The words true Etymon; and therefore leave
Your vaine replies, leſt I apply them to
Another uſe.

2. Alm.

What would *Time* have us doe?

Time.

Not fright credulitie with this yeares wonders;
Eclipſes; tempeſts; froſts; ſnowes; ſtormes and thunders.
And you that ſad fates ſadly doe report
In borrowed Latine from the Innes a court;
Let not great Princes; Stateſmen, and whole Nations
Suffer this yeare by your Prognoſtications:
As if you could the fates of all men teach,
When your conjecture hath obtain'd the reach
Of probabilitie: for which your eares
May ſtand in time as fixt ſtarres on the ſpheares
Of ſome round pillory. 'Twill teach you how
'Tis judgement to be ſilent, though you know.

3. Alm.

Why *Aſtra regunt homines.*

Time.

'Tis true:
Starres governe men; but *Time* ſhall governe you;
And regulate your ſtudies: or he'le be
No longer ruler o're his *Pentarchie.*
You ſhall not ſtuffe your annuall bookes with rimes
Bought of the Ballad-mongers of the times;

In which (and that ſhewes little Poeſie)
He muſt enveigh 'gainſt wine and venerie.
Preſcribe the fitteſt time for cutting cornes;
And when the Pigges ſhould feare the gelders hornes.
Theſe are your labours; and by ſuch as theſe
Each of you ſhewes himſelfe *Philomates*,
You likewiſe thinke 'tis grace your yeares workes are
Fixt on the backſide of ſome chalkie barre,
Where's your owne ſcore, perhaps for Ale or Beere
You will not pay 'till the *Platonick* yeare.

Alm.

Time Satyres me.

Time.

Indeed *Time* cannot lye:
You know his Motto καιρος, ὁ χρονος.
'Tis well that you can make the country Squire
For two pence yearely a Chronologer.
Tell him how long 'tis ſince the world began;
And ſince the Conqueſt every Monarches raigne.
Then with this ſtore enabled hee's complete;
Can welcome friends with talke as well as meate,
Before poore tenants have their rent to pay
The Landlord's skilfull in the quarter day:
Knowes every Termes returnes, and when he's ti'de
By a *Subpœna* on his mare to ride
To *London*; where he onely learnes to boaſt
How much his journey, and his law-ſutes coſt.

2. *Alm.*

Time knowes that we are ſchollers.

Time.

So you are;
And learn'd ones too: whoſe ſpeculations dare

Reach at ſublime things, when you cannot ſpye
What ſnakes of folly at your owne feet lye.

3. *Alm.*

What would *Time* have us then?

Time.

I'de have you be
Not vaine proſcribers of mens deſtinie;
But Regiſters of actions, ſuch as may
Challenge deſerv'dly a peculiar day
To every owner. You me thinkes ſhould ſhow
The executions done by th'Engliſh bow,
When black Prince *Edward* bravely did advance
His Enſignes through the very heart of *France*.
I will have all the world obſerve this day,
So glorious by the birth of him, that may
Fill volumes with his acts, and challenge more
Then all the great *Heroes* went before.

4. *Alm.*

Such things as thoſe Hiſtorians ought to day.

Time.

Be nothing, or be you Hiſtorians too.
Practiſe a reformation, or (fond Elves)
Chang'd into Satyres you ſhall laſh your ſelves. *Exit.*

1. *Alm.*

Is the gray dotard gone?
Wee are then alone:
Good fellowes every one.
Let's call my hoſteſſe *Joane*.

2. *Alm.*

2. *Alm.*

Well said rithmer; thy halting verses will hardly support the fat cripple any longer that begs with them. Would wee had some Ale.

3. *Alm.*

Hang this *Time* that would alter our profession, which is of equall antiquitie with him. Suppose wee have abilities; must we use them as he please? No: let us inspire our selves with Ale, and compile an everlasting *Ephimerides*.

1. *Alm.*

Where's the stock boy?
Doe not mock boy:
Lest I knock boy
Your learn'd block boy.

3. *Alm.*

Hast thou none left of thy sixe yeares before hand? If the Stationers refuse to trust, our bookes shall never more credit the Company with rubricks in the title.

2. *Alm.*

Wee'le try all the houses in the Zodiac; and if they will not trust, wee'le pull downe the signes.

3. *Alm.*

Here is the signe of the Moone, the *rendevous* of our fraternitie. If the worst comes to the worst, wee'le pawne *Time* for the reckoning.

4. Alm.

By your favour we may more eaſily ſpend him.

Hoſteſſe enters.

3. Alm.

Here comes ſhee will fill us the comfortable liquor.

2. Alm.

By the dozen?

3. Alm.

By the ſcore boy. Wilt not Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt.

No indeed ſir. I'le hazard no more upon your next yeares *Almanack*. You ſay there's a man in the Moone drinkes Claret; keepe him company. The woman at the Moone will keepe her Ale for better cuſtomers.

3. Alm.

Shall wee have no Ale then?

Hoſteſſe.

Not a cockle-ſhell full without money before-hand.

3. Alm.

Here's two groats; fetch every man his pot, and before we drinke a health wee'le curſe thee.

Hoſt.

The Foxe will fare the better. *Exit.*

3. Alm.

3. *Alm.*

Maiſt thou have alwayes pennileſſe gueſts like us, 'till thou pawne thy petticoate to pay the Brewer, and thy glorious ſhelves ſhine not ſo much as with an earthen platter. Inſtead of Shoelane hangings may the walls of thy houſe be painted with chalke; and the figures of no more valew then cyphars. Mayſt thou weekly be ſubject to informers, and thy forfeited licence be put to the laſt uſe of waſt paper.

Hoſt. *Hoſt. enters with drinke, and exit preſently.*

Stop your mouth ſir.

3. *Alm.*

Haſt thou brought Ale? cry thee mercy. Here's a health to the Prince, whoſe Birth-day *Time* would have ſhould be the whole ſubject of an Almanack.

4. *Alm.*

Let him give the conceipt to a Poet; it may be worth a day to him.

They drinke, and are transformed into Satyres, hornes growing out of their heads.

3. *Alm.* *Time enters.*

Ha! hath *Circes* given us an inchanted cup; or are our wives turn'd City Witches? Theſe are fine jeſtes.

Time.

'Tis your owne idle humour makes you beaſts.

2. *Alm.*

2. *Alm.*

Forgive us *Time.*

Time.

Nay dance a Horne-pipe now.
That done perhaps I'le crop your well-growne brow.

They dance: at the end whereof their hornes fall away.

3. *Alm.*

Ha! wee arē men againe.

Time.

Hence: ſince you ſleight all counſaile that is mine,
I'le employ others in my great deſigne.

Time *drives them forth.*

A Symphonie of Muſicke with chirping of Birds, ſinging of Nightingales and Cuckoes. The Scene changing into a pleaſant Garden, Time *brings in* May, *attended by* Flora *and* Vertumnus, *who ſing the following Song.*

The Song.

On, gently on; the skye is faire:
Arabian winds perfume the ayre,
As they the Eaſterne gardens ſweepe,
Or Amber floating on the deepe.
Such ſweets doe here the ſenſe bewitch.
The Phenix *pile is not ſo rich.*

Chorus.

Chorus.

Here is a presense, from whose eyes
An influence awes all destinies.
A Sunne that can with one bright ray
Make where it shines eternall May.

Sing, sweetly sing. The chirping birds
Have got new notes, and better words.
What Nature wants Art doth supply,
And makes it perfect harmony.
Such sounds doe here enrich the eares,
Above the Musick of the Spheares.

Chorus.

Here are presented to the tast
Ripe fruits and early, that will last.
For such we banish Nectar hence,
Here's perfect May *in every sence.*

Time.

Welcome to *Time* thou comfort of the earth,
That with thy warme dewe giv'st a lively birth
To all her glories, which cold winter late
Wrapt in his clowdes of ice: she desolate
Vngarnisht then, wore nothing on her head
But snow and barrennesse, nor was her bed
Cover'd with greene: then heavens crystall eye
Seldome peepe out of his bright canopie.
But now thou hast unto the infant Spring
Given perfection; and thy blessings bring
The Summers hopes on. Thou *Times* Queene shalt be
Whilst *Flora* and *Vertumnus* waite on thee.

Thou own'ſt a glory yet tranſcends the beſt
Of theſe, as day light doth the time of reſt.
This day, that makes *Time* young, in hope to ſee
A thouſand revolutions e're he be
Diſſolv'd, to gaze on Trophies ſhall adorne
The Princes life, and acts was this day borne.
Goe my delight, exhauſt the treaſurie
Of all thy pleaſures; to his gracious eye
Preſent the choyceſt.

May.

I have none that are
Worthy his high acceptance: they are farre
Inferiour to the things that ſhould ſet forth
The fulneſſe of his glory and his worth.
The paſtimes which belong to me are rude,
Fitter for courſe ones, and the multitude.
Yet (ſo the error may be pardon'd) they
Shall enter to delight him as they may.

A Morisk Dance.

Time.

Hee's pleas'd with this. Greatneſſe and goodneſſe ayme
At ſuch proportion in his Princely frame,
That every part of his, his heart, his eye,
Expreſſe them in a due equallitye.
I have another to preſent him, then.
Wee'le yeeld to change.

May.

I'le never change whilſt men
Keepe regiſters of *Time*. And though it be
Cuſtome,

Cuſtome, that they doe chiefly welcome me
At my firſt entrance, this ſhall be my day
As th'onely one that crownes the pride of *May*.
I'le weare no other flowres upon my head
But the Deluce; with Roſes, white and red;
And the ſtout Thiſtle: each of which implies
An Embleme full of ſacred Myſteries.
The Lillie and the Roſe are beauties flowres:
They deck; the Thiſtle ſhall defend his bowers.
The white and red Roſe thorneleſſe, ſignifie
A gentle rule: The Lillie, ſoveraigntie.
The Thiſtle ſtrength and power to quell his foes
That rudely dare attempt to gather thoſe.
Beſides, theſe ſeverall flowers doe appertaine
To Nations ſubject to his future raigne.
And this is all poore *May* can ſtraine her powers
To doe; to make her Garland of his flowers.
And cauſe men yearely on this day to ſee
His name preſerv'd unto poſteritie.
Time hath ſome rich thing to preſent.

Time.

I have
(As *Time* is powerful) ſummond from the grave
Eight Princes all of *Wales*, whoſe hiſtories
Shall be inſtruction, and their memories
Preſent Heroick actions ſo t'his mind,
That though their fortunes were not alwayes kind,
Their vertues he ſhall ſtrictly imitate,
And make thoſe vertues awfull over Fate.
Vertumnus you, and *Flora* you be gone.
And if their ayrie formes are quite put on
Let them appeare; whilſt lovely *May* and I
Liſten to th'Birds and Natures harmonie.

Another Symphonie with like chirping, whilſt the Scene is varied into a glorious expreſſion of Elizium: *in which appeare the eight Maskers, repreſenting eight Princes of* Wales, *diſtinguiſht by the ſeverall impreſſes, and inſcriptions on their Shields. Who whilſt the following ſong is ſinging, approach the Preſence, ſalute the Prince, then place themſelves in a figure for the Dance.*

The Song.

From th' Earth where honour long hath ſlept,
And nobleſt duſt (as treaſure kept)
By hallowing clay hath made it ſhine
More glorious then an Indian mine,
Theſe brave Heroick ſhadowes come.
To ſport in this Elizium.

Chorus.

For theirs and this doe both agree
In all but the Eternitie.

From th' ayre, or from the Spheares above
As they in perfect concord move.
Let Muſick ſound, and ſuch as may.
Equall his harpe that rules the day.
Thus doe we welcome you to night
Vnto our Manſion of delight.

Chorus.

For yours and this doe both agree
In all but the Eternitie.

The Dance ended they retire, whilſt Time *ſpeakes the Epilogue.*

Time.

OLd *Time* leaves all his bleſſings that he may
Here with this preſence; and will every day
Confirme poſſeſſion. Sadly ſets the Sunne
After his dayes courſe cheerefully was runne.
The Moone lookes pale; the Tapers dimnly burne:
The feare of your departure makes them mourne.
Sweet reſt attend ye all: Good night 'tis late,
Many birth-dayes may you thus celebrate.

Time *being received into the Scæne it cloſeth.*

The End.

Totenham-Court,

A

PLEASANT COMEDY.

Acted at the private houſe in *Salisbury-Court.*

By THOMAS NABBS.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Oulton*, And are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *White-Lyon* and *Ball* in Saint PAULS Churchyard. 1639.



TO
THE WORSHIPFVLL
WILLIAM MILLS,
Eſquire.

SIR,

THough I know your affection to things of this kind is not ſuch, that you covet mens notice of it, I am bold to prefixe your Name to this, as a publike declarationof the gratitude I owe you. If you vouchſafe the reading of it, youwill find (after the light title) a light ſubiect, more gravely dreſt then the vulgar perhaps expected: who pleaſe their ſenſes oftner with ſhowes, then their intel-

lects with the true morall end of Playes, instruction. That you ſhould authorize it after the Stages *tryall was not my intention (for you are none of thoſe that glory to be thought judicious this way, your ſtudies and imployments being more high and ſerious) but that in your acceptance of it, you would ſhew your ſelfe pleaſed with ſuch acknowledgements as can bee rendered by*

Your ever-thankfull ſervant,

THOMAS NABBES.

The

The PROLOGVE.

Y'*Are welcome* Gentlemen *to* Tot'nam-Court,
Where You *(perhaps) expect ſome* luſty ſport;
Such as rude Cuſtome *doth beget in* MAY,
When ſtraggling Numbers *court that* joviall day
With early Riot. *No ſuch thing muſt be*
The Subject *of our eaſie* COMEDIE.
What then! a humorous, fiery, red-fac'd Hoſt,
That will diſcourſe his Gueſt *into more coſt*
Then's Cheere *is worth: and lyes with ſo much credit,*
As if 'twere Truths Authoritie, He *ſe'd it.*
Nor this! The AVTHOR *ſurely then intends*
Some Gowne-man *of the* Towne, *that dayly ſpends*
A thrifty Penny, *to preſerve his* Lungs,
For a full Voyce *'midſt the contentious* throngs.
But heere is no ſuch Satyre: *nor is't fit*
Abuſe *ſhould bee the exerciſe of* Wit.
To feaſt your ſenſe *and* minds *for* Cakes *and* Ale,
New, and not ſtal'd with handling, heere's a Tale
Dreſt up of a faire Milke-maid; *whoſe chaſt Theame*
Shall cloſe your ſtomacks *up in ſtead of* Creame.
Cook'ry *and* Wit *are like: the ſelfe ſame Meat*
Delights one's *taſt*, another *cannot eat.*
So 'tis in Fancie's *Worke:* this *loves a* jeſt;
That Language; Matter *pleaſeth* t'other beſt.
Our PLAY's *not larded with great ſtore of* theſe:
And how the reliſh *of their* ſalt *will pleaſe*
'Tis doubtfull. Yet We *are the leſſe affraid;*
Becauſe Your Reck'ning *is before-hand paid.*

The

The Persons.

WORTHGOOD. *A deserving Gentleman.*
BELLAMIE. *His Mistresse.*
Her Vncle. *An angry countrey gentleman.*
CICELEY. *Sister to* Worth-good, *but unknowne.*
KEEPER *of* Marrowbone-Parke.
SLIP. *His Man.*
FRANKE. } *Two Courtiers.*
GEORGE. }
CHANGELOVE. *A phantastick Gallant.*
STITCHWELL. *A Taylor of the Strand.*
His WIFE.
IAMES. *A wild young gentleman of the Innes of Court.*
SAM. *A fine Gentleman of the Innes of Court, and Brother to* BELLAMIE.
HOSTESSE.
TAPSTER.
SERVANT.
Two Countrey-men.
WENCH.
A PORTER.

THE SCOENE,
TOTENHAM-COVRT, *and the fields about it.*

TOTEN-



Act. I. *Scæn.* I.

Enter WORTHGOOD *and* BELLAMIE, *as travailing together before day.*

WORTHGOOD.

COme, my *Delight*; let not ſuch painted griefes
Preſſe downe thy ſoule: the darkneſſe but preſents
Shadowes of feare, which ſhould ſecure us beſt From danger of purſuit.

Bella. Would it were day:
My apprehenſion is ſo full of horrour,
I thinke each ſound the ayre's light motion
Makes in theſe thickets, is my Vncles voyce,
Threatning our ruines.

Worth. Let his rage perſiſt
To enterpriſe a vengeance; wee'l prevent it.
Wrap't in the armes of night (that favours Lovers)
We hitherto have ſcap'd his eager ſearch,
And are arriv'd neere *London*. Sure I heare
The Bridges *Catarracts*, and ſuch like murmures
As night and ſleepe yeeld from a populous number.

Bella. But when will it be day? the light hath comfort:
Our first of usefull senses being lost,
The rest are lesse delighted.
Worth. Th' early Cocke
Hath sung his summons to the dayes approach:
'Twill instantly appeare. Why, startled *Bellamie!*
Bella. Did no amazing sounds arrive your eare?
Pray listen.
Worth. Come, come; 'Tis thy *feare* su gest's
Illusive *fancies:* under *Loves* protection
We may presume of safetie.
Within. Follow, follow, follow. *She startles from him.*
Bel. Ay me, 'tis sure mine *Vncle.* Deare Love. *Worthgood.*
Wor. Astonishment hath seiz'd my faculties.
My Love, my *Bellamie.* Ha!
Bella. Dost thou forsake me *Worthgood?*
Exit, as loosing him.
Worth. Where's my Love?
Dart from thy silver *Crescent* one faire *beame*
Through this black ayre thou *Governesse* of *night,*
To shew me whither she is led by feare.
Thou envious darknesse to assist us hither,
And now prove fatall.
Within. Follow, follow, follow.
Worth. Silence your noyse, ye clamorous ministers
Of this injustice. *Bellamie* is lost;
Shee's lost to me. Nor her fierce *Vncles* rage
Who whets your eagre aptnes to pursue me
With threats or promises; nor his painted terrors
Of lawes severity, could ever worke
Vpon the temper of my resolute soule,
To soften't into feare, till she was lost: *Hollow within.*
Not all th'illusive horrors which the night
Presents unto th'imagination
T'affright a guilty conscience, could possesse me;
Whilst I possest my *Love:* the dismall shrieks

Of

Of fatall Owles, and groanes of dying Mandrakes,
Whilſt her ſoft palme warm'd mine, were muſicke to me.
And were this hand but once more claſp't in hers,
This ſhould reſiſt th'aſſault, inſpir'd by love
With more then humane vigour.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Worth. Their light appeare's. No ſafety doth conſiſt
In paſſion or complaints. *Night*, let thine armes
Againe receive me; and if no kinde miniſter
Of better fate guide me to *Bellamie*;
Be thou eternall.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Scœne. 2.

Enter Vncle, ſervants and tenants with lights, as purſuing them.

Vnc. Come, wing your haſts: I'le ſweeten all your labours
With large rewards: doe but recover them,
I'le eaſe your rents; exact no coſtly cuſtomes;
Quarrell no more about your commons title.
Good neighbours forward: *London's* not farre off.

1 *Ten.* 'Tis ſo farre off, that I cannot ſee it.

Vncle. The day will ſoone diſcover it.

2 *Ten.* That day is ſure a notable informer; yet I believe
He ſpyes more bad then he mends.

Vncle. Come, follow me this way.

Exit with his ſervants.

1 *Ten.* Yes, we will follow; but at ſome wiſer diſtance: Stay neighbour let him goe. Shall wee rob our carcaſſes of ſleepe all night, that have beene ſufficiently tyr'd with the dayes toyles, for his reward? what will that be thinke you? a *Chriſtmas* dinner; with a Chine of his great *Oxe* that dy'd at watering of the blayne.

2 *Ten.* You ſay well neighbour:

And a ſtale hare with a great pudding in her belly.

1 *Ten.* And the diſcourſe of his Worſhips hunting her: how many doubles ſhee made, and mock't his Worſhips hope of a better dinner ſo long, till hee thought in his conſcience ſhe was a *Lancaſhire* Witch.

2 *Ten* Yes neighbour, and a choller of Brawne that was fatten'd with ſtale porredge.

1 *Ten.* And a gooſe that broke her necke, creeping through the hedge into the Parſons ſtubble.

2 *Ten.* No neighbour, let the young couple goe, and much joy go with them. Let us take up our reſts in this thicket, or the next houſe; for I am as ſleepy as if I had eaten a Puppie.

1 *Ten.* How, eat a Puppie!

2 *Ten.* Yes, a Puppie; I heard our Landlords Carter ſpeake it laſt *Whitſontide* in a Play.

1 *Ten.* And I am as drouſie as a Conſtable at midnight.

2 *Ten.* Why then reſolv'd: 'twill be day preſently: let's put out the candle, and go to bed, and farewel Landlord. *Exeunt.*

The third Scæne.

Enter BELLAMIE.

Bella. The day begins to breake; and trembling light
As if affrighted with this nights diſaſter,
Steales through the fartheſt ayre, and by degrees
Salutes my weary longings. Yet 'tis welcome,
Though it betray me to the worſt of fate
Love and *deſire* e're ſuffer'd. Oh my *Worthgood*,
Thy preſence would have check't theſe paſſions;
And ſhot delight through all the miſts of ſadneſſe,
To guide my feare ſafe through the paths of danger:
But thou art loſt, and all my joyes are fled
Not to returne without thee.

Singing within a farre off.

Bella.

Bella. New feares assault me. 'Tis a womans voyce.
She sings; and in her musicks cheerefulnesse
Seemes to expresse the freedome of a heart
Not chain'd to any passions. Be propitious
Thou regent o're my fate, and guide her hither
Vnto my comfort.

The SONG *within.*

What a dainty life the milke-maid leads?
when over the flowry meades
She dabbles in the dewe,
And sings to her Cowe;
And feeles not the paine
Of love or disdaine.
She sleepes in the night, though she toyles in the day;
And merrily passeth her time away.

Bella. What a bleſt ſtate is this? the minds content
Sweeten's all ſufferings of th'afflicted ſenſe.
Thoſe that are bred in labour thinke it ſport
Aboue the ſoft delights which wanton appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees; though equall nature
Made all alike. Oh, might I change my miſery
For ſuch a ſhape of quiet.

The fourth Scœne.

To her CICELEY, *as going to milking.*

She comes this way.
Ile venture to accoſt her.

Cice. Ha! what ſilken butterfly's yonder! Shee looks not like one that had kept her ſelfe warme all night at the Brick-kils: yet ſilke petticoates many times are glad with worſe lodging.

Bella. Good morrow maid.

Cice. Should I ſalute you ſo, 'twould bring my wit in queſtion. Pray you what are you?

Bella. A diſtreſt maid.

Cice. A maid at your years, and ſo neere London; where the ſale of one at 15. is as rare as a light wenches converſion. Never an early walking gallant to take you up this morning! The Parke here hath fine conveniences: or *Totenham Court* cloſe by: 'Tis ſuſpected that fine Citie Ladies give away fine things to Court Lords for a Countrey Banquet there.

Bella. I cannot conſtrue it; my innocence makes underſtanding uſeleſſe. Good mayd, wife or widdow (for ſure you are a woman) doe a courteous office to your ſexe in me, and guide me to *London.*

Cice. It ſeems your are a kinde Countrey Gentlewoman, that have beſtow'd your Maidenhead on your Fathers ſervingman, and are come up to have a Cittizen ſoder your broken ware. The pollicie is growne ſtale: 'twould hardly take ever ſince the Ballad curſt the Carrier that brought her to towne.

Bella. Y'are a bad woman ſure: and from th'abundance of your owne foule ils ſuſpect all others.

Cice. The toy is angry, it would faine counterfeit ſomething: perhaps to inſinuate her ſelfe, and make me her agent. But you are deceiv'd my pretty morſell of wantonneſſe; my ſelfe and my Milke-paile are both honeſt: I have no diſguis'd tone of Come, or threepenny thrip to cloake a procureſſe. I am not the Blades intelligence whether *Franke* or *Moll* remove their lodgings to ſcape the Conſtables ſearch and Bridewell. I will to my Cowes, and leave you to the fate of the morning: deſpaire not of a cuſtomer; but be ſure I catch you not napping; for if I doe, I have leſſe mercy then Prentices at *Shrovetide.* I hate hedge-coupling worſe then faſting at *Chriſtmas*, or a Puritans long Grace over ſhort Commons.

Bella. If you are good, pray ſtay and comfort me.

The

The ſenſe of my diſtreſſe ſtops farther ſpeech.

Cice. Why let but an honeſt Iury (which is a kind of wonder in *Middleſex*) finde you not guilty of any thing that may make compaſſion deafe——alas, ſhe ſownes; poore gentlewoman, bee comforted. Should ſhee miſcarry, I were in danger, having no witneſſe to purge the ſuſpition of being her murdereſſe.

Bella. Worthgood farewell.

Cice. Ha! what ſaid ſhe? *Worthgood?* I have heard my Father often ſpeake that name, and ſigh after it. Alas, ſhe is dead; her breath ſcarce moves.

The fifth Scœne.

To them Keeper and Slip.

Oh Father, you are come in time to ſee me undone: I met this Gentlewoman as I was going to milking, and ſhee is fallen dead. I ſhall be queſtioned.

Keep. Why what is ſhe?

Cice. Nay that's as hard to tell, as the ſucceſſe of my danger. She nam'd one *Worthgood.*

Keep. That word ſtrike's deepe amazement. Is ſhee quite dead!

Cice. Dead as a herring Sir.

Slip. And are not you in a pickle *Cicely?* She is not dead Sir; ſhe breathes.

Keep. She may be recover'd. Pull her by the noſe.

Slip. Pull it off: no matter for ſpoyling her face if ſhee be dead.

Keep. Wring her by the little finger.

Slip. Her little finger is ring'd; and I will wring it from her.

Cice. No robbing the dead *Slip.*

Slip. Why ſhould the dead partake of living ceremonies?

Keep. Caſt water on her face.

Slip.

Slip. Blow winde in her face. Can water make one alive that's dead? unleſſe it be hot water.

Keep. Her ſpirits are return'd; give her more ayre.

Slip. A womans ſpirits? they are divelliſh ſure: I had beſt conjure them backe againe.

Bella. Where am I! what a pleaſant viſion
Pleas'd my dead ſlumbers, and preſented joyes.
As I with paſſion through th'eternall ſhades
Towards *Eliſium*, one of fates Miniſters
Told me I ſhould returne; and this ſame day
Enjoy my *Worthgood*.

Keep. What's he ſhould own that name! I wonder and doubt
Have rais'd a warre within me, Looke up miſtris:
You ſhall not want what comfort we can give you.

Bella. Defend me gentle powers: yet yee ſhall never
O'retake my heart: thats ſtill with *Worthgood*.

Keep. For ſome bleſt Oracle to unfold the meaning
Of this ſo oft repeated name.

Bella. Ere you returne me to my angry Vncle,
My ſoule ſhall flie and meet with his embraces.

Keep. What meane you gentlewoman?

Bella. You are murderers
Of that content in me goodneſſe would cheriſh.
You ſerve the purpoſes of a paſſionate man
For baſe reward; and that ſhall render you
Baſe to opinion.

Slip. Pray ſir, let mee conjure downe this Divell in her tongue; 'twill raiſe tempeſts elſe. Murderers, and baſe! Pray Gentlewoman, to whom ſpeake you all this?

Bella. To you, the injurers of my true love
And *Worthgoods*.

Keep. Miſtris, we know you not; and all your words
Appeare diſtraction: Nor can they ſatisfie
Our yet amazement.

Bella. If you are not ſuch
As my too fearefull apprehenſion thought you,

Pray

Pray, what are ye?

Keep. Such as doe compassionate
Your feeling sorrowes, and would comfort you.

Bella. You'l then performe an act of piety
Worthy record. Since my distresse hath made me
The object of your pitty; pray conduct me
To some neere house, for I am wondrous faint.

Keep. Goe home with her daughter; use your best care in administring to her: we know not what fate depends upon it. When I have walkt the round I'le returne. *Exeunt.*

Slip. But pray *Ciceley*, withall, neglect not my breakfast. Rising early and walking gets us good stomacks: yet I could be content to fast with such lac'd mutton and a good cullice more then halfe a morning.

Keep. What passions fight within me, that beget
Severall constructions of this accident?
But what my hope interprets cannot be.
How apt is misery to dreame that blessings
Are all immediate, and no underworkings
Of meanes and counsell! I'le not flatter it;
(Tis but th'effect of passion) but returne
To my delight of labour. Saw you the heard
Last night sirrah?

Slip. Yes, sir.

Keep. And how fed they?

Slip. With their mouthes.

Keep. You'l not leave your sawcie wit, untill it be beaten out of you.

Slip. Twould be but sawcily done of it to leave me so: but if it wil not keepe me from beating, I'le keepe it no longer; but be mannerly. The deare fed well sir, onely a mischance. Some Cuckolds curre (for I saw him run towards London) had pull'd downe two or three young deare.

Keep. And what did you with them?

Slip. I sent a Fawne to a wanting poet, a friend of mine; who I presume will make profitable use of it. Dresse it in

some lamentable *Epitaph* and dedicate to his mingle: whose compassion & bounty must redeeme his lavender'd plush, and commend him againe to converse with sacke and good company.

Keep. You have finely gleam'd from that Pott.

Slip. Something to make people laugh at me.

Keep. What did you with the rest?

Slip. A longing Lady in the strand had a *pricket*. Then I sent a *soare* to Barber-Surgeons Hall. A little *soare* makes them a great feast.

Keep. Well sirrah, round you the south side oth' Parke; and meet me at the great Oake. I'le this way.

The sixth Scæne.

To them WORTHGOOD *very pensive.*

Slip. Pray stay sir, who comes yonder?

Keep. Hee seemes a discontented Gentleman. Some dueller perhaps.

Slip. Some hot spur'd Gallant, that got a drunken feaver last night, and must bleed this morning.

Keep. Perhaps to revenge an affront done his Mistris.

Slip. His common Mistris you meane sir.

Keep. It needs no adjective, the sense is common enough.

Slip. So is the creature; a Cart take them. They have infected more honest Alehouses with bad names, then Cakes and Creame will ever restore againe. A wench is growne a necessary appendix to two pots at *Totenham Court*.

Keep. To your walke sirrah. I'le observe him.

Slip. And I'le home to observe how I can sleepe after early rising. If my master should catch me napping, 'tis but dreaming a lie to excuse it. I'le perswade him 'tis as true Prophecie as *Bookers* Almanacke. *Exit.*

Worth. After so many longings to salute
The welcome light, it hath betray'd my sense

To

To worse affliction, then if sights privation
Had made it useless; since it wants the object
Can both delight and feed it, Back blushing morne
To thy *Mygdonian* bed; there shake the dew
From thy wet locks; and teach thy guilty shame
To dye that red in an eternall black,
Vnlesse it bring more comfort.
Keep. Discontent
Rides on his forehead; and doth seeme to trample
Vpon his soules dejection. Would I knew him.
Good morrow Sir.
Worth. Ha! tis a faire salute.
I doe returne your wish.
Keep. Sir, you must pardon me
If I seeme curious in some few demands.
My office and this place are priviledge
For more then questions. Pray Sir what are you?
Worth. This sure is *Marrowbone-Parke*, and he the Keeper.
A Gentleman that comes not to offend you.
I spoyle no game: you see I am unfurnish'd
Of instruments for such a wanton mischiefe.
Keep. But Sir, without a better satisfaction
I must suspect you still. Mere recreation
To walke for health seldome invites young Gallants
To leave their beds so early. I must have more.
Worth. Must sawcie groome! can any patience
Conster it manners? Your rude compulsion shall not
Enforce me to expresse so weake a spirit,
Whilst I have hands, and this.
Keep. At that guard Sir?
Then this must countercheck it. Either tell me
Your name condition, and your businesse here;
By my just anger for this foule provoking
I shall not spare you else.
Worth. How happie now
Might this occasion make me were she lost

Beyond that hope which whiſpers her yet ſafety!
I muſt preſerve my ſelfe. Yet if thou triumph'ſt
In my ſubmiſſion, 'cauſe I had rather loſe
A little outward credit to prevent
Worſe miſchiefe, know I can deviſe revenge,
Shall be a faire example, ſuch diſſetence
From the pretence of any borrowed power
To overdoe it's duty. My name's *Worthgood*.

Keep. Enough; that word hath power to check the force
Of any paſſion, though the hotteſt rage
Enflam'd it to be active.

Worth. Heer's a change.
Why ſure my name's a ſpell. How it hath calm'd
The tempeſt of his fury!

Keep. What black ſtarre
Was found th'aſcendant in my crooked birth;
That all my lifes ſad accidents ſhould be
Such pregnant ills begetting one another!
One ſuddaine raſhneſſe in a moment might
Perhaps have ruin'd him my dutie honours:
Making this hand a mover to his death,
Whoſe life I ought to cherish.

Worth. What would'ſt elſe?

Keep. Nothing but pardon Sir; or if you pleaſe
Th'occaſion brought you hither. Loſt you no company?

Worth. It cannot ſure be feare that makes me jealous.
I dare the worſt of fate. Be he an actor
In my purſute, I'le venture all at once.
I have loſt a Gentlewoman, and doubt her ſafety:
If any chance hath guided you to find her,
Doe not delay my ſatisfaction.

Keep. I joy that chance made me the inſtrument
Of ſuch a good. Pleaſe you to follow me.
I'le guid you to this penſive one, that grieves
More your fear'd loſſe then her owne miſery.
She nam'd you oft; when (by her fit tranſported)

Reco-

Recovering from a ſowne, ſhe thought her ſelfe
Surpriz'd by ſome that meant her injurie.
Worth. Shall I give faith? my reſolution's mad;
Yet it ſhall trye th'event. Deſpaire may bring
A good ſucceſſe to an indifferent thing. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. *Scœn.* 1.

Enter FRANKE *and* GEORGE, *as walking to* TOTENHAM-COVRT.

George.

FIe *Franke*; there's ſuch a diſproportion,
'Twill nere be brought to an equalitie.
Fr. Why *George*, doſt think th'exterior goods of fortune,
Or titular greatneſſe that derives it ſelfe
From larger ſprings, and flow's to ſwell the blood
With attributes of gentle, or of noble
Can make the difference ſuch, that the free ſoule
Muſt have the limits of her large deſires
Preſcrib'd by them? Nature's impartiall:
And in her worke of man preſer's not names
Of auncеſtors. She ſometimes formes a piece
For admiration from the baſeſt earth
That holds a ſoule: and to a Beggars iſſue
Gives thoſe perfections make a beauty up;
When purer molds poliſh'd and g'oſs'd with titles,
Honours and wealth, beſtow upon their bloods
Deform'd impreſſions; objects onely fit
For ſport or pitty.
Geo. Yet never can the mixture
Of gold with clay make any tranſformation
Of that baſe matter into purer metall.

Fran. The *Chymistry* of Love can surely doe it.
Wedlocke conferres all honour that's a husbands
Vpon his wife.
Geor. And therefore you will marry
A milke wench; one that's drudge unto necessitie.
'Twould be a credit to that long continuance
Of noble matches which your auncestors
Have link'd to the chaine of their owne bloods,
To make the *series* of their Families
Spread in so many glorious divisions.
Come, let my counsell guide these passive fires
To flame aright, and send their *Pyramids*
More upwards. Let the grosser stuffe that feeds them,
By an inversion, choake them. From advice
Men must choose wives, not passion.
Fran. She is faire:
Upon her person all the graces waite,
And dance in rings about her. Her bright eye
Is Loves chiefe mansion where he keepes his Court.
Envy not faire ones, if my fancie doth
Give all your dues to her, save onely those
Which your defects supply from wanton art.
Her white and red she borrow's not from any
Cosmetique drugs; nor puzzles the invention
Of learn'd practitioners for oyle of *Talve*
To blanch an *Ethiops* skin. Lillies and Roses
Are figures fitting common beauties: hers
Wants a comparison but its proper selfe.
Geo. You swell her praise too high; so meane a subject
fits not these raptures.
Fran. Shee's a subject, *George*,
For larger volumes then invention
Yet ever fill'd with flattering hyperboles.
The very thought of her hath strain'd my heart-strings
Vp to a pitch of joy; whose musicke makes
My spleene dance lusty measures.

Geor

Geo. If she be
So rare a piece, her low condition
Makes me suspitious shee's some common wanton
Lurks in that maske for safety.
Fran. Did not friendship
Restrain't, I should be angry: nay more; punish
So great a sin against her innocence.
I have laid all the baits that might entice
Apt inclination to sweet wickednesse;
But could not catch her that way. She hath shund them
With witty scorne, and such imperious checks
Have made me blush at my intentions foulenesse;
Which now is cleer'd with noble resolution
To give my hot desires their satisfaction
In faire embraces, such as the reverence
Of lawfull Wedlock sweetens.
Geor. Vertuous policie.
Kill reputation, that you may preserve
A little better conscience. Any judgement
Would make a faire construction of my life,
That suffers in delights, and plyes the Epicure
In all varietie and choyce of pleasures
Soonother then thy act. Where ils doe want
A faire excuse (as thine doth) they are doubled.
Fran. When thou hast seene her, thou wilt
soone acknowledge
In what a filthy error thy invectives
Have lost themselves.
Geo. Nay rather hide her from me,
She may raise motions; and if I should rivall thee.
I must be serv'd: nothing was ere devis'd
To fright libidinous nature from it's pronenesse,
That can restraine me.
Fran. Shal't not make me jealous?
Her soule is guarded with so many vertues
Temptations cannot conquer it: and t'is way

Of noble love (though yet ſhe never ſung
The muſicke of conſent) I dare preferre
My ſelfe the firſt accepted.
Geor. Still be confident.

The ſecond Scæne.

To them CHANGLOVE, STITCHVVELL, *and his* WIFE.

But who comes yonder?
Fran. Some Citie loving couple.
Geor. What's that Gallant?
Fran. Surely 'tis Will *Changelove*;
The *Proteus* of affection: one that vary's
As many ſhapes of love as there are objects.
But what that ſhee-thing is I doe not know.
Geo. She ſeems a handſome piece. That opportunity
Would play the Bawd a little.
Fran. You'd be nibbling.
Changlove is my acquaintance. If they come this way (as 'tis moſt likely *Tottenham-Court's* the end of their early walking) I'le be thy introduction. Let's walke ſoftly.
Geor. Whilſt I doe ruminate ſome policie.
Stitch. Beſides the recreation Sir, tis healthfull.
Chang. Indeed ſloth duls the ſpirits activeneſſe.
And too much ſleeping blunts the ſenſes quickneſſe;
Though ſome be very needfull; their affects
Are the preſervers of their inſtruments.
I love early riſing.
Mris. St. But me thinks a nap in a morning's good.
Cha. True Mris. *Stitchwell*; when the braine hath purg'd
It ſelfe of groſſer fumes, the fancy yeeld's
Such ſolace to the inward walking ſenſe
In pleaſant dreames, that I have often wiſh'd
Thoſe ſhadowes reall which they have preſented;

Or

Or their continuance to eternitie.
Indeed I love to ſleepe in the morning.

Stitch. But ſtirring and exerciſe, I ſay.

Wife. I would you would vſe it in bed then.

Stitch. I tell you Mr. *Changelove* though I am a Taylor I keepe ſervants that are ſtout knaves. I love them well, and they looke well to my buſineſſe. On holydayes I give them leave to uſe exerciſe.

Wife. Yes husband, your finiſher is as pretty a fellow as ever did tradeſman or his wife ſervice. He pitcheth the barr, and throws the ſtone; it doth me good to think of it.

Stitch. I have a *Corniſh*-Lad that wraſtles well, and hath brought home Rabbets every *Bartholmew*-tide theſe five yeares. At ſtoole ball I have a *North-weſt* ſtripling ſhall deale with ever a boy in the ſtrand.

Change. Now you ſpeake of a ball, I would wee had one here; tis a commendable exerciſe: the great Phyſitian *Galen* wrote a booke, *de exercitatione parva pila.*

Wife. What's that, pray ſir?

Change. Concerning the exerciſe of the little ball.

Wife. It ſeems great Phyſitians will buſie themſelves about ſmall things: but they are not of my mind.

Geor. How lik'ſt the project?

Fran. As the end proves it; howſoever, it promiſeth fairely.

Geo. They are arriv'd: let us prepare our ſelves.

Fran. Mr. *Changelove*; a happy day follow this pleaſant morning.

Change. Worthy friend, I returne your ſalute with double wiſhes: pray know this Gentleman and his bedfellow.

Fran. The day muſt needs bee fortunate, that begins with ſuch faire Omens.

Wife. I pray ſir, why doth that Gentleman ſhun your company? I hope we fright him not. It had beene manners to ſalute me.

Fran. He alwayes doth that by Attourney Miſtris.

Wife. Then I muſt pay the fees.

Fran. The truth is, he is a great woman-hater.

Wife. Now out upon him. I thought he was gelt, hee is ſo fat. Beaſt that I was to be ſo unmercifull to a dumb thing; I had a dog ſerv'd ſo for the ſame purpoſe.

Fran. It is a diſpoſition in his will,
Not a defect of power.

Stitch. How ſaid you ſir? cannot that Gentleman indure women?

Fran. Hardly their ſight at diſtance. 'Tis affliction
Vnto his very ſoule to heare their vertues
Diſcourſt, unleſſe in ſcorne.

Change. A ſtrange unmanly humour: I love not that.

Wife. May all the curſes our injur'd ſexe can ſtudy, fall upon him for it: and I thinke we can curſe.

Frank. I know, to him my company is deare;
And our intentions have the ſelfe ſame end
Of mutuall enjoying: now, with what dejection
He doth expect I ſhould divide my ſelfe
From you, may be conceiv'd.

Wife. I beſeech you kind ſir leave us not.

Change. I ſhould love ſome witty plot upon him.

Frank. He is my friend: yet I would gladly ayde
In any eaſie miſchiefe, that might ayme
At his reclaiming.

Wife. Let's get him araign'd as one was in a play. Let me alone to aggravate his inditement to the Jury; which ſhall be twelve Midwives of my acquaintance: yet I'le be ſworne I never us'd any of them.

Change. I have it.

Stitch. Pray ſir let's heare mine: let's run to *Totenham-Court* for a wager.

Fran. 'Tis excellent; ſo his groſſe bodies toyle
To follow us, ſhall be our laughter.

Stitch. Right; or if he ſtay behind, let my wife alone to vexe him.

Change.

Chang. Let's run then: 'tis a brave *Olympicke* exerciſe;
I love it well; but how ſhall we diſpoſe
Of all theſe cumbers?

Fran. Let us not be foot-men.

Change. Indeed a ſeeming careleſſe ſtay'd formalitie
In ſuch like wantonneſſes beſt becomes
A gentleman. I love it.

Fran. Forwards then.

Chang. The wager?

Stitch. Every man his dozen. *Exeunt running.*

Wife. Why ſweetheart; why husband; why *Iohn*; doe you leave your Wife behind, to bee taken up by every body? Now the love of mans ſociety defend mee from this abuſer of creation. Come not neere mee thou man of clouts; thou maulkin of virilitie; thou halfe woman, and all beaſt: or with theſe nayles I will teare out thine eyes, and all the double things are left about thee.

Geor. Be milder gentle miſtris. There's nothing in me
Appears unto my ſelfe ſo full of guilt
It ſhould deſerve reproach from you a ſtranger.

Wife. There's nothing in you indeed ſir; your friend hath given me your character. You pretend to hate women, becauſe women have reaſon to hate you.

Geo. I hate women!
Now by my love of pleaſure, no delight
Hath any reliſh on the wanton palat
Of my deſires; unleſſe ſome mixture ſeaſon it
That is deriv'd from them.

Wife. Yes ſir; you may take delight in them, but they little in you. Come not too neere, there's infection in it: my blood deſires no freezing. The Summer of my youth is not yet halfe ſpent; or if it were Autumne with mee, high feeding and eaſe requires ſomething.

Geo. She takes me for an Eunuch. Sure my friend
Hath overdone his part; and drawne the counterfeit
Too neere the life of truth. Sweet Miſtris heare

The language of my heart that cannot gloſſe
My plainer thoughts with ſuperficiall words.
I love you; my deſires are throughly fir'd,
And burne my bloud: which but your free enjoying
Nothing can quench.

Wife. Why, I am a woman ſir.

Geo. I thinke you are; and one made up for pleaſure,
More then the dull converſe of what's defective.

Wife. You ſay true ſir: I heare it with a heavy heart. But I hope ſir, you would not have me make my husband a Cuckold.

Geo. Fie, that's a groſſe conſtruction; onely ſhame
And common knowledge doth it, not the act
Of a Wifes wantonneſſe.

Wife. I need no inſtructions for ſecrecie. Truſt mee a handſome Gentleman. The wickedneſſe of his friend to beleeve him ſo. Dare you kiſſe me ſir?

Geo. A pledge for what ſhould follow.

Wife. You ſhall doe what you will with me, but making my husband Cuckold.

Geo. No more of that. Nay, this way.

Wife. What, back againe! No by my Strand-honeſty. Ile to *Totenham-court* after my husband. If there be that neceſſity at any time that I muſt make my husband a Cuckold, I'le doe it before his face; any Citizens Wife can doe it behind her husbands backe.

Geo. Your will diſpoſeth mine: we there may finde
Handſome conveniences; and I'le renew
My counterfeit of woman-hater: it
May caſt a miſt before his jealous eyes
Would watch us elſe. *Exeunt.*

The

The third Scæne.

Enter CICELEY *and* BELLAMIE *in one anothers clothes.*

Cice. I hope y'are satisfied: but to what end this change should serve, I would faine be instructed.

Bella. I'le tell you. When we fear'd pursuit, we left our horses, and the high way. The horses are surely found; and by them my being hereabouts may bee conjectur'd. Now this disguise shall helpe me to scape their search.

Cice. Now out upon't. Had I no better an opinion of your honestie, then of your wit (both which smell all together of the countrey) I would againe leave you to seeke out your owne danger. You have gentle-fide mee with your clothes; and you are handsome enough in mine: for though I am but a milke-wench, I ever lov'd neatnesse. Now you shall personate my maid, and wait upon me to London; I'le personate you, and if any thing rise from the mistake, wee'l turne it to the best use. If I finde not out your sweet-heart, let me never be counted a Propheteſſe: and I am sure I have foretold weather from the turning up of my Cowes tayle.

Bella. Dispose me as you please. I dare the worst
Of my malicious. Now love hath arm'd me
With better resolution.

Cice. In this disguise Ile meet the Gallant courts me every morning at *Tottenham-Court*, and sound the depth of his pretended honest meaning. My condition is to low to win upon his desires to marry me: and the other thing without it, he shall never have.

Within. Why *Ciceley*, *Ciceley*, I say my breakfast A quick supply of meat, drinke and sleepe, or I rage presently.

Bella. Blesse me, who's that?

Cice. My fathers man.

Bella. Hee'l spoyle all. *To them Slipp hastily.*

Cice. Be you confident.

Slip. Where's this Maggot-pie of *Marrowbone*? Come you cleane waſh't chitterling, and give mee my breakfaſt. How now *Ciceley*, where hath your face beene? at the painters? Hay-day; *Ciceley's* owne face, and this Miſtris dye for love *Ciceley*-ſide. Now I ſweare by hunger (and that's a ſtrong oath) I thinke women have more fegaries then the Divel would have Clients, if he were a Lawyer and pleaded without fees.

Cice. Keepe counſell ſirrah you had beſt; and if my father aske for mee, tell him I will not bee loſt long. So fare you well, *Exeunt.*

Slip. You will not bee loſt long: hee is likely to have a ſweet match of it that finds you. Yet I could be content my ſeaven yeares ſervice might bee ſo rewarded. But the baggage is as coy as an Aldermans eldeſt daughter: ſhee hath beaten me a hundred times (coward as I was for ſuffering it) for attempting to kiſſe her. But now I will revenge it upon her Creame-bowles; over whoſe ſweets I will triumph.

The fourth Scæne.

To him KEEPER, WORTHGOOD.

New miſchiefe; I am againe delayd. If I forbeare my breakfaſt but two minutes longer, my guts will ſhrinke into minikins: which I bequeath the poore Fidlers at *Totenham-Court*, for a May-dayes Legacie.

Keep. Y'are welcome to this roofe; too meane a covering
For ſuch a gueſt.

Worth. Your firſt ſir hath inritch't it.
And hallowed it into a Temple. Pray ſir
Conduct me to the Altar, where I may
Pay the due ſacrifice of my deſires
To her; and thanks to you.

Keep.

Keep. *Slip*, call my daughter.

Slip. Which daughter sir? your daughter gentlewoman, or your gentlewoman daughter?

Keep. Your trifling's unseasonable sirrah.

Slip. Why sir, *Ciceley's* no more plaine *Ciceley*, but *Ciseley* in lac't sattin. The gentlewoman and she are run out of themselves one into another.

Keep. But where are they?

Slip. For ought I know, run away one with another.

Keep. Run you after, and call them back.

Slip. 'Tis impossible: who knowes which way they are gone. Besides, 'tis a mist would choake a brewers horse; I cannot see one hand for the other.

Worth. Sir, my suspition prompts me you are trecherous:
And these faire seeming undertakings traps
To catch me.

Keep. Sir, you make a worse construction
Of my good meaning, then so faire expressions
Can any way deserve. Pray sir goe with me,
Wee'l overtake them.

Worth. I will share the paines;
And venture once againe to try you thorowly.

Keep. Follow you sirrah. *Exeunt.*

Slip. A killing command, The best is, it will breake my heart, no matter then for my belly. Hunger, I defie thee revenge I hugg thee. I will lead you a wild-goose chase, till we come to *Toten-ham-Court*; where I will score two dozen, and reckon with mine hostesse maid, whose belly I have rais'd with umbles. *Exit.*

The fifth Scæne.

Enter STITCHVVELL, FRANKE, CHANGLOVE.

Frank. You are the *Olympian*, Sir.

Stitch. Doe you thinke Gentlemen I'd let you out-strip me at Hurdle? I'le jump with ye for a dozen more.

Change:

Change. Pray Sir let's jump; I love it mightily.

Frank. My breaths not yet recover'd. By this time sir, your Wife hath converted my friend to a civiller disposition.

Stitch. Let her alone. If she doe it not, I durst forsweare exercise; and that would be the greatest vexation.

Fran. Greater then if your maid should drop the candle on your festivall sattin doublet?

Chang. Or the Cats pisse upon your Military feather?

Frank. Or an inferiour neighbour be preferr'd for a common counsell man?

Stitch. Meere trifles to the forbearing of exercise.

Frank. Or if a gallant should deale with your wife in your absence for body covering, and give her Court payment.

Stitch. A very likely matter. She that goe's thrice a weeke to morning exercise, and will make repetition over sweet meates at a gossipping. I tell ye gentlemen, I have trusted her to a Maske, and the Innes a Court revelling: she knew the way home agen without a Cryer. She hath converted a hundred of her purer neighbours, by her example.

To them Tapster.

Frank. Heere's more then Citie confidence. But shall we enter?

Tap. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

To them Wife, presently George.

Chang, A handsome roome firrah.

Tapst. The best in the house sir. *Exit.*

Frank. Your Wife's come, sir.

Stitch. Welcome sweet-heart.

Wife. Kinde gentlemen, hold my heart, oh. Nay one at once: pray hold it hard, oh!

Stitch. Whats the matter chucke?

Wife. Oh my breath: there's not so much wind left in me, as would make a noise to bee excus'd with the creaking of ones shoo: oh. You are a kinde husband to leave mee be-

behind. Had it beene with one that had lov'd a woman, ſhew'd her the neereſt way, or laid her down upon his cloake when ſhe had beene weary. But I thinke I fitted him.

Fran. And beſhrew him if he fitted not you.

Chang. Here he is likewiſe.

Fran. You blow hard *George.*

Stitch. Come Gentlemen, ſhall we walke in.

Geor. I would enjoy my friend a little heere.

Wife. You ſhall enjoy your friend ſir. *Exeunt.*

Fran. And what ſucceſſe?

Geor. Why doſt not heare her promiſe?
You ſhall enjoy your friend. Shee's plyant *Franke*
Vnto my wiſhes: nothing now remaines
But to deceive her husband; thou muſt ayd me.

Frank. Would'ſt have me Pandarize?

Geor. I'le doo't for thee.
Theſe are ſweet ſins, and onely doe intend
The pleaſure of deſire, which would be kill'd
With two much ſcruple.

The ſixth Scœne.

To them CICELEY *and* BELLAMIE.

What are theſe?

Bella. What place is this? a common Ale-houſe?

Cice. Feare you nothing, but put on confidence.

Fran. I have ſeene that face, the figure's in my heart.
'Tis ſurely ſhe: her habit cannot mock
My knowing ſenſe. I'le venture on the tryall.

Geo. This is his Milke-maid ſure. I ſtill ſuſpected
'Twas ſome diſguis'd name to conceale a Miſtris.
Now by my life ſhee's faire; I envy him;
And my deſires have almoſt tempted me
To put in for a ſhare: but friendſhip checks it.
Shee may perhaps be vertuous, and well borne,

And worthy his resolves: my Citie beauty
Shall serve at this time.
Fran. Didst thou thinke that maske
Could veile thee from my soules distinguishing?
Wherein thy form's imperfect, which fancie shews me
At every change of thoughts.
Cice. Clothes have not alter'd
My person nor condition. I am still
Plaine *Cicely* and your hand-maid. This exchange
Proceeds but from an honest merriment:
And when you understand the story right,
You'l make a faire construction.
Fran. 'Twere a sinne
To thinke amisse of thee; teares cannot expiate.
When thou art mine, I'le feed thy appetite
With pleasures best variety. Taylors dayly
Shall shape proportions for thy dainty body,
To make invention pregnant of new fashions.
Th' Exchange shall be thy Wardrobe to supply
Thy will with choyce of dressings. t'hearken out
A jewell to adorne thee, if the value
Exceede not my estate; I'le sell it all
To purchase thy content.
Cice. Your promises
Are much too large. My too unworthy service
Cannot deserve to be commanded by you.
Gallant I'le trye you.
Fran. Th' extasie hath made me
Forget my friend: 'tis shee *George* chang'd in habit.
Geo. I am your servant faire one, and my heart
Vow's an obedience when your commands
Affigne me any taske.
Bella. I doe not like
The courtship of these gallants: 'tis grosse flattery,
And tends I feare to ill.
Fran. Come deerest will you

Accept

Accept the entertainment of this place?
Some worthy company within expects me.

Cloe. I shall straine modesty, you excusing it.
Come maid.

Bella. Why should I feare; that have defence
From *Worthgoods* love, and mine own innocence? *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 1.

TAPSTER, IAMES, SAM.

Tapster.

Y'Are welcome Gentlemen.

Iam. Now my parrat of froth, whose mouth is lin'd with tapestry; what company is in the house?

Tap. None of your acquaintance but Mr. *Changelove.*

Iam. Will Changelove? prethee call him hither.

Tap. I shall sir; By and by. Some stew'd pruines for the two costive Citizens in the Buls head; and more rowles for the three Taylors in the *Smithfield*-Lyon.

Jam. How shall we spend the day *Sam?* *Exit.*

Sam. Let's home to our studies and put cases.

Iam. Hang cases and bookes that are spoyl'd with them. Give me *Iohnson* and *Shakespeare*; there's learning for a gentleman. I tell thee *Sam*, were it not for the dancing-schoole and Play-houses, I would not stay at the Innes of Court for the hopes of a chiefe Iustice-ship.

Sam. Time would be better spent in reading lawes,
Teaching our knowledge how to argue doubts:
For in our after-states such may arise
That without policies helpe may ruine it.

Iam. Formalitie; a grave youth in a gowne. Thou think'st 'tis becomming to walke thus to *Totenham-Court*, and at

home ſo punctuall in conformitie. I had rather a French conſumption ſhould weare my hayre off then a round cap.

Sam. 'Tis not to make it my profeſſion,
(Although in ſome it be moſt neceſſary)
(For how can government and lawes ſubſiſt
Without their miniſters, whoſe skill and judgement
Diſtinguiſh right from wrong) but to be able
To manage what's mine owne, as time ſhall ſend it,
You are likely to inherit faire poſſeſſions,
Gain'd by a fathers induſtry; perhaps
With ſome contention, and conveyances
May be defective: wer't not better faire
Your ſelfe could underſtand it, then to truſt
The honeſty or skill of a bought counſel?

Iam. Hang ſtate: I tooke no paines to get, why then ſhould I take any to keep it? if it will ſtay, ſo 'tis: if not, Shop-keepers that will truſt, ſhall be paid when they can get it. A law of neceſſity *Sam*, and alwayes in force with Gallants.

Sam. I had rather heare another reſolution.

The third Scæne.

To them CHANGELOVE.

Iam. Will Changelove, well met at *Totenham-Court*. What made thee riſe ſo early?

Chang. The company of halfe a man: expound my Riddle, and be a whole *Oedipus*.

Iam. It muſt be more then thy Taylor.

Change. Right, his Wife; who being halfe of himſelfe, makes up the third part a halfe man. I love his company man, and pay him with nothing but courteſies: a *Totenham-Courts* kindneſſe is principall, intereſt and ſecurity.

Iam. What ſhall we drinke? Ale?

Chang:

Chan. I love it beſt; the old Engliſh naturall drinke. But can this gentleman ſtudy after Ale?

Sam. If I avoid the exceſſe.

Iam. Ale's muddy: what thinke you of Beere?

Chang. I love Beere beſt. The planting of hoppes was a rare projection in the Dutch; it hath taught ſome of them Engliſh naturally.

Iam. Shall wee hunt to day *Will*? I heard the common crye abroad.

Chan. Hunting! 'tis ſport to make immortall activenes
Even in the dulleſt Earth. A well-mouth'd crye
Out-does the *Spheres* in Muſique. Gods themſelves
Have left their fabulous Heaven, to put on
The ſhapes of hunters: courting ſuch delights
In theſe diſguiſes, that hath made them with
Th'exchange of their ethereall government
To live with mortalls. I love hunting dearly.
What ſaith your friend?

Sam. Indeed ſir, my affection
Is better pleas'd with ſolitary ſtudie:
A ſober mornings walke, is exerciſe
Enough for me.

Chan. You are to be commended.
Why, Contemplation is the very being
Of Mans delight: it ſhewes his nobler part
Converſe with things divine; the nimble ſoule
Climbs by it to a height of happineſſe.
I muſt confeſſe I love it. *Muſique.*

Iam. Is there Muſique with the company you left?

Chan. And good too: 'tis company of that curioſitie, ordinary ſtuffe will not pleaſe them.

Iam. Would thou wouldſt enter mee into their acquaintance; we might have a dance.

Enter STITCHVVELL, FRANKE, CHANGLOVE.

Chan. Why, I love dancing too. Agilitie
Commends the good compoſure of one's bodie;

And graceſull garbs are taking. No perfection
Doth make the object of a handſome man
So pleaſing in a Ladies eye, as Dancing.
This Room's more ſpacious: I'le invite them hither.

The third Scœne.

To them FRANKE, CICELEY, STITCHVVELL, WIFE, BELLAMIE, *and* GEORGE *behind the women.*

They have prevented me.

Frank. The room's poſſeſt.

Sam. You may command a reſignation.

Iam. Pleaſe you t'admit us; we would faine partake
Your worth and company.

Frank. Your friends *Will Changelove?*

Chang. Yes, noble ſir.

Frank. They'r welcome to my knowledge.
Numbers addition will increaſe our mirth,
And ſwell it to more height.

Bella. Arme me now confidence,
And teach my tongue, that never ſpake untruth
From a conſideration, practiſe lying,
And the denyall of my proper ſelfe.
It is my brother, hee'l diſcover me.

Sam. 'Tis ſurely ſhe: they'r all her lineaments.
Had I ne're ſeene her; had not knowing ſenſe
Power to diſtinguiſh, naturall inſtinct
Would tell me 'tis my ſiſter. Why diſguis'd?
And why come hither? it hath wrapt my reaſon
In miſts of wonder. Yet I cannot feare
She hath betray'd her honour to baſe wantonneſſe.
She had a guard of vertues; elſe hypocriſie
Taught her to ſeeme a Saint, and paint that goodneſſe
With a falſe colour. Know you not my ſweet heart?

Bella.

Bella. No indeed ſir.
Sam. Is not your name *Bellamie*?
Bella. Neither ſir.
Sam. Deny's her ſelfe.
There's ſomething in't above my reach of feare.
Paſſion forbeare me, and I'le worke with policie,
To find the ſcope of all.
Cice. A ſweet young Gentleman.
Is this your ſweet-heart maid?
Sam. Is ſhe your ſervant?
I would have cal'd her kinſwoman for reſemblance
She hath with one of mine.
Cice. Your Aunt or Couſin?
Sam. Meanes ſhe in the myſticall ſenſe of ill?
Iam. Shall we dance gentlemen? Muſickneſſe, and let
aſtiveneſſe freeze! Shall I uſe you ſweet Miſtris?
Wife. Kindly ſir, or I am waſpiſh. A waſpe you know
hath a ſting.
Iam. Pleaſe that groſſe gentleman?
Wife. By no meanes ſir: dancing will hurt his *Sciatica*.
Iam. Doe you know him then?
Wife. Yes, and will know him better if he come neere me.
He is one into whom the ſpirit of *Swetnam's* crept.
I hope ſir you are of a kinder diſpoſition to our ſexe.
Iam. You ſee Miſtris I am for their company any way.
Stitch. Pray ſir let's goe neerer the women.
Geor. Pray ſir forbeare: you'l not compell me rudely.
Perhaps ther's an averſion in my nature.
The company of women's mine affliction.
Stitch. My wife ſhall vexe you then.
Chang. And I love Mans ſocietie: ſolid ſoules,
Void of all light impreſſions; whoſe diſcourſe
Tends not to ſuperficiall complement,
But hath more ſenſe then ſound.
Fran. You are for dancing;
Poſſeſſe my roome.

Chang.

Chang. The womens creature sir.
There's Magick in their company that charmes
All masculine affections, but of pleasure
In their enjoying. I'le spin or threed their needles;
Read *Spenser* and th' *Arcadia* for their company.

Wife. I'le dance with you Mr. *Changelove.*

Stitch. One cup more, Ile be for the exercise.

Wife. You'l have more anon husband, then your head will well carry.

Geo. She meanes hornes.
Which if I fayle to give her, may I turne
Chastities convert, and be mortifi'd
From my concupiscence with hourely discipline.

They dance.

Wife. Why how now husband? you'l be tippled presently.

Stit. Hold good wife, before strangers? T'other dozen, and then I'm gone.

Wife. I would you were gone once for me.

Geor. So would I.

Stit. Gentlemen, a health to——

Fran. Whom sir?

Stit. All the Cuckolds in the strand.

Wife. Fye husband, you forget your selfe. Nay, gentlemen hee is such another man; when hee hath got a cup or two hee'l not stick to abuse his betters. I beseech you beare with him, I shall be ready to beare with any of you.

Stit. Wife, you shall drinke a health to all the Cuckold-makers in *Cornwall.*

Wife. You meane wrestlers sweet-heart; you are so taken with your *Cornish* Prentice. I tell yee gentlemen, hearing him talke the other day of the hugge, I wisht him to shew me what 'twas: the stiffe knave presently gives me a fall: but it was upon a soft bed.

Frank. Otherwise there had beene danger.

Iam.

Iam. Come sweet Mistris, the other dance.

Cice. Will you make one sir?

Geo. Alas faire Mistris, my grosse body wants
A mimick activenesse.

Cice. But you can move sir?

Wif. Bestir your stumps a little sir. Are women such bugbears, especially handsome ones? for I have been flatter'd.

Stit. Well said Wife; to him Wife.

Wif. I durst undertake yet, had you one of us in a corner.

Geo. How she instructs me! nay then. *Exit.*

Fran. Will you be gone *George*?

St. After him Wife, put him too't, and tickle him home.

Wif. He warrant husband Ile bring him into play. *Exit.*

Iam. It seemes this gentleman loves not the company of women.

Chang. At least wise tis pretended. Wer't a plot
To gull her husband, I should love it dearely.
Why did not I attempt it, that have had
More opportunities then ever made
Sinne fruitfull in the pleasure? If't be so,
The next share shall be mine. I love a wench
As well as he or any.

Stit. T'other health, and then farewell,

Fran. Mr. *Stitchwell* is your name?

Stit. A Taylor in the Strand; and I am as good a man there as Deputy *Tagg* in the City, though he thinke himselfe an Aldermans fellow, and no Cuckold.

Fran. You mind Cuckolds much: good sir remember your selfe.

St. By your leave then; I must, and I will, I will and I must.

Fran. What must you sir?

Stit. Why, you may doe what you will; and I will doe what I list. *Exit.*

Iam. The Taylor's paid.

Chang. By your favor, 'tis a lye.

Fran. And his Wife too by this. Follow mee gentlemen.

men, and if he prevent it not, wee'l share some pastime,
Sweet, I'le returne presently. *Exeunt men.*
Cice. Can my chast thoughts within their spotles circuit
Retaine a good opinion of this gentleman,
Who gives free scope to his libidinous will
In actions that staine conscience?
Bella. Can my ills
Grow to a greater heighth? my honours danger
Runs equall with my persons.
Cice. He hath courted
Almost beyond resistance, (had not goodnesse
Preserv'd me white) to fully me with lust;
And failing offer'd marriage.
Bell. Can a Brother
Conster this place, disguise, and company
Lesse then a lapse from vertue in a Sister,
Who labour'd more to be good really,
Then ever hypocrite did to appeare so.
Cice. I must not trust. Besides, mine eye hath seene
An object that delights it; and desire
Begins to burne my bosome with new flames
I yet ne're felt. 'Tis an ambitious love,
And must be check't. Why? sure my Birth's more noble:
My spirit argues it, which never yet
Harbour'd a common thought; but all above
The lowneſſe of my fortune. How now Mistris?
Bella. Distreſt beyond recovery. 'Twas my brother;
Whose eye no sooner found me, but his lookes
Expreſt a troubled soule: but when he heard
My tongue deny my selfe, what passions then
Possest him, may be thought.
Cice. Is he your Brother?
Feare not to be discover'd: I have plots
To circumvent him, and prepare his temper
For mild impressions. [illegible]
Brothers friend [illegible] private soothe.

Exeunt.

Tapst. With conveniénce Mistris.

Cice. For a retirement.

Tapst. This way Mistris. I smell the reward of a knaves office: howsoever sinne thrives by wickednesse. Froth-fill'd Cans and over-reckonings will hardly raise a stock to set up with. Now will I informe the Gallants. *Exit.*

The fourth Scœne.

GEORGE *and* WIFE.

Wife. Pray sir, forbeare. Is this a place to make ones husband a Cuckold in?

Geor. Let not such weake excuses rob my hopes
Of that delight, for whose enjoying
Danger and all that weaknesse can be frighted with——

Wife. Pray sir, talke not to me of weaknesse. The servants of the house will suspect us presently.

Geo. Be expeditious then, we lose that time
Might make the pleasure fruitfull.

Wife. Indeed sir I durst ee'n venture to make him cuckold, might I be sure you would get a boy.

Geo. That's doubtles, sweet.

Wife. And shall he be like the father?

Geo. As ever Citizens sonne was.

Wife. I meane my husband.

Geo. I am a Courtier.

Wife. Kind sir, you even deserve it for your policie. But I am so affraid.

Geo. Mischiefe on these delayes.

Within. Sweet-heart, Wife.

Wife. Ay me.

Geo. Vexation racks me.
Prevented at the point of such a happinesse!

Within. Come Chuck and bold my head.

Wife. Pray sir, hide your selfe.

Geo. Where?

Wife. Happily, here's an empty tub. *To them Stitch.*

Stitch. My head akes Wife; where art chicken?

Wife. Here husband. You muſt preſſe upon womens retirement.

Stitch. Oh my ſtomacke; 'tis very ſick.

Wife. Emptie it in the fields then; let not the ſervants take notice you are ſuch a ſloven.

Stitch. Why not in that tub?

Wife. Fie beaſt: defile a neceſſary implement of houſewifry? This 'tis to drink healths to Cuckolds. You might have beene one your ſelfe, were not I the honeſter woman; which is more then many of your neighbours can ſay for themſelves.

The fifth Scæne.

To them FRANKE, CHANGELOVE, IAMES, SAM, *and a little after them a wench with a payle of water.*

Change. Wher's Mr. *Stitchwell?* Fie, give out man, and ſteale away.

Stit. Oh gentlemen my head, my head; oh gentlemen.

Frank. Me thinks your forehead's ſwolne ſir.

Wife. Truly no ſir. There's no more then what hath beene ever ſince I was his wife; fifteene yeeres and upwards, a long time of barrenneſſe.

Wench. What the Divell make all theſe gentlemen in my Dames waſh-houſe? Get yee up to your chambers with a vengeance.

Powres the water into the tub.

Frank. I wonder where my friend is.

Geo. Hold, hold; I am drown'd.

Fran. George, what made you there?

Wench. Miſchiefe on you ſir; you have ſpoild mee a paile of conduit water coſt mee many a penny ere I kept the fetching

fetching; beside the falls my sweet-heart *Slip* gave me.

Stitch. Alas good gentleman; he hid himselfe from my Wife, and see what's hapned.

Geo. Hell take your wife and you. Accursed women, That in your curse made Man so.

Fran. Fye *George*, scold presently after your cucking.

Sam. *Diogenes* in *dolio.*

Chang. And lamentation.

Fra. Come forth *George*: now the Comedie is ended, away with the disguise.

Geor. Women or divells,
Made faire to be destructions instrument.

Fran. You seeme to compassionat the mischance.

Stit. Good heart; but that he cannot endure a woman, She should kisse him for amends.

Wife. I thinke it would grieve any woman. I came hither for somthing else then to be rail'd at.

Stit. Let's vexe him no more Gentlemen. Come wife, Ile goe sleepe a little. *Exeunt.*

Chan. There will be a safe opportunitie for me. I love this Cuckold-making.

Geo. *Franke*, though your selfe intend a reformation, You might forbeare me: this was your owne plot.

Fran. Why mine? I ne're had resolution yet
So stay'd, but I could alter it for pleasure:
Nor can I hate or envy it in others.
I am sorry *George* you should drinke water after your sweet-meats. *To them Tapster.*

Geo. Doe not abuse me left I thinke revenge:
I am almost tempted to attempt it.

Tapst. The Gentlewoman hath withdrawne her selfe.

Iam. What Gentlewoman?

Tapst. Shee in the sattin gowne. You know my meaning sir, shee's as right——

Iam. Thanke honest *Robin*. Here's for thee.

Tapst. I must thanke you sir.

Iam. I'le take the first opportunity.

Tapst. The gentlewoman is retir'd sir.

Jam. What gentlewoman?

Tapst. You know my meaning. Shee's as right——

Sam. Poxe on your Pandarising.

Tapst. How now sir? I wonder what quantity of maiden modesty went to your making up. Few gentlemen of your complexion would have beene angry with an honest Tapster for such intelligence.

Sam. My Sister turn'd a common prostitute? I must discover it.

Tapst. The gentlewoman's gone into another chamber Sir.

Fran. What gentlewoman?

Tapst. Shee in the sattin gowne. There's a bed: you know my meaning. Shee's as right——

Fran. You are a rogue sirrah. *kicks him.*

Tapst. Good sir, what meane you?

Fran. Mutter that thought agen: I'le cut thy tongue out.

Tap. And kill anon, anon sir. But cold rewards. Had none any better; Pandars would never purchase. *Exit.*

Geo. I'le take the Tapsters word, and trye.

Fran. Come gentlemen, let's up agen. By this time *George* your sorrow's drye. *Exeunt.*

The sixth Scæne.

Enter WORTHGOOD, KEEPER, *and* SLIP.

Keep. And why should you thinke so *Slip*?

Slip. If I finde them not, count me no wiser then an Apothecary, that lookt for Iewes eares on an old Pillory; When the dead wood bore none but Scriveners.

Keep. Enquire diligently, sirrah.

Sl. I will sir, and arme my selfe like a coosnery Iuror. I cannot hold out too fast till I have given up my verdict. *Exit.*

Worth-

Worth. My patience Sir hath hitherto made faire
The outside and appearance of that good
Your promise seem'd to meane me. Circumstance
Doth now instruct my feare, that this credulity
May be my danger. Trechery oft lurkes
In complements. Y'have sent so many poasts
Of undertakings, they out-ride performance.
And make me thinke your faire pretences ayme
At some intended ill; which my prevention
Must strive t'avert. Then good sir, leave me.

Keep. Sir, though my outside's meane; I have a soule
Instructed in all dues belong to man.
I never yet mis-us'd a common action
With a prepar'd dissembling. My intents
Are fairer then your jealousie, which lives
But in the darknesse of your ignorance.
'Tis a blind humour, let discretion guid it:
That th'end of your owne good be not perverted
By ill receiving of the hopefull meanes
My freendsse offers.

Worth. You have heard my story;
But why it should so stirre compassion
In any stranger, counsell cannot well
Remove the doubt.

Keep. Why Sir, I know a gentleman
Worthy in all things; but his crosser fortune
(On which mine had dependance as a servant)
Rob'd him at once of all those gifts she lent him;
Estate, life, wife; his infant-Issue left
To her blind pitty. Can I thinke you then,
Without some feeling, heare the sad relation
Of a misfortune, is so like to that,
As if the selfe same inauspicious starres *To them Slip.*
Were both their meanes. The newes sirrah.

Slip. Very bad Sir. My incredulous hostesse will not trust: therefore pray fe make haste, for without some supply of

of drinke I faint in the halfeway of my meſſage.

Keep. Haſt found them?

Slip. Ther's hopes or ſo: I heard an inckling. The houſe ſwarmes with gallants; ſome of which have ſurely taken up *Ciceley*, paltry Baggage, ſhe p'ayes the Lady at leaſt, and makes mincing faces like a countrey Bride at the upper end of the table.

Kee. Pray Sir let's in: we may perhaps find them heere.

Worth. O fate, unleſſe thy guiding kinder prove,
Deſpaire kils all my hope, and ends my love. *Exeunt.*

Slip. Oh Cakes and Ale, if you your ſweets denye,
Let *Slip* deſpairing in a halter die.

Act. 4. *Scœn.* 1.

Enter HOSTESSE, CICELEY, BELLAMIE.

Hoſteſſe.

FEare not Miſtris any of their attempts in my houſe: you have your inſtructions and my ayde. Make uſe of any thing I owne for your honeſt ends, and if you need my perſon, I am ready in my baire at your call. *Exit.*

Cice. We thanke you Miſtris.
Why ſhould you feare the execution
Of my deſires? why are women ſubject
To that diſeaſe? or elſe hath nature choſe it
To ſhew the difference? I was meant a man ſure;
For I have Maſculine reſolutions,
Which no deluding ſpirits can abuſe
With their miſ-guiding; nor imperfect moone-light
Mock with falſe ſhadowes. Danger frights not me.

Bella. Doubt of my lov'd friends ſafety (without whom
My ſoules abilities are dead to me)
Hath numb'd the ſenſe of action: I'm all paſſive.

Ye

Yet I haue heard from him relations
Of horrid battailes, and his persons danger;
When as the murdering Cannons choak't the ayre
With their curl'd mists, their lowd noise vshering death
To his black triumph. A little custome made it
To be my pastime. Those were dangers past;
But these to come.

Cice. You haue a soldier sweet-heart,
And no more courage! what a race of Cowards
Would spring from that loves joyning? for Physitians
Say women haue most right in the conception.
Were but our causes chang'd (our cases are)
I'de tell this brother all; and if his loue
From a pretence of care deny'd me ayde,
I'de schoole him soundly. Come, come, you shall tell
Your Brother that I loue him.

Bella. Loue my Brother?

Cice. Your Brother Mistris. If my beauty can
(Which ha's beene flatter'd for a taking one)
Win vpon his desires, I'le soone worke him
To what you please. Nay, rather then the project
Should faile of a successe, he shall enjoy me;
But fairely.

Bella. Ayde me now discretion. Would you
Make me an agent to vndoe my Brother;
And but for such meane ends?

Cice. Why gentlewoman,
Disparage not my low condition.
Perhaps misfortune meant it not my birth;
That might be noble as your owne, though boasted
From th'heralds Catalogue of dead Ancestors.
My father oft hath told me when my fingers
Prest the Cowes dugges, and from their fulnesse drew
Abundance of white streames, that Nature meant not
These limbs for labour. But this may appeare
The flattery of my fello.

Bella. Into what maze
My dangers lead me! i'th middle ther's a Monster,
If I goe on, will ruine me: if back;
I want an *Ariadnean* Clue of policie
To be my guide.

Cice. If you'l preserve your selfe
From a discovery, you must counterfeit
Some other passions; or clothe these in mirth.

The second Scœne.

To them IAMES, *presently after* GEORGE.

How now maide? why left you the doore open?

Iam. 'Tis shut agen sweet Mistris. If it offend you, I will buy my pardon at your owne rate.

Cice. What would you have sir?

Iam. A little pleasure sweete. Come, come, what's your price?

Cice. You sure mistake me sir.

Iam. As if I had not practis'd wenching sufficiently to understand a dissembled modesty: because I am a stranger, I'le come to your lodging when I know where 'tis. But say your price? halfe a crowne?

Cice. Have I found you gallant? I am dearer Sir; that's my maids rate. The truth is I have my Maiden-head yet, and have bargain'd with a gentleman below for it.

Iam. Let me have it; I'le double his reward.

Cice. I love to be as good as my word. Sure sir hee'd kill you if he knew of your attempt. That's he sir. *Knock.*

Iam. And my young valour dare not encounter him.

Cice. Your Citie-borne coward never makes fortunate whoremaster.

Iam. Would I were safe.

Cice. Best hide your selfe in this sir.

Iam.

Iam. A handsome convenience. When hee's gone, releaſe me.

Cice. Feare it not ſir, but be ſure you lie ſtill. Open the dore maid; and doe you heare? get the key of the truncke.

Bella. What may this come to?

Geo. Pardon me faire one. My intruſion tends
To begg a happineſſe; pleaſe you to crowne it
With your conſent and welcome?

Cice. What's in me
To grant, you ſhall command.

Geo. I take your word.
The pleaſure of your bed. I will reward it
With a new gowne and angels; dally not
In any coy deniall.

Cice. Not in this place.
But if you pleaſe—— *whiſper.*

Bella. New jealouſie inſtructs.
My feare this woman's naught, and ſuch a one
As ſels her ſelfe to ſinne. What fates conſpire
To make me miſerable?

Geo. 'Tis a motion
Sutes with my liking. The paines will make the pleaſure
More ſweet in the enjoying.

The third Scœne.

To them FRANKE.

Fran. Courting her!
George, 'tis not friendly.

Geo. Miſchiefe on ſuſpition.
I've given you all the flattering commendations
That might confirme her love.

Fran. No more; I thanke thee.

Geo. I leave yee. Now to my practice of revenge.

And the delight it comprehends within it
Above *Elizium*. *Exit.*

Fran. Deare, when shall my love
Be happy in enjoying what it makes
The object of desire? Shall this faire morning
Be consecrate to *Hymen*?

Cice. Worthy sir,
Such is the difference 'twixt your birth and fortune,
And my condition (whose inferiour aime
Dare not be level'd higher then it's equalitie)
Makes (cowards pollicie,) feare, to be the cause
Of my delaye. For were you satisfide
With that which you call pleasure, and fruitie
Had ta'ne the edge off, what's in me can whet
New appetite, and revive a dying love?
Your estimation branded with the infamy
Of a base choyce: taunts from the mouth of envy:
Aspersions to begett a killing jealousie.
And when you shall reflect—

Fran. Prethee no more
These needlesse doubts. I'm arm'd with preparations
For my resolves, that no assault can batter.

Cice. Pardon me sir; there's ground of circumstance
To build a faith on, that your desires end
Is my enjoying for your senses pleasure,
Not the converse which love instructs the soule in.

Fra. Why should false feares make such a bad construction?
Prethee no more.

Cice. But I must search you throughly,
Y'are noble sir; and now I will unmaske
This false complexion of an hypocrite,
Which hitherto deluded your opinion
But with a shew of vertue. The truth is
My inclination's wanton; and this day
I meant to make a sale of that, for which
You have so largely bid: my maiden-head.

You

You see I'm fitted for it. *Fran.* What doe I heare?
Cice. The gentleman that left me, is the Merchant.
A price is likewise set upon the ware.
The time and place of enterchange appointed.
The meanes: a porter in that trunke must carry me
Vnto his chamber: You seeme troubled Sir
At the relation.
Fran. 'Tis to trye me sure:
She cannot meane it. How my thoughts rebell
Against their guide?
Cice. Troth sir, I must confesse
Your person likes me better, and the love
You have profest deserves my gratitude.
Meete you this porter, and compell him with you;
You shall enjoy me first, and afterwards
When I set up the trade be still more welcome.
Fran. Should this be earnest, it would make me happy
Above mine owne desire; and should she mock me,
'Twere but returning to my first intents.
Some way I must enjoy her. Shall this practice
Give me those sweets have beene so long deny'd
With counterfeited modesty?
Cice. Be sure sir;
My Tutor in the Art left me instructions
To take the fairest offer.
Fra. My reward
Shall treble his. Be constant to my pleasure,
I'le keepe thee like a wife; and serve thy will
With full content.
Cice. That as your liking pleaseth.
When you are weary, I'le but begg your bounty
For a new wardrobe to set up with.
Fran. How mans desire
Pursues contentment? 'tis the soule of action,
And the propounded reason of our life.
Yet as the choyce appeares, or grosse or excellent,

We flye not from th'injoying, but are chang'd
In our opinion either of the object,
Or of the meanes that workes it. Why ſhould I
Alter a reſolution? The contentment
Is ſtill the ſame: and a farre eaſier meanes
Without that tye neceſſitates the will
To a fixt bounds. Beſides, my credit's ſafe.
To keepe a Miſtris youths excuſe may ſerve;
But an inferiour match brands my poſteritie,
If equall blood commixe not. Hence then ſcruple,
And all that frights faint conſcience. Sweet I welcome
The freeneſſe of your kind and loving promiſe
With as much joy, as can poſſeſſe a heart
Made joviall by th'eſteſt of all it's wiſhes:
Be conſtant to it.

Cice. Be you confident;
I cannot be diverted from my purpoſe:
The end's too pleaſant. Pray prepare your ſelfe;
The time drawes on.

Fran. And till my expectation
Ends in that full poſſeſſion of delight,
Times wings are clipt. So farewell ſweet till then. *Exit.*

Cice. And farewell baſe deſires. May thy foule luſt
Make thee ſtill credulous, till abuſe and ſhame
Teach thee amendment. What an Oratour
Is Sin? that paints it ſelfe with golden words
Of pleaſure and delight; as if the ſoule
Had it's eternall being and full powers
But for the ſenſes ſatisfaction:
And their enjoying it Creations end.
Now to our Comedie. Ha! faſt aſleepe!
This fits our purpoſe. Lock it faſt.

Bella. Will not the feathers choake him?

Cice. Hee's arm'd againſt miſchances. Give it the Porter,
I muſt withdraw. *Exit.*

Bella. Now I perceive

Good-

Goodneſſe guides all her actions: her minds brightneſſe
Out-ſhines her outward beauty. But what uſe
Can my misfortune make of't? yes; th'example
Shall teach me how to counterfeit, if I
Can force my paſſion to it.

The fourth Scæne.

To her GEORGE, TAPSTER, PORTER.

Heere's the Gentleman.

Geo. Now wench, is all ready?

Bella. I have pack't her up in't, like a *Bartholmew*-babie in a boxe. I warrant you for hurting her.

Geo. 'Tis a good wench. I'le give thee a new gowne for it.

Bella. I thanke you ſir. When you are weary of my miſtris, and caſt her off (as I know you muſt have change) you ſhall have my maiden-head at the ſame rate if you pleaſe: I'le keepe it for you.

Geo. 'Tis a bargaine.

Bella. But two words to it. Pray ſir uſe her nere the worſe for my promiſe.

Geo. The better. I'le turne her off within this fortnight, and ſend for thee.

Bella. Oh ſir, 'tis not fit a ſervant ſhould ſhift her Miſtris trencher before the bones are cleane pick't. You have fleſh enough to hold out a moneth.

Geo. It ſhall be a moneth then?

Tapſt. Be carefull Porter of your carriage.

Port. Married? that I am to a freemans widdow, and I weare the Citie-Armes by her firſt husbands copie.

Geo. The Porter is deafe ſure.

Bella. Pray ſir let me aske you one queſtion.

Geo. Quickly then.

Bella. How many maiden-heads have you bought thus?

Geor.

Geo. Bowle him over with thy mistrisse.

Bella. Pray sir let mine make up the score: an even reckoning.

Geo. It shall, it shall: heere's for thee *Robin.*

Tapst. The trunck is worth more sir, besides the feathers that are in it, But to doe you a pleasure.

Geo. Helpe him downe stayres with it.

Tapst. Heer's a *Totenham-Court* project translated over the water from *Holland.*

Geo. Farewell wench. *Exeunt.*

Bella. Adue good sir, with your faire bed-fellow that must bee.
Had I a Combe but heere, this accident
Would straine my heart-strings to a pitch of laughter,
And make my spleene dance. But his losse hath kill'd
All sense of joy. *Ciseley returnes.*

Cise. Now Mistris, what thinke you of it?
Have I not tane a course to punish lust?
At least wise with disgrace. Though custome calls
Those actions onely honest, that are glorious
In publique fame; yet sometimes to dissemble
An ill that's not intended, when the end
Hath cleer'd it to opinion, it attaines
The greater praise.

Bella. Indeed, I must confesse
My senses possest me strongly you were nought:
Nor is suspition grounded on due circumstance
To be accounted ill. But now my knowledge
Instructs me better to commend your vertue;
And steere mine owne course by the faire example
Of your discretion, were the like attempted
Vpon my chastity.

The

The fifth Scæne.

To them, SAM.

Alas, my Brother.

Sam. Now must I practise unaccustom'd impudence. By your leave gentle creatures: may I have my turne now for a little sport? Nay, nay, sweetheart, thou shalt serve: thy Mistris is too deare; and I am loth to pay over-much for repentance. 'Tis but changing offices: let her hold the dore for thee.

Cice. Pray sir, speake and meane civilly; you'l not be welcome else.

Sam. Good Lady light-heele; give your servant leave to practise the trade you have taught her. That such perfections as appeare in this woman should be sold to every base desire. Come wench, thy browne complexion pleaseth mee better then thy Mistrisses: thou dost not paint, and art the likelier to be wholsome.

Cice. Good gentleman, hee is jealous, and would circumvent her.

Sam. Heere's halfe a crowne wench; me thinks 'tis a faire rate. Ha! finger in the eye? Keepe thy teares for pennance in *Bride-well*. Crye when money's offer'd thee?

Bella. Oh Brother.

Sam. Ha! are you my Sister?

Bella. Your Sister *Bellamie*.

Sam. Why shee's in the Countrey at mine Vncles,
Teaching her hand some neat industrious practice;
Or painting with her needle the rare forme
Of some choyce flower; to her busie servant
Discoursing Moralls; or perhaps at prayers,
Or meditation: these were her exercises;
Not prostitution. What an impudence
Is this imposture?

Bella. Temper your anger brother,
For it appeares i'th wrincles of your brow.
And let not paſſion burne your jealous feares
With an intemperate heat. I have a ſtory
You'l pitty, though all naturall affection
Were quite extinguiſht.

Sam. Then you are my Siſter?

Bella. Diſſemble not thoſe doubts: but heare me.

Sam. Noe.
I'm deafe to all excuſe. 'Tis too apparant.
Poſſeſſe me vertuous rage; make me the inſtrument
Of a religious juſtice.

Bella. Guard me innocence.

Sam. Oh that the knowing ſoule, which can diſtinguiſh
It ſelfe and powers; ſhould yeeld her government
To the laſcivious appetite of ſenſe:
And under ſuch a baſe ſubjection
Ruine her noble parts. True eſtimation
Is grounded on the actions of the minde:
And to determine bravely, well as honeſtly,
Muſt be the laſt, and moſt refin'd digeſtion
Of a high flying nature. Such ſhould hers be.
She wanted not th'inſtruction, nor example
Of worthy Parents, that honour is the moſt
Eſſentiall part of life, and valewd 'bove it.

Cice. Good gentleman, hee's troubled.

Sam. Oh hypocriſie,
Thy painted ſhowes muſt likewiſe mock our judgments
Into an apt credulitie, that makes
Bad worſe by the diſſembling. Had ſhee wanted
Or meanes of power or fortune to diſcover
This inclination; like the Serpent numb'd
With a long rigidneſſe, forbeare's to ſting
His warmers boſome, not becauſe he hath not
A poyſon; but becauſe the force thereof
Is feebled by the cold,

Cice.

Cice. You ſeeme diſturb'd ſir.

Sam. Who ever truſt devotion, or believe
That any zeale is earneſt? I ſhould rather
Have call'd an Eremite hypocrite: or ſuſpected
Th'auſterities of an Anchorite to be
But for vaine-glory or a common fame,
Then her appearing goodneſſe. Fury prompts me
To a black act. 'Tis well I have no ſword.
But may ſhe not ſurvive her firſt repentance;
Which ſhame or puniſhment ſhall teach her quickly.
Luſtfu'l inſatiate whore. Could not a husband
Have coold your bloud?

Bella. You need no other weapon, *She ſwoones.*
Thoſe words have kill'd me.

Cice. Ay me, what have you done ſir? helpe, helpe.

Sam. If it be earneſt, cur'd a wounded fame.
My reputation would have bled a little,
Had ſhe liv'd longer infamous: her death
May loſe the memory of her diſhonour.

Cice. Good gentlewoman ſhe faints. Helpe, helpe.

The ſixth Scæne.

To them KEEPER, SLIP, WORTHGOOD.

Keep. The cry came from this Chamber.

Slip. 'Sfoot ſir, 'tis Miſtris *Ciceley*, and *Ciceley* Miſtris. Ha, ha, ſir; did you put her to the ſqueake? I'le put you——

Keep. Hold ſirrah.

Wort. Looke up my love: ha! What malicious chance
Begets this new prevention of our happines?
Oh let our ſoules together climbe the height
Of their eternitie; if fate denies
Other enjoying.

Bella. 'Tis my *Worthgoods* voyce.
That *Orphean* Muſicke charmes my ſenſes backe

From the darke ſhades of their priuation.
Welcome againe; I never more will loſe thee.
Sam. What are you ſir, that ſeeme thus tender of her?
Worth. I give no anſwer to uncivill queſtions
With calmer words. And yet I ſcorne to ſtrike,
Vnleſſe I ſaw ſome armour for reſiſtance.
Bella. This is my Husband Brother, farre as vowes
Can ioyne us, till Church-ceremony hath
Confirm'd it ſtronger.
Worth. Hee your Brother ſweet?
His pardon firſt; then leave I may embrace
His worthy love.
Sam. 'Tis not your complement
Can win upon me. If your worth deſerves
My Siſters love (I hope my Vncles care
Hath well examin'd it) freely enjoy
What you deſire: But my opinion is
Scarce ſettled yet. You ſeeme a Gentleman.
Worth. And am one: that was giv'n me in my birth.
If not, my ſword hath purchas'd it.
Cice. With leave
I would relate the accident to ſatisfie
Your curious love; which makes you doubt that ill
Ne're ſtain'd a thought in her: and for my ſelfe,
My life's untouch'd by envy.
Keep. Gentle ſir,
Let my perſwaſion worke upon your temper;
And make it pliable to forgoe all jealouſie,
And miſconſtruction. Something is reſerv'd
In mine owne knowledge, ſhall diſperſe thoſe clouds
That muffle error in their milky rowles;
And makes it blind in all things but in miſchiefe.
Sam. If *Bellamie* be v[illegible], ſhee's my Siſter;
And ſhall not loſe that intereſt.
Keep. Now *Ciceley*,
'Tis time that you diſrobe.

Cice.

Cice. By no meanes father.
My part's not ended yet.
Bella. Pleaſe her accept
Th'exchange as my thanks gift; ſince to her care
And full diſcretion I muſt attribute
My ſafety. Something's now in action,
By her begun from an ingenious practice,
Will make the end more comicke.
Cice. But 'twill turne
To a ſad Tragedy, if I enjoy not
This worthy gentleman.
Keep. A larger roome
Were more convenient. Pleaſe you ſir the houſe
Is well accommodated.
Worth. What's more to be expected
Can croſſe or crowne our loves with new events? *Exe.*
Slip. Goe your wayes and quarrell no more, leſt I bee ſtickler with this terrible Embleme of a Butchers cruelty. *Exit.*

The ſeventh Scæne.

Enter CHANGELOVE, WIFE; STITCHVVELL *in a Chayre aſleepe.*

Wife. The effects of drinking, Mr. *Changelove:* his head ſhould be troubled with ſomething elſe, were he rul'd by me. But he cares not for my counſell, nor mee. I could eene curſe mine own kindnes, that am ready ſtill to make more of him then he doth of me.
Chang. Why doe you not then——
Wife. What ſir? I warrant you meane make him a Cuckold.
Chan. That's a groſſe conſtruction. Give a friend leave to do you a pleaſure, or ſo. The truth is Miſtris I love you.
Wife. You were ever kind Mr. *Changelove.*

Chang. And would your ſcenes give me leave t'enjoy
Thoſe ſweets, although forbidden, 'twould be a happines
'Bove my deſire. Be aſſur'd my ſecrecie
Is firme as night and locks.

Wif. Secreſie, Mr. *Changelove?* I would have you know I will be open to all the world. I'le doe no more in the darke, then in this very place, were my husbands eyes open.

Chan. Here then. He ſleeps ſecurely, never dreaming
Of any foreheads arming.

Wife. Fie Mr. *Changelove*, you are ſuch a tempter. Pray forbeare, many a woman would not hold out ſo long.

Chang. Conſent then ſweet; wee'l to it.

Stitch. Ware hornes there.

Chan. Miſchiefe, what noiſe hath wak't him?

Wife. An infirmitie hee hath to talke in's ſleepe. Nay I aſſure you hee will riſe ſometimes and doe the office of a waking man in his dreame, and not know of it in the Morning.

Stitch. Rome for one of the headmen in his Pariſh: a monſter of his wifes making.

Wife. Wicked man; hee dreames now that I would make him a Cuckold.

Change. Send it be no counterfeit.

Stitch. And have I tane you ſir *Lancelot?* would you be billing with my *Guiniver?*

Pulls Changelove by the eares.

Chang. Helpe me Miſtris *Stitchwell.*

Wife. Take it patiently Sir: his fit will bee over preſently.

Stit. For this attempt King *Arthur* doth here degrade thee from a Knight of his round Table, to bee a Squire of his Wifes body. So conduct me to her bed; where I will beget a race of warriours ſhall cage thy great Turkſhip againe, and reſtore *Conſtantinople* to the Emperour.

Chan. You miſtake: oh. My Periwig is not a Turbant.

Stitch.

Stit. Peace follows victory, let us now to reste.

Wife. Pray sir, forgive him: I dare undertake hee'l be sorry for it when he wakes. If any thing I can may make amends.

Chan. Prove his dreame true. When the smart's over I shall forget it. *Enter Tapster.*

Tap. A quest of inquiry is sent all the house over to looke you Mistris. The gentlewomans maid was in a swound: they wanted your assistance.

Stit. Who wants assistance? who breaks the Kings peace? fetch me my Constables staffe.

Chan. Hee'l dreame againe: had I best stay?

Wife. Now drunkard, are you recoverd yet?

Stit. Wife and Mr. *Changelove*, wheres the company?

Wife. Gone, being weary of such a sot as you make your selfe. Pretend a walke for health and recreation, to bee drunke so early? I had done well to have served you in your kinde: here were gentlemen enough that would have brought me home; and some not farre off that used me kindly, whilst you snorted to fright fleas, and dream't perhaps some wickednesse of me.

Stit. Prethee peace sweet wife: Ile mend all.

Wife. I promise you, you shall never mend me, till you doe better your selfe.

Stit. I'le buy my pardon for it with a new gowne, and a journey into the Country next vacation.

Wife. You know *Iohn* I am easie to be wrought upon.

Tap. Will you discharge the reckoning Mr. *Changelove*?

Chang. Not willingly: I doe not love it. No revenge upon this dreaming tyrant over unpaid for gallantry? A protection to defend him is long since provided. What is your reckoning, *Robin*?

Tap. Nine and three-pence sir.

Chang. The particulars.

Tapst. Cakes two shillings. Ale as much. A quart of mortify'd Claret eight pence. Stewd pruins twelve pence.

Chang.

Change. They were deare.

Tap. Truely, they coſt a penny the pound of the one-handed Coſtes-monger, out of his wifes fiſh-basket. A quart of Creame, twelve-pence.

Chang. That's too exceſſive.

Tapſt. Nor if you conſider how many Carriers eggs miſcarried in the making of it; and the charge of Imbglaſſe and other ingredients to crenifie the ſoure milke.

Chang. All this is but a Noble.

Tap. Pray marke me ſir, I'le make it more. Twelve-pence Sugar. You had bread ſir.

Stit. And we had drinke ſir.

Tap. 'Tis granted ſir. A pound of ſauſedges, and other things, nine ſhillings and three-pence. Our Barre never erres.

Chang. I'le talke with your Miſtris. You know my meaning *Robin*. *ſteales away.*

Wife. Oh the extortion of *Tottenham-Court!*

Stit. No matter Wife: kinde Mr. *Changelove* will pay for all. Ha! where is hee?

Tap. Gone Sir.

Stit. Then give me my Cloake.

Tap. The reckoning firſt Sir.

Stit. How! muſt Taylors pay Gallants reckonings?

Wife. Sure husband, he intends this a ſatisfaction for his bearing.

Stit. Have you ſuch tricks? No great matter: 'tis but adding it to his bill in my debt-booke, and preſently arreſting him with a fat Martialiſt. Here ſirrah.

Tap. Y'are welcome Sir. Some profit comes from hence: I have ore-reckon'd one and twenty-pence. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter GEORGE *and* PORTER *with the Trunck, presently after them* VNCLE, SERVANT *and* TENANTS.

Porter.

A Heavy burthen I assure you Sir.

Geor. That's strange: a light Wench, and feathers.

Por. You say true Sir; 'tis enough to break a mans back.

Geor. His mistake hits upon truth. Rest thee *Porter*.
Oh this plots quaintnesse: witty luxury,
How it acutes invention, and makes pregnant
Even barren faculties to beget new issues
Of rare conceipt. But my credulity
Was rash and sodaine. If she hath abus'd it,
And mockt my hopes of pleasure, what revenge
Can give me satisfaction? Here's the key,
Though late these doubts arise, I greatly long
To have mine eye resolve them. Company,
Forbeare a little then, and rest thee *Porter*.

Vnc. 'Tis a faire circumstance, and may confirme
My first suspition. Where found you the Horses?

Serv. In the high way neere yonder houses. The place is called TOTENHAM-COURT.

1 *Neig.* Our intelligence hath something Landlord.

Vnc. What's That?

1 *Neig.* The truth is being weary——

2 *Neig.* Old men Landlord, old men. Labour agrees worse with us then wrangling with a leane Parson that hath a fat Benefice.

Vnc. Pray interrupt him not: Forwards *Neighbour*.

1 *Neig.* At a house yonder we prevail'd to be let in:

where the little time that remain'd 'till morning we slept soundly.

2 *Neig.* And dreamt we were in *Cranborne* Church at a drowsie Sermon.

Vnc. On good *Neighbour.*

1 *Neig.* Day no soon'r peept, but noyse wak't us. The house was presently full of Gallants with Musicke, and to dauncing they went. We askt the reason, they of the house told us 'twas customary for Gentlemen to have early revels and rendevous there. At length we heard one speake of a Gentlewoman in a satten gowne: which we conceiving to be Mistres *Bellamie*, made haste to *London* to your Inne to informe your worship.

Vnc. Oh my curst fate; they have prevented sure
My care, by zeale and nature so instructed
To tender her good, that I have not left
Counsaile or threats unurg'd to perfect it.
They are questionlesse marryed.

2 *Neig.* Might I advise your worship then, let them alone 'till night: when they are in bed together, they are the likelier to be catcht napping.

Vnc. My Nephew's gone abroad too. Is't the custome
Of Students that pretend a love to Learning,
And noble Sciences, to make the morning
Their time of recreation? Or have they
Had correspondence, and his friendly ayd
Is in the plot! Yon Porter may perhaps
Informe us something.

Geor. If these question the Porter, I must answer for him.

Vnc. Good speed friend. Didst see a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman abroad in the Fields?

Por. Betwixt nine and ten.

Ser. He meanes the clock: his hearing is surely imperfect. Didst see a Gentlewoman in a satten gowne?

Port. Indeed 'tis a heavy burthen; I fetcht it from

Vnc.

Vne. Didst see a Gentlewoman?

Port. A Gentlewoman in a Trunck of Feathers! that were very pretty.

Geor. Oh villaine.

Serv. A Gentlewoman at TOTENHAM-COVRT!

Geor. I saw many there Sir, and one in satten: but they are all upon parting.

Vne. I thanke you Sir. Come let's hasten. *Exeunt.*

Geor. What may this be! It hath begot new jealousies.

The Second Scæne.

To them FRANKE.

And here's new mischiefe. Hath the Devill policie
To prevent ill? There's no avoyding him.

Fran. 'Tis he: he hath spide me, and his feares deject him.
Sweet constancie, how I could blame the good
Thy kindnesse meanes me, that hadst rather lose
Thine owne white purity, then staine my creche
With spots time cannot wash out. Doubly happy
Shall I be in enjoying her, and punishing
A trecherous friend.
George, how long have you converst with the Frock-trade?
I thought the smock had bin your chiefe delight.

Geor. The Porter waits upon me.

Fran. With stuffing for your bed.

Geor. A light commodity I bought at *Totenham-Court.* Didst ever thinke I should have been so thrifty to buy feathers at the best hand? When I have us'd them throughly, there are Suburb Upholsters will give me my money agen.

Fran. Me thinks they are very heavy.

Geor. Let them alone.

Fran. Have not you stolne mine Hostes great brasse Pot she boyles old mutton-bones in, for the fat to make her

Cakes with when Butter is scarce.) *Porter* you shall carry it along with me.

Geor. Prethee goe backe to thy milke Mayde.

Fran. Dost thou deride me? Nay then Porter up with it, or here's a goad to force you, and let out some of your Goats blood.

Geor. Thou dar'st not strike a friend basely.

Fran. Friendship is canceld.
Th'ast broke the league that knit our outward love:
For in consent of ill Love's never solid.
Hadst not abus'd that love with foule intents,
I would have thanke thy paines, which she contriv'd
Onely for me t'enjoy her.

Geor. Is't even so!
You shall heare from me *Frank*. Come hither *Porter*,
She hath legs to walke with you.

Fran. But that I thinke disgrace a punishment
Worthy the guilt, this instant houre should give
The wrongs thou didst intend a satisfaction.
I must be bold sweet, mine are no Porters shoulders.
A Coach waits not farre off.

The third Scene.

To them CHANGELOVE, STITCHWELL, WIFE.

Lie still a little, here's company.

Geor. Let me ruminate.

Stit. I payd the reckoning *Mr Changelove*, and am sorry for it, I meane the wrong I did you.

Chan. 'Twas no offence: or had it, you have satisfi'd.
I love the memory of it. 'Twill be a Story
To greet a ring of friends with: next I meete
Shall have it all.

Wife. It may passe indeed for a merry tale by a good fire

fire in Winter, which I love dearely.

Chan. A good fire Miſtreſſe *Stitchwell* is Winters artificiall Sun, that renewes Summer within doores. I love it.

Wife. With two or three good companions, and a goſſips feaſt.

Chan. That's very right. Society is the uſe
Of mans beſt ornaments. Speech and diſcourſe
Are reaſons meſſengers, that carry errands
From one ſoule to another. I confeſſe
I love good company.

Stit. 'Tis a good exerciſe to riſe in a froſty morning, and kill Birds.

Chan. You ſay well Sir, We that have youthfull blood,
That capers in our veines, and ſwels their concaves
With active warmth, ſhould be inur'd to hardneſſe.
'Tis healthfull, and I love it.

Geor. I have it. Doe you know theſe *Franke's*

Fran. Miſchiefe, I muſt prevent them.

Geor. You may if pleaſe you, ſuffer the Porter to paſſe, and ſtay your ſelfe. Credit is pretious: let me enjoy my ſport, yours may be preſerv'd. Otherwiſe your trull and you ſhall both ſuffer. I am deſperately reſolute, and will reveale all.

Fran. And I as deſperate. Up with it *Porter.*

Port. Any thing: will you ſuffer this Gentleman?

Geor. Nay then *Franke.* *Draw, and a paſſe or two.*

Port. Helpe helpe.

Iam. If he be gone ſweet heart, let me out. I am almoſt ſtifled. *They take him out of the Trunk.*

Fran. Whence that voyce?

Short. The Gentlemen that were in our company! Let us prevent them. Be not afraid *Wife.*

Wife. Alas I cannot endure ſuch naked weapons.

Chan. What will this come to?

Iam. I beſeech ye Gentlemen kill me not, I have beene ſufficiently mortified, and I beleeve you may ſmell the effects of my feare.

Geor. Is this the lovely piece, for whose enjoying
I have attempted what by ill ſucceſſe
Makes me ridiculous: yet I ſwell with laughter
To thinke how finely ſhe hath gull'd us both,
And mockt our eaſie truſt.

Fran. Pray' Sir how came you hither?

Iam. I thinke upon that Porters ſhoulders.

Fran. But how into this Trunk?

Iam. Ile tell you ſir. Bargaining for a little ſport with the Gentlewoman, whom I thought to be a wanton, ſhe poſſeſt me with feare, (to which cowardize is alwaies apt, and I muſt acknowledge in my ſelfe) that a Gentleman (one of you two I take it) had dealt with her for her Mayden-head, and that ſhee expected him. He came: and I fearing luſt as well as love would brooke no rivall, made uſe of this for my ſafety. Where being heavy headed with Ale, I have ſlept till your noyſe wak't me.

Stit. An excellent conceit; how like you it Wife? This Gentleman cannot endure the company of Women.

Wife. I knew before he did but diſſemble: that made me ſo deſirous to try him. There was a Tub at *Totenham*; you know the ſucceſſe of it.

Chan. I ever thought Miſtreſſe *Stitchwell* that was your owne plot; and I love you dearely for it.

Wife. Love me Mr *Changelove*? Take heed my Husband doe not dreame of it.

Chan. That was her plot too. Now doe I ſee, ſome Women can counterfeit wickedneſſe, as well as many diſſemble honeſty. Come Sir, let you and I drowne the memory of our diſaſters in a cup of Sack. *Exeunt.*

Wife. You ſee gallants what ſucceſſe attends your enterpriſes.
Henceforth account not every City Wife
Wanton, that onely loves a merry life.

Stit. And here's a double comfort; being wedded,
Shee's neither falſe, nor am I jealous headed. *Exeunt.*

Fran. Accurſt credulity. Could not thoſe doubts
I ſhapt my jealouſie, preſerve my firſt,
And noble reſolution? Had I urg'd it
With greater zeale, ſhe muſt have forc't her reaſon
To underſtand m' intention without practiſe
Of farther tryall. Now ſhe's loſt for ever;
Though I ſhould with ſubmiſſion and repentance
Beg reconciliation with her thoughts,
(Whoſe purity cannot endure to mixe
With mine that were ſo foule) ſhe would reject it.
Ile back, and try. Luſtfull affections hence.
My Lov's new cloth'd in vertuous innocence. *Exit.*

Ge. Frank. We are friends: ſince we have ſhar'd diſgrace,
We kill all malice. Henceforth I ſhall ſtrive
To live more chaſte. Luſt is a gilded pill,
Which ſinfull nature doth preſcribe deſire.
It mocks the ſence with pleaſure; but at laſt
The ſhining outſide leaves a bitter taſt. *Exit.*

The fourth Scœne.

Enter SAM *and* SLIP.

Sam. But prethee tell me, what's her condition?

Slip. Womaniſh. She'l cry when ſhee's angry; laugh when ſhe's tickled, and be ſick when ſhe cannot have her owne will.

Sam. I meane her calling.

Slip. She is call'd a *Cicily*.

Sam. Her profeſſion then

Slip. Not very honeſt, and yet very honeſt. She cheats all the world that thinks ſhe is wanton: but you may find by the late ſtories, that neither your Aunts nor Couſins can keep their legs ſo cloſe.

Sam. Here's money for thee.

Slip. You are as bountifull as a new made Knight, that courts

courts a City Widdow by Attorney for the officers fees.

Sam. Prethee tell me how was she borne?

Slip. You had best ask the Midwife.

Sam. This fellow trifles. Is the Keeper thy Master her owne Father?

Slip. Should you conjure the Devill into her dead Mother, he might chance to tell you a lye.

Sam. Is she a Gentlewoman or not?

Slip. She is, and she is not. She is a Gentlewoman as she loves pride: which makes Gentlewomen apt to fall; especially those of the waiting-forme. Then she is no Gentlewoman because——because——

Sam. Prithee no more.

Slip. 'Tis well you interrupted me, for I had no reason: But Sir I will bring her to the barre of your presence, where she may answere for her selfe, whilst I convert your bounty into wholesome nourishment from a black Pot, and have a bout with mine own sweet Turnep.

Sam. Mine eye nere saw with aptnesse to desire
That beauty could enthrall m'unbounded thoughts
With passionate affection. Yet this piece
Is absolute, and such as cannot choose
But have a glorious mind. Love is a cement
That joynes not earthly parts above, but workes
Upon th'eternall substance, making one
Of two agreeing soules. Were she borne nobly,
(As surely such perfections cannot be
The issue of base parents) so that infamie
Might not succeed, here would I fixe my choyce.
Besides she's vertuous, and her education
Beseeming greatnesse: her discourse, pure language;
Indgement, and full behaviour argue it.

The

The fifth Scæne.

To him, CICELEY.

Shee's come, How like an Angell, as if ſent
On ſome celeſtiall meſſage to the ſoule
Of a departing Saint. White innocence
Is in each looke and feature, as all goodneſſe
Had built their manſion in her. Welcome faire one,
I hope my pardon's ſeal'd for thus preſuming
On what you might call rudeneſſe.

Cice. You have ſhapt
Needleſſe apologie to excuſe a guilt,
When none appeares. I owe much to your vertue
It doth command my thoughts.

Sam. Which are ſo glorious,
I muſt admire the actions that expreſſe them,
I hope your judgement doth not call it ill,
That my intemperate anger being grownded
On vertuous ſuſpition, did tranſport me
Beyond a moderate paſſion. I am ſatisfi'de.
Your innocence hath cleer'd my jealouſie;
Which was I know inſtruction to my ſiſter,
And th'onely working meanes that kept her ſafe.
The Gentleman ſhe loves I finde is worthy:
Though his eſtate through the improvidence
Of a free minded Father, low enough.
My Vncle may repaire it: ſhe hath hopes
T'inherite all. And truſt me did I love
Where I perceiv'd deſert, no inequalitie
Of fortunes blind additions, birth or ſtate,
Should interpoſe a let to my enjoying.

Cice. Sir, 'tis a noble reſolution,
Pure love's a vertue Nature onely teacheth;
And's borne with generous ſpirits that diſtinguiſh

The object truely; sleighting those respects
That worke on grosser minds.
Sam. How shee instructs me
In resolution? Fairest I shall use
None other circumstance, or paint a passion
My reasons eye allowes: though first my sense
Convey'd the knowledge of your outward forme,
And full perfections, which must needs conteine
A richer inside. Vertue seldome dwells
But in a glorious frame. I love your goodnesse;
For that your beauty. In my new borne wishes
I have determin'd you the partner
Of all that's mine. My state's not very meane:
If 'twere, zeale should supply; I'de strive to merit
The free gift of your selfe, and in exchange
Returne my selfe.
Cice. Sir, I could answere you
With your owne wordes: for I presume your thoughts
Are noble like your selfe; unmixt with flatt'ry,
Courtships infection; and the poysonous breath
That many times doth make pure love suspected
Whether it be sound or plaster'd to deceive
Our credulous weakneſſe, till it hath possest us
With some foule leprosie. Your handmaid yeelds
To what agrees with honour; if the meanneſſe
Of her condition may presume to call
Her honest credit so.
Sam. How you doe blesse me
As suddainly as my desires could shape
A meanes to worke it? Instantly the Church
Shall seale the bargaine.
Cice. Would not you deliberate
Those acts are lasting, and concerne the being
Of all your after life?
Sam. 'Tis heavens providence
That hath dispos'd it. Thus I seale my vowes

The

The sixth Scœne.

To them VNCLE *and* TENANTS.

Cice. And here are witnesses.

Sam. My Vncle! what makes he here? new doubts arise.

Vnc. See, see; my thoughts were prophecie: both here.

Sam. You are welcome to *Totenham-Court* Vncle.

Vnc. But you'r ill come Cosen. I had thought
Your judgement had beene stronger then to ayde
A foolish Sister with your fond indulgence
In her undoing. She may hide her face.
My rage distracts me, and I know not how
To frame th'induction.

1. *Neigh.* Why sir, this is not Mistris *Bellamie*, but another in her clothes.

Vnc. How's that knave? hay day! more plots! Housewife how came you by these? where's my Neece?

Cice. I am your Neece.

Vnc. You my Neece?

Sam. Shee's my Wife, Vncle.

Vnc. Yet more plots! sure the Parson of *Pancrase* hath beene here.

1. *Ten.* Indeed I have heard he is a notable joyner.

2. *Ten.* And *Totenham-Court* Ale pays him store of tith. It causeth questionlesse much unlawfull conpling.

Vnc. Pray where's your Sister? I'le not fright her
With many threats, but mildly worke her reason
To understand her errors; and prevent
Her ruine with disswasions. Cos shee's lost:
My love and care made useless.

Sam. Is shee married Sir?

Vnc. Yes; that's my greatest feare, shee's past recov'ry.
Woman, what ere you are, you have some hand in't;
These were her clothes.

The ſeventh Scene.

To them WORTHGOOD, BELLAMIE, KEEPER.

Cice. Let her ſelfe ſatisfie,
If paſſion hath not made you too uncapable.
Bella. Alas mine Vncle.
Vnc. Killing ſpectacle.
Come from his armes: if any force reſtraine thee
But thine owne freeneſſe (which I moſt doe feare)
I will reveng't with lawes extremitie.
Come from his armes I ſay.
Bella. Vncle I owe
You many duties. One from natures precepts;
And morall gratitude for your great love
Inſtructs me in another: but neceſſitie
In this compels a vertuous diſobedience.
Vnc. Girle hee's a begger. He had a prodigall father
That ſpent all ere he dyed: his whole eſtate
Depends but on the love of a rich Vncle;
And that's incertaine.
Wort. Pray upbraid me not
With a dead mans misfortune. I have beene
A Soldier, and perhaps am apt to anger.
Vnc. Threaten your fill Sir, ſo my Neece forſake you.
Sam. Kinde Vncle, call not poverty a ſin.
Wealth's but the gloſſe and outſide of deſert.
And for my Siſter, ſince ſhe loves this Gentleman,
Shee hath ſome portion left her; your eſtate
Would be a faire addition: but the loves
Of Vncles are uncertaine. The truth is,
I love this maid: ſhee's but this Keepers daughter;
Yet I would marry her, pleaſe her good Father
To be conſenting.
Keep. Bleſſings unexpected.

If

If she be willing. Shee's a poore girle Sir.
Sam. Shee's richer then the *Indies*.
Vnc. Shall mine age
Be curs'd to this misfortune. Ile build hospitals;
Where wooden legs and lazy hypocrites
Shall be mine heyres.
2 *Ten.* And the Divell your Executor.
Vnc. They scorne my easinesse.
I should have rag'd, and from a furious anger
Sent threats, not calme intreaties.
Keep. That would likewise
Have beene as useleſſe. I conceive such joy
At theſe events, they almost have confounded
My preparations to begin the Story.
Reserv'd to crowne all. First doe you imbrace
A naturall Sister.
Wort. Mine owne Sister, sir,
Suppos'd to have dy'd an infant!
Cice. I still thought in
By an instinct.
Keep. This is *Cicilia Worthgood*,
Whom my Wife nurst when both your Parents dy'd.
I have beene carefull of her education
Well as her person; though my love conceal'd
The knowledge of her selfe still from her selfe,
Least I should loſe her: being th'onely comfort
I wisht from providence: Such was the duty
With which I honour'd your dead Auncestors,
That brought me up.
Vnc. Sir, this concernes not me.
Keep. It doth your Nephew, to whose loves imbrace
I next commend her, and a portion too.
She shall inherit something that hath beene
Stor'd from my care; nor hath her industry
Wanted a stock.
Cice. Still let me call you Father;

Whose love deserves it for my preservation,
And after being.

Wort. What a knot of fortunes
Is here untyed? Oh let me weare you ever
Vpon my heart with these. *Enter Servant hastily.*
Mine Vncles servant! What new accident?

Ser. Oh Sir, never was endeavour so tir'd. But I am glad I have found you. Your Vncle's dead, and hath made you his heyre.

Vnc. Ha, ha! is't come about? nay then; are you married neece? if not, about it presently whilst 'tis morning. Thou shalt be mine heire likewise: love him; lye with him; get boyes, and any thing now; you have my consent.

To them FRANGE.

Bella. And now I owe you duty.

Fran. With what impudence
Shall I apparell my prepar'd excuse,
To make it passe? What meane so many people?
I am return'd to chide your cruell practice,
That mockt my vertue into wicked frailty,
And an abus'd beliefe. Hard was't conceyt;
And come with more then sorrow, satisfaction.
Let not the memory of my past errors
Pervert your thoughts into a worse opinion
Of my reclaiming, than if ill intents
Had nere expresst themselves.

Wort. What means that Gentleman?

Bella. He's one of those that is— *whispers.*

Cice. If you'l have my Maidenhead,
A Husbands leave is light.

Serv. As your Commodity.
How did you like it, sir? *Enter Host.*

Fran. They will abuse me.
Into a madnesse. Farewell vertuous Maid,
And blesse his bed deserves thee. Here I banish
All after-thoughts of Women; but admire

The goodneſſe makes them perfect; ſince ſuch were
Added to be mans onely comfort here. *Exit.*

Keep. Moſt opportunely Widdow. I have ſollicited long; and if you will now conſent, let's beare theſe company.

Hoſt. With all my heart.

Kee. Why then to *Pancras:* each with his lov'd conſort;
And make it Holiday at *Totenham-Court.*

The EPILOGVE, by the HOSTESSE.

AGaine y'are welcome. There's no more to pay
But your kind liking. Tapſter *take away.*
If you deny't, as due for ſuch meane Cheere;
And ſay your firſt paid reckoning was too deere;
I begge it as a bounty. If I winne
Your kinde commends, 'twill bring more cuſtome *in.*
When others fill'd Roomes *with neglect diſdaine yee;*
My little Houſe *(with thanks) ſhall entertaine yee.*
And if ſuch Gueſts *would dayly make it ſhine,*
Our POET *ſhould no more drinke* Ale, *but* Wine.

the end.

Exit.

I have follicited

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

the HOSTESS.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit

THE Vnfortunate Mother:

A TRAGEDIE.

Never acted; but set downe according to the intention of the Author

Thomas Nabbes.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. O.* for *Daniell Frere*, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Red Bull in Little Britaine. 1640.

of the Author

TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVLL Richard Braithwaite *ESQVIRE.*

Sir,

I Have (though boldly being a ſtranger) elected you, to countenance a piece, that (undeſervedly I hope) hath beene denied the credit which it might have gain'd from the Stage; though I can

accuſe my ſelfe of no errour in it, more than a nice curioſity (which notwithſtanding I muſt boaſt to be without preſident) in the method: where I have deni'd my ſelfe much liberty, that may be allow'd a Poet from old example, and new eſtabliſht cuſtome. Your ſelfe have given many ſufficient teſtimonies of your owne abilities and judgement, by your owne many publiſhed and unqueſtionable labours. In giving way and pardon to this bold act of mine, you will engage to thankefulneſſe, & honour him that is ambitious to be knowne by you, and ſtil'd

Your honour ever humble
Servant,

Thomas Nabbes.

Proeme To the Reader.

READer, thou wilt undoe my Poems fate
If thy opinion be prejudicate:
If not, then I ſhall neither hope nor feare,
Whether thou wilt be partiall or ſevere.
But 'cauſe I know not how thou art inclin'd,
Ile tell thee what ſhalt not, and what ſhalt find.
Here are no bumbaſt raptures ſwelling high,
To plucke *Iove* and the reſt downe from the ſky.
Here is no ſence that muſt by thee be ſcann'd,
Before thou canſt the meaning underſtand.
Here is not any glorious Scene of ſtate;
Nor Chriſtning ſet out with the Lottery Plate.
There's no diſguiſe in't; no falſe beard, that can
Diſcover ſeverall perſons in one man.
No Politician tells his plots unto
Thoſe in the Pit, and what he meanes to doe.
But now me thinkes I heare ſome Criticke ſay,
All theſe left out there's nothing in the play.
Yes: Thou ſhalt find plaine words, and language cleane;
That *Cockram* needs not tell thee what they meane.
Shalt find ſtrict method in't, and every part
Severely order'd by the rules of Art.
A conſtant Scene: the buſineſſe it intends
The two houres time of action comprehends.
Read it with obſervation then, and be
My Judge from reaſon; not from tyranny.

Thine *Thomas Nabbes.*

To
The Author on this his *TRAGEDY*.

PRinted before 'tis Acted! such a tricke
As few men will judge to bee politicke.
But little reason for it wee can see,
Profit should grow contemptible with thee.
I read it, and it hath my vote for good;
Sure 'twas not by some others understood:
By whom I wish action might added be,
For that's the best life of a Tragedy.
Sure though they tyrant like did sentence give
Upon thy Mother, *she deserves to live.*

E. B. *Groom*

To the Author on his *Unfortunate MOTHER*.

I Doe not wonder that great *Johnsons* Play
Was scorn'd so by the ignorant, that day
It did appeare in its most glorious shine;
And comely action grac'd each learned line.

There was ſome reaſon for it : 'twas above
Their reach, thy brevity, their applauſe or love :
When as the nobler few did it admire,
And warm'd their ſpecies at his genuine fire.
But I command the welcome of thy Fate,
To ſell thy labours at a better rate,
Then the contempt of the moſt squeamiſh age;
Or the exacteſt Roſcij of the Stage :
Which might provoke our Laureat to repine,
That thine ſhould rivall his brave *Albovine*.
Thy Muſe in this birth doth unhappy prove,
In that it is abortive. Let thy love
Appeare to us in getting ſuch another,
That ſhe may boaſt her ſelfe a happy Mother.

C. G.

To my friend the Author.

WEll writ; well plotted: why not acted then?
Have th' actors judgement more then other men?
Or i'ſt their humour ſo to keepe thoſe under,
Whoſe bayes are knowne to be ſecure from thunder?
Since all the world I dare be bold will ſay,
Folly was guide when iudgement loſt its way:
Yet each good wit to thee a ſprig will bring,
To crowne thy Muſe that doth ſo ſweetly ſing:
Whilſt others weakeneſſe ordering thy ſad fate,
Hath made themſelves like her; Unfortunate.

R. W.

The Perſons.

M *Acario.* A yong Duke of *Ferrara.*
Infelici. Dutcheſſe Dowager.
Corvino. Suppoſed Father to *Spurio* and *Notho.*
Bonardo. Father to *Fidelio* and *Amanda.*
Spurio. Favourite to the Duke.
Notho. Generall return'd victorious.
Fidelio. Friend to *Spurio*, and lover of *Meliſſa.*
Beneventi. Friend to *Fidelio.*
Vittorio. } Two Captaines, friends to *Notho.*
Polemici. }
Meliſſa. Daughter to *Corvino.*
Amanda. In love with *Spurio.*
Cardente. An old Crone, mother of the maides.

Mutes.

Ladies attendants.

The Guard.

The Scene the Court of *Ferrara.*

THE
Vnfortunate Mother.
A Tragedy.

The first Act, and first Scene:
The Scene being the *Presence*.

Fidelio and Beneventi.

Beneventi.

OUr Mourning's ended, and the Court agen
Lookes like the Morning, when the Easterne ayre
Is painted with a mixture of her blushes,
And the Suns golden glory.

Fid. So it should:
eat Princes Death's but like a short Eclipse
rken the Orbes they lighted, 'till another
eads his succeeding beames: We have his sonne,
full of hope as ever promis'd state
ppinesse; and now he's risen, we

Shall gaze, and glad our ſelves as cheerefully
In his unarme favours, as in thoſe, which time
So lately diſpoſſeſt us of.
Ben. I ſhall not
Court them with any flattery.
Fid. His temper
Is vertuous, *Beneventi*: He'le admit
Of no ſuch practice; and his minion too.
The noble *Spurio*, ſuch a rare example
Of a good great man.
Ben. That's your partiality,
Becauſe he is your friend.
Fid. Wrong not th'integrity
Of what is reall in me. By my hopes
Of a faire memory, there's not a charme
In greatneſſe hath the Magicke power to ſway
My reaſon with affection, but true merit,
That bindes me. I ne're coucht unto the humours
Of any great one yet; or ſtil'd my ſelfe
Th'admirer of his vertues, if they were not
The true ſteps to his raiſing.
Ben. Sure the Dutcheſſe
Affects him with a more than common favour;
As if there were ſome ſecret intereſt
That yet ſcapes publick knowledge.
Fid. Be not jealous:
'Tis the rude peoples vice. In our pure difference
There ſhould be nobler thoughts.
Ben. You love his ſiſter.
Fid. Yes *Beneventi*: can my wiſhes covet
A greater honour?
Ben. Here's your friend, the favourite:
He'le pay his ſiſters portion in ſome Office
Beg'd of the Duke, and with the Dowery which
His Father gives her, buy himſelfe ſweet pleaſures;
Or a new glorious ward-robe. How he ſtands?
As if ſome frownes of the new Duke dejected him,
And made him feare a fall.

{ *The ſecond Scene.*
{ Enter *Spurio*.

Fid. Th'art too ſevere
And Cynicall. This bitterneſſe might move
Another ſpleene: but prethee *Beneventi*
Doe not preſume on priviledge. A friend
Shares ſo much of my ſelfe, he cannot ſuffer,
But I am ſenſible by a conſent
And an affinity of parts.
Ben. Ile honour him
At your commands.
Fid. My honour'd Lord why thus? (*To Spurio.*
Spu. *Fidelio*, welcome to mine eyes; thy preſence,
Like Sun-ſhine, hath illuminated my darke ſoule,
Clouded with melancholy.
Fid. What's the cauſe?
You flow in honours.
Spu. Oh *Fidelio*,
Be not too curious; ſhouldſt thou know my ſufferings,
Thy Phyſicke cannot cure them. *Beneventi*!
Fid. My friend, my Lord.
Spu. Then mine. My friends muſt be (*To Beneventi.*
Like Chaines, the firſt linke leads on his dependants.
Inſtruct me how, then uſe me.
Ben. I ſhall ſtudy
A gratefull ſervice.
Fid. Pray doe not conceale
What's your diſturbance. By communicating
You'le leſſen ſomething of the ſuffering,
In making me partaker.
Spur. I ſhall adde to't.
We ſhall be like two neighbour buildings, when
A flame proceeding from the one hath ſeiz'd
The others roofe, it makes the burning greater.
Friend let me ſuffer, be thou free.
Fid. Report,
Perhaps, hath multiply'd, and rumour's growne
Pregnant with iſſue, that your noble brother
Wants the ſucceſſe we hop't for.
Spu. Ha! my Brother!

My brothers vertue doth command his fortune;
The later waites upon the first, as slaves
Act their Directors wills. No my *Fidelio*,
A certaine knowledge newly's come to Court
Of his sure victory, and his arrivall
Is suddenly expected, that it may
Crowne this dayes (yet unperfect) glory. Friend,
My joyes transport me, that I share in blood
With one so worthy: But the peace that waites
Vpon his Conquest cannot stay the warre
That is within me.

The third Scene. Flourish. Enter Macario, Infelice, Corvino, Melissa, Ladies.

Fid. Here's the Duke and Dutchesse,
Compose your selfe.

Macs. Griefe, Madam, should be like
A short Sea-storme; 'soon as a calmer ayre
Hath smooth'd the rugged waters, there's not seene
The least impression which the formers rage
Made on their even surface. I am still
Your sonne in duty, as in blood; And though
I share not in this out ware act of sorrow
For my dead Father (since the mourning ceremonies
Of Court should be prescrib'd to stricter limits
Of time, than where th'affaires and men are private)
His memory presents it selfe as fresh
To every apprehension that assailes me,
As when his living precepts taught me how
To be a Prince, by more than the election
Of Fortune and my Birth: His vertues shall
Be (as I hope) my soules inheritance,
Well as his dignities: Ile be directed
By their examples.

Inf. Deare sonne (for my love
Bids me make use of Natures privilege,
And leave out other titles) I have joyes
Greater within me, than these weake ones, which
Onely take life from the expression,
And quickly dye, the object once remov'd.
Yet give me leave to temper them with mixture
Of some sad thoughts, lest their excesse may grow

Into

Into a danger, and a little taſte
Of contrarieties will whet the ſence
With a freſh appetite, preventing ſurfeits.
My comforts ſwell, like a full tide, to ſee
Thy growing ſtate propt up with ſuch advantages,
As ſhow it unto all mens expectations
Int's future flouriſhing: A Counſaile grave
And wiſe as ever order'd policy
From the beſt unreſiſted principles:
Men, whoſe deſignes ſet downe the acts ſucceſſe
As poſitive as Oracles. Thy *Spuria*,
Thy almoſt ſelfe; a man ſo rich in ſoule,
And all her beſt dependancies, he gives
Honour to greatneſſe, by the nobleſt uſing
Of a Court-favourites power, that ever yet
Deſerv'd a record. Next to him, thy Champion,
His valiant brother; one, upon whoſe Plumes
Victory danceth as they fanne the ayre,
Whiſpering the way of Triumph. Thou art guarded
With ſuch a generall loyalty in Subjects,
That if thou ſlept'ſt amongſt the multitude,
Even when ſome rage poſſeſt them, undefended
With any Armes but that, th' imperfect ſlumber
Need not be broken with a feare. *Maurio*,
Theſe teares are teares of joy: and yet I cannot
Chuſe but reflect upon thoſe times that gave me
Th' embraces of thy Noble Father.

Mac. Madam,
The loſſe you ſuffer is repair'd in me;
Ile owne no honours, nor delights of earth,
But what my duty ſhall conferre on you:
Making your preſent greatneſſe equall to
The former without diſcontinuance.
I will call nothing mine, more than a title,
And ceremonious out-ſide.

Cor. Would you'ld pleaſe
To take your ſeat, and give an audience
To what I ſhall deliver.

Mac. Speake *Corvino.*
Your Oratory hath power to draw attention,
What e're the subject be: nothing preventing
Cor. 'Tis that that makes
Language harmonious. 'Tis your selfe, great sir,
Both your owne private and the publicke good
Must be my Theame, in part it likewise hath
Relation unto your eternity,
For Princes never dye that have faire issue.
Your marriage sir
Maca. I'me yet too yong, *Corvino.*
Cor. Y'are old in judgement, and in all the parts
That make a Prince up absolute. Too yong?
Some carefull Parents (and such providence
Might be a good example) in the child-hood
Of their lov'd sonnes, have made election
Of hopefull beauties, that they might be sure
To keepe their names alive in their posterity.
You are mature enough: now therefore know,
Your dying Father (to whose memory
We owe a reverence) when his fainting Spirits
Labourd for helps from all their weakned Organs,
He breath'd these last words: Let my Sonne (quoth he)
Marry betimes; and if he makes his choyce
'Mongst his owne subjects, let him place *Melissa*
In his first thoughts.
Ben. Where is your honour now? *(To Fidelio privately.)*
Cor. I doe not urge it as she is my daughter,
Through an ambition that affects such greatnesse;
Sir, my desires are humble; and in those
A safety waites, whose comfort I'le not lose
For all the others flatteries.
Mac. Blush not Lady, *To Melissa.*
If Fortune hath design'd you for a Princesse,
The favour's worth the courting with a smile,
And cheerefull aspect, so't transport you not
From a becomming duty.
Mel. Gracious Sir,

My temper can admit of no desires (*Kneeles.*
Suit not with my condition. If it be
Decreed by providence, I can obey,
But never wish.
Mac. Rise lovely maid. (*Riseth.*
Fid. My Lord, (*To Spurio in private.*
I'me lost to all the happinesse that ever
My hopes shew'd me a way to.
Spu. Have no feares:
She's constant; and Ile soone divert the Duke,
Even here in publicke.
Mac. Faire *Melissa* take
Thy Princes grant.
Spu. Of what sir? Doe not mocke
Your reason into error. Y'are a Prince
And every act of yours concernes a state,
Not your meere person onely: what you doe
Must therefore deeply be consider'd on,
Before your will allow it execution.
Princes should wed with Princesse: where there is
An innate Majesty on both sides, that
Well mixt, makes up an issue fit for rule,
And the successive dignities. Besides,
A State is strengthned by alliance much,
It may enlarge your Territories too,
By times kind working. We have neighbour Princes,
That gladly would bestow their Female heires
Upon your highnesse, and by such a choyse,
Your subjects with yourselfe might gaine a happinesse.
Mac. You, *Spurio*, counsaile this?
Spu. He cannot owne
A duty worth your cherishing with favour,
That will not urge it home.
Mac. She is your sister;
And 'twould be some additions to your honours
(Though they are many which your merits challenge)
To see your sister grac'd with the high Title
Of our great Dutchesse.

Spu.

Spu. I would be disadvantage to no limit
To all that's good within me, or although
No policy preserves my Actions, I can
Free from suspicion, but their owne integrity,
And that hath shew'd them cleare without abuse
Of favour or of power; yet if I were
The brother of the Dutchesse, I should hardly
Scape envy, where I now have love.
Mac. Brave spirit,
Thy vertue moves me.
Ben. How his father frownes? *To Fidelio privately.*
He's mov'd another way.
Spu. If you esteeme it
A vertue in me to suppresse desire
That beare me higher than a moderate pitch,
Cherish it still, and doe not with addition
Of favours make me doe'ch'opinion
Of being good in my prosperities:
Such flatteries may tempt me to aspire;
My flight holds temper: with Princelle:
Mac. My dearest *Spurio*,
How thou appear'st in this humility!
Nor doe I think it any counterfeit
To whet my yet cold appetite, but for me,
Though it be full of active fire enough
To move the chillest earth, wherein a soule
Hath made its habitation, I not doute on't:
Nor will it prejudice your worth, *Melissa*,
In that your Prince resisteth his affection
Must not guide us, but counsaile, counsaile
Mel. You have done
A justice unto me and your owne honour:
I shall be happy when my Virgin freedome
May make an equall choise.
Mac. That choise shall want
No honour we can give it. And deare Madam *To Iustice.*
Your selfe have youth enough, and beauty yet
T'admit a second fellowship: Elect

Even

Even where you pleaſe, our duty ſhall allow it:
Vertue and judgement guide you.
Inſe. I am happy in my unhappineſſe, that time hath left me
A husband ſtill; thy Fathers memory
Preſerv'd in thee my Son: I know no widow-hood
Whilſt wedded unto that.
Mac. Yet if hereafter
You would at any time conferre ſuch honour,
Let it be Lord *Corvinos*.
Spu. Ha! my father! *To* Fidelio *privately*.
Nam'd he not him *Fidelio*?
Corv. To my ſelfe
You ſhew me my defects, by the faire light
Of your too gracious and too great opinion;
All the deſert that I can have, muſt be
Of your creating. *Flouriſh.*
Mac. Theſe events ſhall be *Exeunt* Mac. Inſe.
Referr'd to time and providence. *Ladyes, the reſt remaining.*
Corv. Sonne *Spurio*.
Ben. Now will he ſchoole his Son for being honeſt.
'Tis an ambitious Lord, yet ſtrives to hide it *To* Fidelio
With politique hypocriſie. *whiſpering.*
Corv. Your Child-hood
Grew up to riper yeares in ſuch obedience,
As promiſ'd duty to me; how you ſhould
Decline that goodneſſe from the hopes conceiv'd
Strikes me with wonder. Sure you were inſtructed,
And taught to know men by the ſtudy of
Their difference; and in what one may excell
Anothers being: Greatneſſe is no vice
That you ſhould ſhun it, and your Siſters honours
Would neither have impair'd yours, nor mine:
'Tis not ſo dangerous caring to preſerve
Aboundance, as to labour with neceſſity;
And though it might be reall temperance in you
To ſhun ſo great additions, yet it ſhew'd
Little obedience that you contradicted
What I propoſ'd.

Spu. Sir 'twas from your example,
You urg'd it not as an ambition;
If your desires were humble, mine were so:
I preferre safety sir as well as you,
Before the flattering dangers that are incident
To th'other.

Coru. You have mis-interpreted
A modest feare, an absolute denialL
Besides; how unbecomming 'tis t' accept
A presit consent with greed inesse; it argues
Desire without desert: but since you are
So nicely morall, by my selfe I will
Advance my selfe. The Dutchesse bed will be
An honour I ne're thought of.

Spu. How sir! you
Marry the Dutchesse?

Coru. Hath your greatnesse taught you
To practise scorne on me? or are you swolne
With an unnaturall envy? I shall hatch
Practices above your reach; and teach your sister
T'obey as well as love: 'tis not your humour
But my command that must dispose of her:
Nor will I aske your leave to have the Dutchesse.
Be what you are, and keepe your Princes love:
Y'have almost lost a father's. *Exit.*

Ben. How he stands? *to* Fidelio.
Some wanton lobby Lady sure hath laid
The issue of her pleasures to his charge;
For which the old man child him.

Fid. I much feare
Part of the cause is mine.

Ben. Two hands in a dish,
The right Court Ordinary.

Fid. Prethee bee
More serious. Why agen dejected thus?

Spu. I have newes for thee *Fidelio.*

Bene. Pay the Post.

Spu. Thou must not have my Sister.

Fid.

Fid. Ha? 'tis horrour.
Ben. Then 'tis not honour.
Spu. She must be dispos'd of.
Fid. How? for the Duke?
Spu. My father so resolves it.
Fid. Then I have lost ----
Ben. Iust nothing.
Fid. Thou prophan'st
A worth, that bids my justice punish thee.
Ben. She's nothing worth, nor to the purpose, if
You have her not.
Fid. If there be more impart it.
Spu. I love the Dutchesse.
Fid. So doe I your Sister.
Ben. And I love both.
Spu. How is that *Beneventi*?
Love both?
Ben. Yes, both alike; that is, love neither.
Spu. My rivall is my father.
Fid. Mine my Soveraigne.
Ben. Then if I be your second against either,
Let the Axe make me first a headlesse monster;
And Surgeons next in publicke search my parts,
To find where treason lay and patricide.
Spu. What Fates are we two subject to?
Ben. The worse
If you attempt to better them.
Spu. Fidelio,
We will consult a little; I have had
Grounds for strong hopes, I'le not be flatter'd by them:
But worke with policy. There is within me
A warre 'twixt love and duty: one must be
Destroy'd to quit and set the other free. *Exeunt.*

The Second Act, and first Scene.

The Scene being the Dutcheſſe Chamber.

Inſelice, *Amanda*, *Meliſſa* and *Cardente*. { A Table &c.

Inſe. *Amanda* you looke ſickly, you were wont
To weare a lovely bluſh upon your cheeke,
Such as no Art can counterfeit: your eyes
Were the Court Stars, at which the amorous gallants
Lighted their flames: who but *Amanda* fam'd
For beauty, and a livelineſſe of ſpirit;
Your colour's earthy now, your mind unactive:
Nor can ſuch accidents without a cauſe
Shew their effects. I wiſh it were communicated
Unto our knowledge.

Card. Madam, it is nothing
But eating Sallets, Oate-meale, and greene fruits,
She hath got the loving Chamber-maids diſeaſe:
On my virginity that's it, ſhe muſt
Be ſteel'd to th'purpoſe.

Inſe. I beleeve they are
Some paſſions rather.

Card. Certainely that's it:
Madam ſhe reades Arcadiaes, Amorettas;
And will diſcourſe this Ladies love and that
So ſadly, that the faces in the hangings
Seeme to have ſence and weepe: I'me ſure I cannot
Forbeare when I remember it.

Am. 'Tis ſtrange,
Your reverend Ladiſhip hath ſo much moyſture;
Sure you preſerv'd your teares, and waſted none
When you were yong, to th'end you might expreſſe
Your ſelfe now tender-hearted: What ſweet Courtier

But would esteeme those teares and make them bracelets?
Their toughnesse will endure the stringing.
Infe. So, so;
Be lightsome still.
Card. And jeere my age, that hath
Given you counsell; which observ'd, would keepe
Your heart from aking, and your lunges from sighes:
You ne're would cry aye me, that love, but cannot
Be lov'd agen.
Infe. Is she in love *Cardente?*
Card. That's it upon my Maiden-head.
Ama. An o th,
Of great antiquity; the Cavaliers
Us'd it before the battaile of *Lepanto.*
Card. Us'd what? my Maiden-head?
Meli. You would have it constred
In that best sence.
Card. Y'are very witty Ladies,
To play on my decaies; I could have done
As well as you: but now have graver thoughts.
Am. The Grave is that best fits them.
Card. Well *Amanda,*
You may agen want counsaile; when you doe
I wish some cough may seize me, or the want
Of my fore teeth make my speech so imperfect,
You may not understand it.
Meli. Very likely;
You need not wish it.
Infe. They are wagges *Cardente,*
But for your mirth *Amanda* 'tis affected;
Your soule I doe believe retaines its sadnesse,
Reveale it, and i'le aide thee in the cure.
Ama. Madam I gladly would give satisfaction
Unto your graces curiosity,
So that it might not prejudice faire truth:
To say I'me sicke, were a dissimulation:
If well, you'le not believe it.
Card. How? you well?

When your complexion's like the queene of Spades;
Or like a painting wrought in the first colour;
Or like a wither'd blossome, or a ---
Ama. Hold
Good Lady *Simile*; Or like your Monkey
When he wants Spiders; the poore beast lookes scurvily,
And not unlike your Ladiship.
Card. Well, well;
I still must beare with youth.
Ama. If a distemper,
Or a disease that's crept into my blood
Renders me now lesse beautifull, then lately
The flatteries of some esteem'd me; must it
Conclude my mind is sicke?
Infe. Enough *Amanda*,
Yet still I must suspect; when y'are alone
Perhaps she will reveale it. *Exit.* {*To* Card. *privately.*
Card. That's it Madame,
We maids will chat so prettily alone;
You did not well *Amanda* to abuse me
Before the Dutchesse; other Ladies would not
Have serv'd me so, and there are few in Court
But would make use of what you slight; my counsell;
I have bin verst in things that might advantage
Your restitution.
Amb. Unto what good Lady?
Card. Your health, your mind; your wits.
Ama. Why doth your reverence
Thinke I am mad?
Card. A little loving frenzie:
Mel. Delude her importunity with some slight, {*To* Amanda *privately.*
Shee'le be a trouble else.
Card. Pray' thinke not Ladies
This age of mine hath not attain'd some knowledge
From observation. There have bin few passages
In Court which I have not bin privy too.
Ladies have falne and risen; and their timpanies
Have bin cur'd with as secret carriage,

As

As e're was practis'd by a ſuburbe Mid-wife:
I have had plots to ſave a Ladies honour.
Ama. She hath given me an occaſion. *To Meliſſa privately.*
Mel. Ply it home,
Wee'le raiſe ſome mirth from melancholy.
Card. Come,
You muſt not be reſerv'd.
Ama. Might I preſume
You would be ſecret.
Card. How? ſuſpect *Amanda?*
By my virginity
Mel. I doe believe
That Oath will ne're be broken.
Card. Why *Meliſſa?*
I have bin knowne and knowne theſe fifty yeares,
My age hath ſeene Lords turne caſt Ladies of
Unto their Pages, and preferment follow;
I have knowne ſecrets too, and kept them ſecret
Without any Oath. Is't comming yet?
Ama. 'Tis almoſt
At my tongues end: but ſhame-----
Card. A figge for ſhame.
Ama. Perhaps 'tis ſomething cannot be expreſt
In modeſt Language.
Card. Then I muſt interpret,
And now I ſee that's it.
Mel. That! what *Cardente?*
Card. Yes, yes; 'tis ſo: your eye, your noſes ſharpeneſſe:
And here's a ſigne.
Mel. Of *Virgo* I dare ſweare.
Card. Of *Gemini*: y'are ſubject to ſtrange qualmes,
Are you not Lady? dare you weare a buske?
Are you not quicke? me thinks it kicks on both ſides:
You have bin at it to ſome purpoſe.
Ama. Shee
Interprets right *Meliſſa.*
Card. I can doe it.
She's not the firſt at Court hath had a clap.

And

And let it be my charge to ſave her honour;
Even the Dutcheſſe ſelfe—
Mel. How's that *Cardente?*
Card. Tut I know ſecrets.
Ama. And you'le reveale them.
How have I fool'd my ſelfe into a miſery,
Prevention cannot free me from? committing
A ſecret of ſuch conſequence to one
Will make my ſhame the paſtime of the Court
By her diſcovery.
Card. No ſuch matter Lady,
Doubt not a cloſe conveyance; yet I wiſh
You had reveal'd it ſooner: Phyſicke then
Might have done much.
Ama. You'l ayde me then *Cardente*
In the concealement?
Card. I'le not tell the Dutcheſſe.
Mel. But I will.
Card. What ſweet Lady?
Mel. What a creature
Warmes her ſelfe in her boſome, a Court Bawde;
A cloth of tiſſue centinell.
Ama. An old cole
Rak't up in counterfeited ſanctity:
Thou credulous piece of wickednesſe, didſt thinke
If any wanton forwardneſſe had led me
To ſuch a ſin as looſeneſſe, I would ſuffer
The knowledge of't paſſe from me? and eſpecially
To one ſuſpected for a wicked agent
In thoſe baſe practiſes, but now diſcover'd.
Card. What will you baite me Ladies?
Mel. Yes, and worry thee;
Thou mother of the maids: th'art fitter farre
To be the Madam regent of the ſhewes,
Nay wee'le diſſect thee.
Am. And before the Dutcheſſe
Lay open all.
Card. Nay then farewell ſweet Ladies. *Exit.*

Mel.

Mel. She's gone, and we are free, and now *Amanda*
Let looſe thy thoughts; for all are here impriſon'd
Thou ſhalt command releaſement.
Am. Oh *Meliſſa*
I love thy brother, and my virgin flame
Growes every houre more violent.
Mel. Oh *Amanda*
I love thy brother, and my virgin flame
Growes every houre more violent.
Am. You mocke me
With ecchoing backe my words.
Mel. I ſpeake a truth
Although with bluſhes: If your anguiſh grow
From that ſweet paſſion, how our even ſtates
Hang in the ballance?
Am. All my hopes are loſt,
In that the Dutcheſſe favours him ſo much;
My jealouſies can point no other end out,
Then their uniting in that fellowſhip
My wiſhes covet.
Mel. Have not I like doubts?
The Duke rivalls *Fidelio*; and my father
Urgeth unwilling honours, which my feares
Dare not attempt to reach at, I had rather
Sleepe in the ſweet embraces of thy brother,
Then be advanc'd to greatneſſe that will make mee
The object of mens envy. { 2 *Scene. Enter* Infelice,
Am. Here's the Dutcheſſe, { Corvino, Cardente.
Inf. Wee'l heare you ſtraight *Corvino*. Fye *Amanda*,
Have all your ſeeming vertues loſt themſelves
In one foule ſtaine?
Am. Madam let me prevent
Th'abuſing of your faith: my honour ſuffers
In nothing but a counterfeit of that,
With which I mockt her curioſity,
That elſe refus'd all ſatisfaction;
And in't betray'd her ſelfe to the diſcovery
Of ſuch an inclination, as to thinke on't

Renewes the blushes which you say my cheekes
So late have lost.
Card. Nay, Madam, I made shew
Of any thing that might discover her:
Told her I had beene privy to such cases,
And many a Ladyes fall.
Inf. Enough *Cardente.*
But let not such things be your sport hereafter.
Jealousie is a spirit which once rais'd,
Will hardly be commanded downe again;
And honour is a substance too too nice
To play withall
Am. I dare expose my selfe
To th' tryall of her jury.
Inf. Urge no more;
You are believ'd *Amanda.* Now my Lord (To *Corvino.*
We give you hearing.
Cor. Madam, I would whisper
The secrets of my soule.
Infe. Withdraw *Cardente.* (*The Ladyes retire.*
Corv. Madam, if ought appeare an errour in me,
Condemne it not with too severe a sentence,
Till I have pleaded my excuse. I love you:
The generall graces of your minde and person,
In this my setled age hath rais'd high flames:
Which cherisht by your favour will preserve me,
Or quite consume me, if they waste themselves
In your disdaine. The disproportion
We weare in outward titles, makes me feare
You will refuse consent; and yet I hope
(Not urging the Dukes favour) you'le allow
My suit consideration, and your answer.
Inf. My Lord *Corvino* you have honour'd mee
In your opinion; putting such a glosse
On my defects, that I appeare more worthy
Then really I am. My age is subject
To those decayes, that render me unfit
For amorous delights.

Corv. Your beauty, Madam,
Is in that freshnesse yet, that were I warm'd
In your faire bosome, all the frost that hangs
Vpon these haires would quickly be dissolv'd,
And a new spring of liveliness and strength
Quicken this cold and passive earth that holds
An Icy soule within it. You'ld restore me
To my best youth agen.

Infe. This love hath taught you
The long neglected practick of your Court-ship:
Forbeare it, good my Lord, my griefes are yet
Vnapt for flattery.

Corv. Then give me leave
To speake in plainnesse my desires, that are
You would admit me to your sweet embraces
In lawfull fellowship. You'ld satisfie
My longing passions, and your sonnes request,
And pay those services that I have done you,
Which some might but my selfe dare not presume
To call desert.

Infe. Your faithfull services
Have beene rewarded with degrees of honour,
And I expect your gratitude. I never
Discover'd such ambition in your temper,
Which alwaies seem'd to levell its just aime
At faire equality. Then good my Lord
Consider your attempts, and how they make
Your vertues much suspected.

Corv. If you dare
Call it a pride that I seek such addition,
Know there's no substance now depends upon
Your empty title which can make a difference,
But I will reconcile it by my merit,
I am not so inferiour to be check't;
Nor weake in power, but that I can revenge
A scorne that is dishonourable.

Infe. Doe not
Adde to your ills *Corvino*. This had sence

As if it did imply you would not owne
A Duty to me now for that you meant
Some treacherous discovery. Take heede,
Of base ingratitude, I will disclaime your blisse
(which good men call their life) with such a Leprosie,
As time can never cleanse it from.
Corv. I then
Must count my selfe refus'd.
Infe. Yes for a husband.
I must prepare for heaven. Nor shall I ever
Admit of new desires, whilst the lov'd memory
Of my dead Lord presents it selfe.
Corv. Your Pardon.
Onely you may consider, 'twas his will
Melissa should be Duchesse.
Infe. Not without
The free election of my sonne, who now
Leaves it to time and me. But this your all
Shew your ambition. Princely Spario welcome,
Let us goe take the ayre.
The third Scene. *Enter* Spario.
Corv. Your graces leave
To have some conference with him.
Infe. When 'tis ended
Attend us in the garden. (*Exeunt Infe. Card. Attend.*
Corv. Stay *Melissa*.
Sonne I would urge your duty to reveale
What 'tis disturbes you. By observation
Have noted odde expressions in your sleepes,
Your words, and actions, since the late Dukes death,
That argue there's within some strange distemper
Of your best parts, counsaile must rectifie.
I challenge from my interest the will
And power to give it.
Spa. How can I discover
What I yet know not? you must satisfie
Your selfe, and your owne suppositions,
Even by your selfe. If you have fram'd conjectures
From any outward Characters that may

Expresse

Expreſſe an inward perturbation,
Propoſe and I'le reveale it.
Corv. You are in love.
Spu. I have deſires, I muſt confeſſe, but temper them
With a diſcreet reſpect to their beſt end:
Nor doe I ſuffer any to flame out
In violent paſſions.
Corv. But they are directed
To one peculiar object; that's the Dutcheſſe,
Is it not ſo?
Spu. My breeding and Religion
Permit me not to lye: ſir 'tis a truth;
And you may call it vertuous if you pleaſe:
But duty which you challenge from me checks it.
I neither dare nor will plead any right
Where you are intereſted.
Corv. I aſſigne it all,
She hath o're throwne my cauſe with ſuch a ſcorne
As burnes me into rage; witneſſe ye powers
That guide our not to be reſiſted fates,
How farre ſhe's baniſht from my thoughts.
Spu. You have ſir
Breath'd a new ſoule of comfort into me;
Ile freely now ſolicite for my ſelfe,
And try ſucceſſe.
Corv. 'Twill ſhow of youthfull raſhneſſe,
Can you ground any hopes?
Spu. From circumſtance
I can; but none with which I will be flatter'd:
The honours which ſhe hath conferr'd upon me
Are Arguments ſhe loves me; her ſalutes
Are alwaies deare or deareſt.
Corv. Yet you muſt not
Marry this Dutches.
Spu. How, will you oppoſe it?
You then are ſwolne with an unnaturall envy.
Corv. No more, I muſt diſpoſe you.
Spu. I'le obey.

But yet I beg you ſir temper your power
With mild command, and deepe conſideration;
Thinke on the Dutcheſſe.
Corv. Thinke upon *Meliſſa.*
Spu. What of my ſiſter ſir?
Corv. She is a beauty
That might invite deſire, and crowne the bed
Of any Prince with happineſſe. Looke on her,
And make her thy election.
Spu. Mine! for what?
Corv. A Wife.
Spu. Defend yee better influences,
No ſuch inceſtuous dreame could e're poſſeſſe
My wanton'ſt ſlumber.
Cor. 'Tis not ſo inceſtuous
As that thy inconſideratneſſe attempted:
Reſolve to take her, and by all my hopes
Of bleſt eternity, I will not onely
Juſtifie that for lawfull, but ſalute thee
Ferrara's lawfull Duke,
Spu. What riddle's this?
Give it ſolution.
Corv. Firſt reſolve to be
What I have promis'd. *Exit.*
Spu. Good ſir leave me not
Confounded with amazement: are not you
My Father ſir? or who muſt owne me? Siſter,
Is there ought in your knowledge that may ſatisfie
My doubtfull thrughts? muſt I not call you ſiſter?
Or what's that greater inceſt I would have
Committed? Can the Dutcheſſe be my mother?
An Aunt's leſſe then a ſiſter?
Mel. Deareſt brother,
My knowledge ownes no ſecret which I would not
As freely make you maſter of, as wiſh
My ſelfe a happineſſe; I muſt confeſſe
My mother oft hath told me that you were not
The iſſue of her Wombe.

Spu.

Spu. There's halfe the riddle Unfoulded yet. { 4 *Scene. Enter* Fidelio, Beneventi.

Fid. My Lord your valiant brother
This inſtant is arriv'd, t'enrich the Court
With his full glories: all men court his victory
With ſuch a praiſe, it ſtaines his manly cheekes
With modeſt bluſhes. He expects your viſit.

Spu. I know no brother.

Fid. How my Lord? your vertue
Will ſuffer by ſuſpition if y' expreſſe
Your ſelfe or proud or envious,

Spu. Meliſſa,
I cannot ſatisfie your fathers Will,
Though all were clear'd that darkes the reaſons of it:
Be ſtill *Fidelios.* *Exit.*

Ben. What the divell ayles him?
His paſſions are as various as his cloaths;
He ſhifts them daily: onely keepes one faſhion,
And one ſad garbe.

Fid. Are you acquainted with
Any events that have relation
Unto your brothers melancholy?

Mel. Some I am,
But urge not their diſcovery.

Fid. I obey
What ever you command; and hope my ſervices
Will ſhortly be rewarded.

Mel. Take th'aſſurance
Of my reſolves and promiſe.

Ben. Trifle not
With court-ſhip now: let's thinke on bouncing complements
To bid the Souldiers welcome.

Fid. To the preſence,
There is their entertainment; We ſhall ſee
What different things Courtiers and Souldiers be. *Exeunt.*

The third Act and first Scene.

The Scene being the presence.

Bonardo, Cardente and Fidelio.

Bon. Did she reveal't her selfe *Cardente* to you?
Or else do you conclude it from some circumstance?
In such a cause I would not have credulity
Mocke it selfe into errour.
Card. 'Twas my Lord
Her owne confession; yet before the Dutchesse
She doth pretend 'twas onely an intent
To mock my curiosity: but I feare
It is too sad a truth.
Bon. To me most sad,
Mine age growes fast upon me; and to have
A staine throwne now upon our House, by one
So eminent in all appearancies
Of good, it makes my wishes hast to meete
The sweet peace of my grave: but yet *Cardente*
I am not easie to believe.
Card. Nor I.
There may be other causes why a Lady
Of her pure constitution should be subject
To qualmes and puling.
Bon. Is she not in love?
Card. That may be it my Lord, and if you could
Discover who the man is.
Bon. Would that helpe
To cleare suspition?
Card. All would straight appeare
In its full truth; her staine, or innocence;
For thus my Lord. I know the inclinations
Of all the Gallants; which are Goats, which Eunuches:
Now if she doth love any forward youth,

One that will thruſt his Knife into the meate
Before he hath ſaid grace (you can apply it)
Tis ſo; if not, ſo.
Fid. My *Italian* nature
Begins to breake her priſon, and grow violent;
I'le force her ſir to tell me.
Bon. Vſe no threats,
But mild perſwaſions; ſuch as may become
The place: and urge them home before the preſence
Fills with more number. Here ſhe is. { a *Scene. Enter* Amanda.
Card. Pray Heaven
He doe not ſtab her.
Fid. Siſter are y' in health?
Am. I know not brother, would you'd aske a Doctor;
A skilfull one that hath prov'd more men mortall,
Then a corrupted Vintage, or *French* Duells:
If ſuch a learned mans inſpection can
Tell the diſeaſe which many thinke I have,
But am not ſenſible thereof my ſelfe.
Fid. You ſlight my queſtion.
Am. Sure it doth deſerve
No better anſwer. How doe I appeare
To every curious eye that undertakes
The reading of my Inſide? ſure that Lady
Hath made you jealous.
Fid. There's a ſtaine *Amanda*
Throwne on you by ſuſpition, on your honour;
Nothing but blood, or a faire ſatisfaction
Can waſh it off.
Am. I thought ſome ſuch fine thing
Had mockt your credulous weaknes. Bluſh to thinke
You owne ſo low a ſoule as to ſuſpect
Her whom your love calls ſiſter; though detraction
Spake with a hundred tongues, and mutter'd circumſtance
To make it probable,
Fid. Your confidence
Carries the greater ſhow of guilt.
Am. Of guilt!

Should you preſent all tortures tyranny
Did e're invent: I have no feares can make me
Belie mine innocence, though it might free me
From all their ſuffering.
Fid. This doth ſhew more like
The violence of a diſtemper'd paſſion,
Than will to ſatisfie. 'Twas never yet
Read in the ſtory of our Anceſtors,
Any leaſt blemiſh ſtuck upon our houſe.
And if you have tranſgreſt, the knowledge of it
Will poynt us out a way to juſt revenge,
Or to an honourable recompence;
And ſo preſerve our yet unſullyed fames
Cleare to poſteſterity.
Am. This circumvention
Is of ſo ſtrange and intricate a nature,
I know not how to free my ſelfe, but by
Mine owne juſt teſtimony. Brother know
Your beſt prepar'd devotions are not purer
Then my worſt thoughts; their ends being alwayes noble
When I have had deſires.
Fid. Not to have ſome,
Indeed were more than wonder: ſuch a Lady
As you are ſiſter, pamper'd with the fulneſſe
Of Court delights, not to elect ſome one
Prefer'd in her eſteeme, were ſuch a paradox,
Not all your learning can maintaine.
Am. Suppoſe
I ſhould confeſſe to whom mine are directed;
He's one that you dare not ſuſpect, much leſſe
Accuſe, of ſuch a ſinne that is ſo farre from
His vertuous inclination.
Fid. I am glad
Your love can give him ſuch a Character.
To know him might advance your deſires,
Provided they be honourable.
Am. Brother
You ſeeme to hedge me in with ſtuddied cunning.

But I can give my ſelfe a liberty
By naming him you'ld know. I doe affect
Your friend Lord *Spurio.*
Fid. He the man hath done it?
Am. Done what? your jealouſie is weake, and grounded
Upon too nice a feare; and onely propt
With her ſlight information.
Fid. Stay, ſtay Siſter;
There's ſomething more: Did not you once pretend
You had a powerfull intereſt in his Siſter
That might command me a ſucceſſe with her?
Am. And you interpret it.
Fid. Nothing good Siſter,
But one thing for another.
Am. Hug your errour,
And cheriſh it untill it ſting your boſome:
Your threats ſhall not enforce another anſwer
Though the place had no priviledge.
Fid. Enough
Good Siſter; I am ſatisfi'd.
Am. Will you ſir (To *Bonardo.*
Cheriſh my duty with a faith?
Bon. Of what?
Am. What that bad woman hath accus'd me of,
Is falſe as any fabulous Deity { *Bono. and Fi-*
Aſcrib'd to wicked mortall. { *delio whiſper.*
Card. Nay good Lady,
If any grounded feare hath rais'd ſuſpition,
Truth ought to be diſcover'd; if it were,
We then would make proviſion of ſome Villa,
Some pretty Country houſe, under pretence
That ayr's moſt wholſome for you.
Am. Would thou wert
Without that noyſefull inſtrument of ſpeech;
Or all thy hearers deafe. But that her vertues
Carry their perfect luſtre, I ſhould almoſt
Suſpect the Dutcheſſe, for conferring favour
Upon ſo vile a woman. *Exit.*

Bon. Practice it. (To *Fidelio.* { 3 *Scene.* Enter *Polemici, Vittoria,* A *Lady* and *Beneventi.*

'Twill be a perfect tryall.

Fid. Here's *Vittoria,*
And brave *Polemici,* that are return'd
With the triumphing *Notho.*

Bon. I embrace yee;
Y'are welcome home to peace, *Salute.*

Vit. We thanke your Lord-ship.

Ben. 'Tis downe right complement; we Souldiers
Are sparing of our words my Lord: blowes chiefly
Are our discourse.

Pole. We Courtiers *Beneventi*
Can talke, but seldome fight.

Bon. That hit you home. To *Beneventi.*

Ben. How dare you offer to salute the Ladies,
Before y'have shifted shirts? sure your Campe Laundresse
Never perfum'd your linnen.

Pole. Had you bin
There *Beneventi,* 'twould have made your linnen
Soone want perfuming.

Card. Souldiers doe not use To *Beneventi.*
Other perfumes than match and Gun-powder.

Ben. Were you converted into it *Cardente,*
You'ld sweeten their Buffe-jerkins.

Lady. Were I Gun-powder
I'ld blow you up.

Pole. You take your servants part.

Ben. You serve a Lady! Ladies should serve you
For your good service to the Duke and State:
Oh the mens heads that you cut off, *Polemici!*

Pole. The Maiden-heads you purchast in our absence!
Many a Suburbe agent is inricht by't;
Though to the losse of your owne state and conscience:
Ingeniously confesse your chiefe imployment.

Ben. We feigne our selves as vertuous as the Duke,
And are as chast at Court as wither'd Eunuches:
But when we are at liberty abroad,
Ease and high feeding cannot hold out long:

Then

Then to't like Monkeyes Captaine. Sure your ſelves
Doe piddle now and then with Suttlers wives;
And are content to praiſe their tann'd complexions
For moſt rich beauties: whilſt we Courtiers
Raviſh delights from lipps that taſt of *Nectar*,
And thinke our ſelves in Heaven.

Pole. Whilſt we Souldiers
After a tedious march, are forſt to make
The earth our bed without a Pillow, ſheets,
Or ſilver warming-pan; ſtart from our ſleepe
At every ſound the ayres light motion makes,
Thinking it an alarme: Returne from fight
Smear'd o're with blood and ſweat, and ſavourly
Take the refreſhment of a troubled water;
Whoſe muddy ſtreames our Horſes would ſcarce taſt
But for neceſſity: faſt till our guts
Contract themſelves ſo cloſe they will ſcarce hold
The full digeſtion of one Larke.

Ben. Good Captaine
No more of this diſcourſe; it mortifies me:
But now the Wars are ended, you'l turne Courtier!
'Tis quickly learnt.

Pole. You have inſtructed me,
Diſſemble firſt an imitation
Of the Dukes vertues; feed high, and be lazie;
Next leacherous: is't not ſo?

Ben. A great proficient,
You'l quickly take Degrees.

Pole. In the laſt Schoole
We ſhall out-ſtrip you Courtiers; for obſerve
If any one of you ſhould rivall us,
And dare to intercept our pleaſures, we
Can beate you *Beneventi*, marke me, beate you;
And ſure the Duke would give us penſions for it,
To keepe your Goat-ſhips honeſt.

Lady. Witty Soſldier.
He fits you at all weapons.

Ben. Yours, the tongue;

But that it wants ſome of your womans length:
Hee'ld hit you otherwiſe.

Bon. Peace thus playes with war,
And makes it paſtime.

Fid. Here's the noble Conquerour,

4 *Scene. Flouriſh Enter* Macario, Infelice, Nethos, Spurio, Corvino, Amanda, Meliſſa & Ladies

Mac. Welcome agen into our boſome Souldier.
Wee'ld have you now leave action, and apply
Your ready will to entertaine and manage
The honours we intend you, as rewards
Due to your valour and ſucceſſe: you have
Setled our peace at home by the ſubverſion
Of all our neighbouring enemies, and now
'Tis fit you ſhare a full proportion
Of all you labour'd for; that we in eaſe
And ſoftneſſe might ſecurely pleaſe our ſenſes;
And know no ſufferings more then what are incident
To every prince, our cares: thoſe leſſon'd too
By our grave Counſailes induſtry. I wiſh
You would move ſomething from your owne deſires,
That granted might be valewed by your ſelfe:
We ſhould bee free.

Not. Ambition never toucht me.
If I have done an act hath gain'd allowance
In popular opinion, let not flattery
Court it with too much praiſe. Theſe ought to ſhare;
And every common ſouldier well as I:
I but directed what they executed.
Let your rewards ſir, ſmile upon their wants,
For ſure our victory brought much more honour
Then profit home: nor could I thinke it leſſe
Than tyranny to ſlave men being conquer'd,
And force them buy their liberty; though in pollicy
And cuſtome 'tis allow'd both ſafe and honourable.
Cheriſh their valour ſir, and the example
Will (when your need requires it) arme the hearts
Of others with like forwardneſſe.

Mac. Wee give
The ſpoiles to be diſtributed, and penſion

To every ſouldier; and unto thy ſelfe ----
I know not what: conſiderate judgements muſt
Allow the gift a worth before I offer it.
Embrace you two whilſt I embrace yee both.
Why doth my *Spurio* frowne upon his brother?
Can his cleare ſoule give entertainment to
Neglect or envy? ſuch a glorious paire
To ſuffer an Eccliplſe.

Spu. Your victory
And perſon both are welcome.

Not. Both muſt ſerve you.

Inf. Deare valiant *Notho*, now you have put off
The rough abilliments of War, pray weare
Theſe ornaments for my ſake. *Gives him jewells.*

Not. They are favours
An Eaſterne Monarch might be proud of Madam:
A Mine could not have made your ſervant richer
In's owne eſteeme.

Card. Truſt me the Souldier ſpeakes
Excellent Court-ſhip Ladies. Thoſe rich jewells
Will be yours ſhortly; and I would adviſe you
Not to refuſe them upon any tearmes
When they are offer'd.

Inf. Your deſerts require
Some due acknowledgement. *Give Vitt. and Polem. Iewells.*

Pole. Theſe Madam are
Bounties above them.

Mac. Doe not you my Lord *To* Corvino.
Conceive ſtrange joyes, to ſee ſo faire an iſſue
Make your age happy?

Corv. 'Tis a happineſſe
For which I owe Heaven thankes.

Ben. What thinke you Captaine? *To* Polemici.
You ſeldome found ſuch ſpoiles in a py'd Knap-ſack.
Doe you know how to uſe them?

Pole. Not as you doe,
Like Children; play with them.

Ben. You'l pawne them rather?

Pole.

Pole. That I beleeve you uſe.
Mac. Wee'l have ſome revells,
'Tis fit that Souldiers ſometimes ſhould have reſt,
And taſt the Courts delights.
Ben. You'l find there's difference
Betwixt a Courtier and a Souldier Captaine.
Pole. There's much.
Ben. How much?
Pole. As much as is betwixt
A good ſword and a Fiddle-ſticke.
Ben. But how
Doe you apply them?
Pole. That unto my ſelfe
I beſt know how to uſe.
Mac. Wee'l firſt thanke Heaven,
And then wee'l ſee ſome maskery. This day
Wee'l honour with ſolemnities. *Exeunt.*
Spu. With me ſir? { *Flouriſh, Spu. Not. Fid. Ben.*
Not. Brother. { *Vitto.* and *Polemici* remaining.
Spu. Forget that name; it muſt be loſt
To both our memories.
Not. Sure mine preſerves not
The leaſt impreſſion of an injury
I ever did you, that might juſtly challenge
Th' acquaintance of that Title. Others looke
Upon my fortune with reſpectfull ſmiles;
You either ſcorne or envy it.
Spu. I doe neither;
But there are ſecrets which my knowledge cannot
Yet comprehend, till time makes more diſcoveries:
If it appeare then you are not my brother,
Say not it was my fau't.
Not. I would you give me
A fuller ſatisfaction.
Spu. When I can
I will not be reſerv'd.
Not. I know not what
Your words imply, unleſſe you'ld call me baſtard;

And that hath danger in't. No priviledge
Of nature, or respects unto the greatnesse
Favour hath rais'd you to ...

Spu. Hee's here can satisfie. { 5 *Scene. Enter* Corvino.

Cor. Will you yet wedde *Melissa?*

Spu. Never sir;
I would you'ld cleare my doubts.

Cor. Oh never sir,
Till you performe that act.

Spu. My ignorance
And innocence shall then preserve me safe;
There may be danger in the knowledge of it:
Hence forth Ile not be curious. { *Exeunt* Spurio, Fide. Beneventi.

Not. Sir, my duty
That taught me humble knees, and an obedience
Is somewhat stagger'd; something hath begot
A jealousie within me, that I ought not
Pay them to you: but still my vertuous reason
Doth fight against that sin.

Cor. What meane you *Notho?*

Not. My brother sir, or *Spurio* (for the name
Of brother he refuseth,) sayes we are not
The issue of one blood.

Cor. It was a folly,
And inconsiderate rashnesse to betray
Himselfe to so much hazard.

Not. Sir, the knowledge
Would settle my disturbances, and make
Agen that duty perfect, which yet doubts
To whom it owes it selfe.

Cor. Those words of his
Might be interpreted; and I confesse
My wanton youth had much unlawfull issue:
Of which perhaps he's one.

Not. My lawfulnesse
Had then first priviledge to take exception:
I must not now owne him.

Cor. Yes; for my love

Is equall to you both.

Not. In that you are
Unjuſt to the deſerts of my dead mother;
And th' honour'd family whence ſhe deriv'd
Her blood and vertues.

Cor. It becomes not you
To taxe my partiall humour, ſince your ſelfe
Is equally unlawfull.

Not. You have aw'd me,
'Twas not my ſin; and thus my duty beggs *Kneels.*
The publicke knowledge may not be my ſhame.

Cor. That ſhall not ſtaine, thy fame ſtaines not thy conſcience;
And tell me *Nothe*, dar'ſt be great?

Not. I dare bee
What fortune or my reaſon prompts me to,
If warranted for lawfull.

Car. Dar'ſt be Duke?

Not. Forbid it loyalty.

Car. 'Tis in my power
To make thee juſtly ſo.

Not. If't be my right,
There's no attempt that can have danger in't,
Enough to fright me.

Cor. Shall't attempt no danger:
The proſecution ſhall be politicke
And ſafe. But firſt thou muſt reſolve to doe
What I command thee.

Not. Speake it.

Cor. Wed *Meliſſa*.

Not. Did ever father yet command his Children
To be inceſtious? is your reaſon perfect?
This ſhewes diſtraction.

Cor. All depends upon it;
And Heaven knowes 'tis lawfull: Therefore be
Suddaine in thy reſolves. *Exit.*

Not. What hit hath ſtrucke him?

Pole. The Ladies eyes have ſhot ſome wanton fire
Into his heart: my Lord.

Not. Polemici
I have heard wonders, and your bosomes shall
Partake the secret, so you'l keepe it safe:
'Tis of high consequence.
Pole. They are the same
Safe Closets you have trusted.
Not. You'ld not envy me
If I were Duke.
Pole. We should not sure unlesse —
It made you proud.
Not. But dare your valours aide me
In the designe?
Pole. Why what disloyall divell
Hath put these thoughts into you? have we sav'd
Our throates from cutting by the enemy
To feele the Hang-mans Axe? why how dare you
Cherish such vaine ambition? if you should
Marry the Dutchesse, she must have no sonne first:
And then 'tis doubtfull whether the election
Will be conferr'd on you. There are more worthies
That hlod as good opinion in the state.
Not. But say it be my rig
Pole I never studied
Your Genealogy so much, to find
How there might be relation; if there's any
Let it appeare.
Not. You shall know more hereafter;
Strange misteries in fortunes hidden lye,
Cannot be judg'd of by a common eye.

Exeunt.

The Fourth Act and first Scene.

The Scene being the Gallery.

Spurio and *Fidelio.*

Fid. 'Tis an unkindneſſe thus to be reſerv'd,
And hide the cauſes of your diſcontent:
The priviledge of friendſhip ſhould be larger;
And not confin'd to any weake reſpects
That bound its limits, I ſhould not conceale
My ſecret'ſt ſinnes from you, but for the ſcandall.
Spu. Fidelio, I am loſt in ſuch a miſt
Of doubts and errour, all my reaſons faculties
Cannot inſtruct my knowledge how to find
A way that leades to truth,
Fid. If any counſell
My weake abilities can ayde you with
May be thought uſefull ——
Spu. Vrge it not *Fidelio;*
To know and not to remedy increaſeth
The ſuffering more.
Fid. My love would not interpret
Neglect or jealouſie to be the cauſe
Of theſe expreſſions; if you doe ſuſpect it,
I then may ground a feare you have declin'd
Your wonted purity: and through the guilt
Of ſome foule act makes ſhame o're ſway your reaſon,
You doe enforce your bluſhing ſoule to be
Th' unwilling priſon of ſo vile an evill
You dare not give it liberty.
Spu. This is
Such an extreame *Fidelio,* I ſhould rather
Admit of flattery then to be taxt thus.
Time and your neereneſſe to me might have taught
Your knowledge, ſomething by obſerving me,

And

And how my courſes tended: There was never
The courſeneſſe in my humour, that it pleas'd me
To heare my ſelfe commended: but the life
Of honour being wounded by detraction,
Or any falſe aſperſion, 'twere a ſin
Equall to guilt ſhould I neglect to cure it
By any teſtimony; though it forc'd me
To Praiſe my ſelfe, above all the degrees
Of moderation: Therefore good *Fidelio*
Neither be partiall to me, nor let weakeneſſe
Interpret any private act of mine
From common rumour: ſuch an even temper
Would make our friendſhip laſting.

Fid. I my Lord,
Thinke you ſo farre from being vitious,
Your ſcruples ſcarce allow thoſe vertues in you
A merit, which to us might be examples.

Spu. I meant you no ſuch priviledge.

Fid. Beleeve it,
I will not flatter you; for ſure you have
Some eaſie faults, that will admit th' excuſe
Of frailty: ſuch as love.

Spu. Is Love a ſinne then?

Fid. Yes, when it burnes with a corrupted flame;
And lights deſire to what is ſenſuall onely,
Without regard of ought that makes our difference
The moſt refin'd and perfect in its nature:
Beaſts have their luſt.

Spu. I almoſt underſtand you,
But ſure you dare not thinke me forward that way:
Your errour were not friendly: neither is there
A Lady ſo neglected: ſhe would court
My ſhallow worth, or yeeld if ſhe were courted.

Fid. There is that Magick in your maſculine graces,
Th'have charm'd the beauty of the Court to love you:
And 'tis arriv'd my knowledge.

Spu. What's that beauty?
Inſtruct my ignorance.

Fid. *Amanda* sir,
And though she be my sister, I doe give her
No attribute, fame and the generall voyce
Confirme? not to her.
Spu. With that name thou hast
Charm'd me *Fidelio* throughly, and recall'd
My apoplexi'd thoughts to their first life.
Mine eyes were blinded with the Dutchesse so,
I could not see that happinesse which now
I wish next to my eternity. But give me
Assurance good *Fidelio*.
Fid. That were vainenesse;
And now I must confesse you had great cause
To be disturb'd: professe love to the Dutchesse,
When you had given *Amanda* such deepe earnest.
Spu. What earnest meane you? yet I ne're saluted
Her eares with a request; or urg'd the grant
Of what you say, her inclination
Would freely give me.
Fid. Why should you expresse
This nice unwillingnesse to be discover'd?
The knowledge of't as yet is limited
To a small number, and the memory
Of her dishonour will be quickly lost
In a faire recompence.
Spu. There's nothing cleere
To me in this darke mistery, but that
The beauty you call sister is a Whore:
Is it not so?
Fid. Your selfe can best interpret,
And yet me thinks another name would sound
More Court-like; and not have halfe so much offensive:
For though she have the staine, I know she holds
That nobleneſſe of spirit, none but such a one
As your full-selfe could ever win her to it;
And a faire satisfaction vow'd withall:
Which sure you will performe.
Spu. Thou art a villaine;

Did

Did my election from a world of men
Single thee out to be ſo much my ſelfe;
The union of our ſoules would not admit
Of a diviſion, but that interchange
And cuſtome taught us read each others thoughts?
And can that ſoule of thine expreſſe it ſelfe
Subject, ſo eaſily to be corrupted
With jealouſie and errour? Then let Moralists
Fable henceforth no empty name of friendſhip,
Nor boaſt there's ſuch a ſecret: I ſhall never
Weare thee more here.

Fid. This is no ſatisfaction,
I dare beleeve your innocence; if you
Dare urge it ſolemnly, and thereby give it
A confirmation.

Spu. That my pitty cannot
Deny thy weakeneſſe: witneſſe Heaven ---

Fid. Enough,
You ſhall not ſweare; I credit it, and my penitence (*Kneeles.*
Humbles me for your pardon.

Spu. Riſe and take it:
But I would know upon what circumſtance
This jealouſie was grounded.

Fid. Th' information
Came from *Cardente*, and her owne acknowledgement
Of her deſires to you. But ſhe ſhall dye,
Her ſhame muſt not out live her.

Spu. How *Fidelio*!
Mocke not thy ſelfe out of eternity,
By ſuch a ſin will likewiſe render thee
A ſcorne to memory: her innocence
May ſuffer falſely. 'Tis not ſuppoſition,
But proofe that muſt condemne her; ſure there cannot
Be lodg'd in ſuch a frame as is *Amandas*
A thought but nobleneſſe: I'ld ſoone take
A wither'd Anchoreſſe into my ſuſpect,
As her ſweet purity.

Fid. You'd have her live then?

Spu.

Spu. Why not? to make me happy.
Fid. Marry her,
And to't agen; 'till that confirmes it lawfull,
I must forbid more pleasure.
Spu. What words fall
From thy distraction? dar'st renew thy guilt
By a worse second jealousie?
Fid. You'l be
Her Champion too? this zeale of yours confirmes
That truth which was but doubt.
Spu. I shall forget
The place hath any priviledge; but come sir,
Since my cleere protestations will not satisfie,
Wee'l argue it with theis.
Fid. There will not be
Much Fallacy.
Am. Is your beleefe good brother
Yet rectifi'd?
Fid. I must not owne thee: hence.
Spu. Since she is heere——
Fid. This trifling smells of cowardise.
Spu. Away then.
Am. What's the meaning? two such friends
To be divided!
Mel. By that interest
My love doth challenge, let us know the motives
To this strange anger.
Fid. Pardon me *Melissa*,
I must (though willingly I would not doe it)
Forget your vertues.
Am. Let our teares divert
Your rash and violent purpose: 'tmit me sir,
Unlesse a noble end hath fir'd your spirits.
Spu. 'Tis yours *Amanda*.
Am. Then I understand it,
And challenge it my priviledge to order
Your reconciliation. Brother, know
Your errour hath dishonour'd you so much,

A Scene. Enter Amanda, Melissa *meeting them.*

Offer to goe.

Offer to goe agen.

To *Fidelio.*

To *Spurio.*

That

That till you have cald backe to your opinion
My fame and inocence, I muſt not owne you.
To raiſe a ſcandall of high conſequence
From ſuch an empty and perverſe ſuſpition
And not to cleere it with the ſatisfaction
Both of proteſts and teſtimonie, argues
A ſoule leſſe noble than the generous blood
Of our brave Anceſtors ſucceſſively
Inherited; producing actions,
The ſubject of large ſtories. Let *Meliſſa*
Witneſſe th' intent; a humorous counterfeit,
To mocke *Cardenite* curioſity
Into an apt diſcovery of her ſelfe
And wicked inclinations; that we knowing them
Our care might ſhun her courſes.

Fid. This *Amanda*
Beleev'd would bring me peace agen.

Mel. Beleeve it; For 'tis a truth cleere as the innocence
Of babes: after the holy ceremony
Hath purg'd th' originall ſtaine.

Fid. I am confirm'd;
And aske agen your pardon! Yours *Amanda*
I doe preſume upon.

Am. Your noble anger
Hath ſuch a faire excuſe, that I muſt thanke you.
Your errour onely was your fault, and that
My pitty pardons freely.

Spu. This hath likewiſe
Reſtor'd me to new hopes: and faire *Amanda*,
If your eſteeme hath added any worth
To my defects that make them ſeeme perfections,
Such as may pleaſe your chaſt and free deſires;
If you'l poſſeſſe me with the happineſſe
Of bleſſed union, 'tis the onely one
That I would covet. *Am.* Let my bluſhes ſpeake
A maids conſent, and in them you may read
My thoughts direction that made you their object;
Mixing themſelves with feares, hopes, jealouſies;

And all that's incident to earnest love,
May it be crown'd with such a faire event,
'Twill make your hand-maid happy.
Spu. 'Twill but be A mutuall exchange.
Fid. I hope our loves *To Meliſſa.*
Are growne ſo ripe, the fixing of our joyes
Will not be long protracted. *Exeunt Corvino, Bonardo, and Cardente.*
Mel. Even when
It pleaſeth the high providence.
Card. My Lord
Obſerve how they are pair'd. Doubtleſſe all's cleere;
And ſure hee'l make amends.
Bon. My Lord *Corvino,*
If your conſent will ratifie ---
Corv. You need not
Urge it agen. Have you obſerv'd *Cardente*
Ought in *Meliſſas* inclination *Corvino & Card. whiſper.*
Towards *Fidelio*?
Card. That's it; ſhe is ſtrucke
With the blind Archer.
Spu. From a cloud of errour *To Bonardo.*
A light is broken that hath made new day
In our darke treaſons, and directed me
To that which yeelds my being here a happineſſe,
'Bove any forme I could preſcribe my wiſhes:
My knowledge learnt it from th' imperfect motives
To your ſuſpition; without which diſcovery
My ignorance had loſt it: but it cannot
Be full till crown'd with your conſent,
Bon. You have it;
And I as freely pardon both your faults:
Your frailty doth excuſe them.
Spu. You'l returne
To your firſt errour; let not a new jealouſie
Stagger our faire proceedings: We have climb'd
Halfe of our height already: and to fall
From ſuch bright hopes.
Am. As you would cherish duty

Or

Or other vertues in me, cleere the mist
That hangs before your reason; you shall see
The whiteneſſe of my innocence: confirme it
With your beliefes (for truth is onely valued
As 'tis receiv'd) I shall meet his embraces
With all my Virgin ſweets, like evening ayre
Without a cloud; when it but onely bluſheth
To kiſſe the Sun at parting.

Spu. 'Tis receiv'd
As poſitive a truth as e're came from
A *Sybills* mouth.

Bon. It hath reſtor'd thee likewiſe
To my now rectifi'd opinion:
Bleſſings dwell with you.

Fid. Pleaſe you Lord *Corvino* — *To Corvino.*
With your conſent to perfect what's begun
So fairely here; and make our union adde
Something to this dayes glory.

Corv. Shee *Fidelio*
Wants much to meet your full deſerts; your love
Perhaps ſhe may: when I have order'd her
With ſome becomming counſells.

Bon. Hee's my ſonne,
And ſhall inherite honours and poſſeſſions,
With vertues to their beſt dependances;
Grant that you like of the election,
And the ſolemnities of both their marriages
To morrowes ſun ſhall gaze at.

Corv. Pray my Lord
Give me a fathers priviledge to prepare her
With ſome fit precepts; then few minutes ſhall
Reſolve it.

Bon. Wee'l expect. *Exeunt* Bonar. Spur. Am. Fide.

Corv. Meliſſa, you
Have made my age conceive as many hopes
As ever father did to make him happy.
Kill not their iſſue by a raſh neglect,
And voluntary loſſe of that which perfect
And order'd judgements doe call happineſſe;

Above th'enjoying of a courſe deſire,
Confin'd to a meane perſon too: if greatneſſe
Were not a relative to all that's good,
And glorious in the generall ſpeculation
Of things that doe affect us, not in ſence,
But the bright part of reaſon; emulous man
Would not through danger manage actions
So full of wonder, nor imploy his faculties
In high deſignes: but like a heavy lumpe
That only by its weight moves to its center,
And there ſleepes, ſo ſhould we: leave no ſo much
As the Record of any memorable
And brave atchievement, for a monument
That ſuch men once had being. To be Dutcheſſe,
Will not impaire your vertues; they would take
More luſter from the title. Now *Meliſſa*
I'ld have you quench that low and common flame
That burnes towards *Fidelio*; and embrace
Thoſe high deſires I point you to: my pollicy
Hath order'd the ſucceſſe, and your obedience
By your ſubjecting of it to my will,
Shall crowne you with full bleſſings.

Mel. Honour'd Sir,
The duty which I owe you, and which ought not
Be mention'd without reverence, humbles me *Kneeles.*
Thus to expreſſe it. If I could new mould
My frame and temper fit for ſuch great honours.
I ſhould embrace them with the entertainement
Of my moſt ready will. My conſtitution
Is of too courſe a matter to receive
Such nice impreſſions. Thoſe whom Heaven hath
Ordain'd for Princes, are of purer earth
Then common mortals ſure; and by inſtinct
Both know, and order their high difference,
To make it fit for greatneſſe. If I were
The Dutcheſſe ſir, my thoughts would ſtill betray
Me to my ſelfe; and ſuch imperfect actions
Receive their ordering from my weake abilities,
They'ld render me a ſcorne to thoſe, that otherwiſe

Would pay me reverence.

Corv. Your unwillingneſſe
Playes with illuſions that are vaine and empty.
In what are you defective but your will,
That's regulated by a childiſh humour?
Let your conſideration weigh th' events
Are incident to both: when you are Dutcheſſe
You'l be above the danger of your fortune;
And awe that weake neceſſity to which
The other may be ſubject.

Card. Sure your father
Saith right ſweet Lady; there's much difference
Betwixt the Dutcheſſe and a ſubjects wife;
Betwixt a chaire of State, and a thrum'd couch;
A Wardrobe that would furniſh a *Iewes* Lumbre,
And one embroydred petty-coate for Sundaies;
And that perhaps not paid for too. Be wiſe,
Obey your father Lady and be Dutcheſſe:
'Twill be the better choice.

Mel. Content abounds
In riches, when the owners of cramb'd Treaſuries
Unſatisfi'd are beggers. Sir, the Duke
Having refus'd me, how can I affect him?
And where love is enforc'd.

Card. Why there's your priviledge,
Great Ladies ought not love their husbands more
Then in a juſt proportion of ſtate.

Corv. Meliſſa, I doe find your inclination:
And though my zeale intended your advancement
Which you your ſelfe refuſe; yet my indulgence
Tyes up mine anger: onely I muſt wiſh you
Conſider throughly.

Mel. Sir, my duty ſhall not
Give way to any act without your liking;
Although I have deſires I can reſtraine them
From ſatisfaction. *Exit.*

Corv. Would *Fidelio* were not
His love, a love diverts her.

Card. There are meanes;

You understand my Lord: but yet I doe not advise you to it.
Corv. Thou art wise *Cardente*,
And canst be secret too: for thou and I
Know something hidden to the world: 'Tis better
Give her some Philter, that may raise in her
A flame towards the Duke.
Card. But is there vertue in any such?
Corv. My youth hath made experience,
And I am furnisht with that is powerfull:
I beare it still about me.
Card. Good my Lord
Impart it to my use; I faine would have A Husband yet.
Cor. Why thou maist have *Pidelio*,
A yong and handsome Lord. It chiefly workes
Upon such disproportions; share it justly.
You both must take it; for in that consists
The magick Sympathy. { 4 *Scene. Enter* Polemici,
Card. Ile to my Closet { *and* Vittorio.
And pray, then love. *Exit.*
Cor. Polemici, where left you
My valiant Sonne?
Pole. Notho! hee's in the presence.
Corv. When you returne, desire him meet me in
The Grove behind the Garden.
Pole. I scarce thinke
Hee'l owne you when hee's Duke: *Vittoria*,
What think'st thou of this riddle?
Vitt. 'Tis a hard one, he to be Duke and lawfull!
Pole. He beginnes
To forme himselfe fit for't: he takes survey
Of all that he suppose shortly must
Bow to his humour: tell's me hee'l new mould
The State, and we shall be advanc'd.
Vitt. To th' Gallowes.
Pole. I doe not like such raysing; let's be honest,
And though we cannot make a full discovery
Of this so close and intricate proceeding,
Wee'l intimate some feares that may betray him
To jealousie and care; that watchfull eyes

Obſerving him, if ought ſhould be attempted,
It may be ſtifled by prevention in the firſt birth.
Vitt. His favours yet deſerve
We ſhould preſerve him.
Pole. Yes, I would preſerve him.
But chiefly from the dangers incident
To ſuch a vaine ambition, into which
Hee's flatter'd by his father: but upon
What ground, I doe not thinke the divell ownes
A perfect knowledge: Sure he cannot thinke
There's power in his ſucceſſe to make him popular,
And leade the multitude in their diſorder
To wiſh an innovation firſt, then practiſe it.
Vitt. He ſaith it is his right.
Pole. But where's the teſtimony?
Hell on theſe darke deviſes. Well, let's be
Like valiant Souldiers in the Reare, that dare
Goe on, whilſt the front ſtands to be their bulwarke:
But breaches made therein to ſhew them danger,
In flight they put their ſafety. Let's obſerve,
And adde more to our knowledge; then reſolve:
He that perſues an act that is attended
With doubtfull iſſues, for the meanes had need
Of policy and force to make it ſpeed. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. First Scene. *The Scene the Grove.*

Corvino and *Notho.*

Corv. THis preparation of your high reſolves
I muſt allow with wonder: ſure you had
Some revelation of the weighty ſecret;
Or elſe inſtinct hath taught your knowledge more
Then a weake judgement could conclude from doubts;
And thoſe bare circumſtances I have us'd
T' inſtruct you by.
Not. But if *Ferrara* muſt
Owne me her Duke, what progreſſe yet is order'd

For

For my eſtabliſhment? great actions ought not
Want equall meanes: and ſure my ſingle force
May not encounter ſuch an oppoſition
As I ſhall meet. To challenge it my right
And not mainetaine it, renders me the lawes:
I would not pay my life for a diſtracted
Unwarrantable action. If it may
Be pleaded or with force, or teſtimony,
I am above all feares. *Corv.* I have a faction
Which with your party will make up a power
Of ſtrength enough: but there is no ſuch need.
Meliſſa joyn'd unto you will be more
Than any numerous Army of reſolv'd
And faithfull ſpirits: ſhe alone ſhall cleere
All that is yet in miſts.
Not. If you'l take from me
The ſcruples that I have about its lawfulneſſe,
Ile court her to prevaile.
Corv. You may command her,
Confirme it with an Oath as y'are a Prince;
And as I hope the ends of my ambition
Will meet ſucceſſe, you ſhall be ſatisfi'd.
Not. By all the vertuall powers that make an Oath
Sacred, I vow onely to wedde *Meliſſa*;
Provided it be lawfull. *Corv.* Then accept
My duty ſir, that owes ſubjection
Duely to none but you. It is your birth-right
That ſhall preferre you 'fore this yong uſurper;
And thus his knee to whom yours oft hath bended *Kneelet.*
Humbles it ſelfe for pardon, that my breſt
So long conceal'd what ſhould make many happy.
Not. I then am elder ſonne to the late Duke I
And onely yours ſuppos'd: I muſt acknowledge
A large debt to you for my education,
Which anſwer'd my high birth. But can this have
Cleere confirmation? *Corv.* As the brighteſt ayre
The Sun illumines. *Not.* I am then a Prince,
And you my onely Subject:
For I know not
Who elſe will pay obedience to me. *Corv.*

Corv. All Will follow my example; for the rumour
As it growes bigger with incense the multitude;
From whom your fortunes and deserts have won
Both love and admiration. Fury then
Runnes them into a lumpe, or monstrous forme
With many heads, that carry their mad body
Reelingly forward, where they find resistance
Growing more violent: when to prevent
The mischievous effects of such an uproare:
The cause is askt and knowne; expostulated:
And your right prov'd by me, the generall voyce
Salutes you Duke. And shortly after you
May call *Melissa* Dutches. *Not.* I have heard
She doth affect *Fidelio*, And unlesse
She be diverted -- --. *Corv.* By this time *Fidelio*
Hath not his being.
Not. Have you kild him then?
Cor. Both politickly 'tis and safely order'd,
Cardente poisons both him and her selfe.
Not. Could you have such a conscience?
Car. Nice religion
Awes not a Politician. They both stood
Betwixt me and my ends.
Not. You have confest
Your selfe a murderer, 'twas a bad act;
And you have added to it: the discovery
Hath made me guilty by the knowledge of it.
I cannot but with horrour now embrace
Her love, for which his innocence hath suffer'd:
Nor will I marry her.
Cor. Dare you then be
Unjust to your owne honour? and neglect
That which you call religion, we but forme?
Not. You have instructed me: all other vertues
Depend on Iustice; she alone is perfect
Without addition in her selfe. A Prince
Cannot deserv'dly weare the royall title,
That orders not it, nor is order'd by it.
Justice with tyranny may be allow'd

Rather than partiality; for that
Emboldens sin; the other makes it fearfe,
If this day I should not be just (the first
Of my uncertaine government) a blessing
Would not preserve it; for the bad example
Would teach bad subjects (such as thou) to be
Presumptious in their errours.

Cor. What proceeding Intends this ambage?

Not. Such a sin as thine
Is not allow'd the plea of an excuse.
Then since thou stand'st convicted by thy selfe,
I thus pronounce thy sentence: thou shalt dye.

Corv. Your selfe is not immortall Prince.

Not. By th' hand Of Justice.

Cor. Who's the executioner?

Not. Thy selfe, I have no other to command
Doe't with that instrument. *Throwes him his Dagger.*

Cor. 'Tis a command
Becomes a Prince; and chiefly such a one
As makes it scruple to preserve his rayser,
Or to connive at a slight petty sin;
Whose execution hath confirm'd his title:
'Tis a lesse sin to kill thee than my selfe.

Not. Honour must yeeld then to necessity:
Ile doe't my selfe. My sword that hath bin just *Drawes.*
In war, in Peace shall be so. Therefore pray;
And if the apprehension of thy death
Presents thy guilty conscience with an horrour,
Meete it with holy thoughts, that thy repentance
May beare thy best part upwards. I am loath
To kill thy soule.

Corv. What strange conceits are these
Transport your reason from its use? pray kill me,
And when y' have done it, call my silent ashes
To tell the people how you are their Prince.
What then shall give my cold tongue motion
To justifie your right?

Not. Iust Hevens want not
Miraculous meanes. My Justice is too slow,

And flies with lazie wings. Therefore be ſuddaine;
I cannot give thy preparations
A longer time.

Son. Put up your ſword, and take
Your Hang-mans toole agen. Put up I ſay.
And call your duty backe. Son I have plaid
My trialls into danger, heare the reaſon.
Obſerving in thee haughtineſſe of ſpirit,
Forward to noble action, that was alwaies
Attended with ſucceſſe, I fear'd ambition
Might tempt thy vertue, therefore order'd this
To prove its truth.

Not. You cannot trifle me
Into new error. I have ſhaken off
That looſe and vulgar out-ſide I was dreſt in
By ignorance; but now I know my ſelfe
To be a Prince: 'Tis I that have diſcover'd
Ambition in thee, and thy practiſes;
To make thy daughter Dutcheſſe. But I play
Too much with Juſtice. Take thy puniſhment
For murder.

Offers to kill him. *Enter 2 Scene. Enter 2 Spurio. draws.*

Spu. 'Tis not yet but in attempt.

Corv. Y' have ſav'd my life. *Exit.*

Not. Why doſt thou interpoſe?
Raſh man, I doe command thee ſtand backe,
And be his executioner. Art fixt?
Obey thy Prince with motion, or I'le turne
My rage on thee.

Spu. What madneſſe hath poſſeſt thee?

Not. I'me like to have good ſubjects, I muſt create them
Into obedience: thinke not on defence
For that's as vaine as if with nothing arm'd
But empty aire, thou mett'ſt a Thunder-bolt.
A ſword thus order'd by the hand of Majeſty
Will make its way.

Spu. Traytor call backe that breath, *Fight.*
Which as it doth divide the circling ayre,
Poyſons it more than ſmoke from whence the Sun
Exhales infectious vapours.

Not. Dar'ſt reſiſt

Thy Soveraignes Will and power?
Spu. Disloyall villaine,
Thy words have made the cause inspire such valour
Into my hand and sword, such a just rage
To punish thee——
Not. It hath a point, I feele it,
My royall blood doth waste.
Spu. 'Tis course and fordid.
Not. I faile not yet, my spirits still have force
I thinke that reacht you. *Fight.*
Spu. That reacht you again.
The cause assures me victory.
Not. 'Tis enough,
W' are both prov'd mortall. *Falls.*
Spu. Farewell dearest Master;
I dye thy loyall Champion. *Falls.* *Exit.* *Scene.*
Inf. Wh t's this horrour
Presents it selfe? Is't reall or illusive?
My *Spurio*, *Notho*, dead! let my soule flie
To meet yours in the peaceful shades of death.
Corv. Madam looke up, suffer not your faint spirits
Thus to retire unto their inmost cells
Let them dilate their vigour, and at once
Make all your sences usefull. This sad accident
If well consider'd is not of such consequence
That it should shew how much our passions can
Out doe our reason.
Inf. Give me more fresh ayre,
That I may draw it freely in to increase
My sighes not to preserve the breach that keepes
The different parts united. What sad influence
Order'd this Tragick action? or what motives
Could teach them to direct it to this end?
This most unnaturall end.
Corv. Good Madam cease
Your exclamations; this may be apply'd
To better use from a consideration.
Your honour is secur'd, your shame prevented:
It was a mercy in high providence
Would you receive it so.

Inf. How weake is counsaile
To desperate frailty? 'tis not your Art can
Perswade me to a comfort, being lost
To all that should revive it. In these
Were lodg'd such a proportion of
My living joyes, in their cold earth remaines
All my hopes dead and frozen, unto which
They whilst they liv'd gave life. If there were vertue
In teares to warme your numb'd and bloodlesse limbes,
Into new life and motion, I would bath them
With a large flood: and when the springs were dry
Wish my selfe chang'd into a weeping marble
To be your monument.

Corv. Be not transported
Into such vaine expressions.

Infe. Vaine advise,
My griefes are like to Walls resisting Darts,
They'l beate thy counsailes backe to thy owne danger.
Corvine you were surely false, and taught
The youths this way to ruine. One more sigh
Will cracke my hearts weake cordage, and the vessell
Wanting its helpes, yeeld to the onely guidance
Of the distracted waves till it be swallow'd.
I thought my patience could have met with cheerefulnesse
Any crosse storme of fortune; this hath kild it.
Forgive me Heaven, translate my penitent
And reconcil'd soule to a better mansion
Then that she's lodg'd in now. Divide my heart
You two. *Corvine* beare my dying blessings
Unto *Macario* --- Oh --- *Dyes.*

Corv. Will you then dye?
And so prevent me? for I did not meane
You should survive them, though I order'd not
Their deaths; retaine your fences yet a little.
Live but to heare me, and I will relate
All that my knowledge owes concerning it;
And the new policies that I have built
Upon these happy accidents; for hitherto
Fortune hath bin my Machiavile, and brought
Events about I never practis'd for.

Fidelio and *Cardente* are remov'd?
One stood betwixt my high ends, and the other
Begot conti[illegible]ll feare of a new danger
By her discovery. I shall be perfect now
In all things but revenge upon your scorne,
And the neglect of my deservings; will you not
Stay then to heare me? Farewell. { 4 *Scene. Ent.* Mac. Pole. Vitt. Bon. Ben. Am. Mel. *Guard.*
Mac. What's this horrour?
The Scene presents a Tragedy; our Guard.
Our mother dead, and our two friends made liveless
By one another? griefe seale up mine eyes
With an eternall darkenesse.
Am. Most unhappy *Kneeling by* Spurio.
Amanda, in the losse of all thy wishes;
Wee'le not be long divided, if my griefes
Meete not too stubborne and perverse resistance
From the soft heart I gave to thee.
Mac. Remove
The bodies decently, and then support me: { *Exit Guard with the Bodyes, the Ladyes following.*
My spirits faint. *Corvino* we would have
The best account you can of this sad businesse,
To which you cannot chuse but have relation,
Considering the persons and the manner;
Speake your best knowledge.
Corv. I have now no language
But teares to be interpreted, and they
Are characters of inward sorrow onely;
Cannot expresse more then their propper meaning,
And whence they take their forme. Sir I am lost
To all my hopes of being, they being gone
On which it did depend, my sonnes; in whom
I had a lasting name, and should have liv'd
Unto succeeding times: now it will vanish
Like Clouds dissolv'd; to be forgotten.
Mac. Know you
What were the motives to their difference,
That fir'd such anger in them?
Corv. The remembrance
Of that calls up more griefs. Your mother sir.
The inconsiderate youths interpreted

Her favours to be love, and rivalling
Each other in deſire, their paſſions met
By fury, joyn'd together, and begot
This ſad effect: which when ſhe underſtood,
And ſaw the dire events that had proceeded
From her ſo cleere intentions through miſtaking,
Compaſſion broke her heart. This ſir is all
My ſad ſoule knowes.

Mac. I would it ne're had bin,
Or I to know it.

Corv. Shortly I ſhall pay
Nature her laſt debt, for my weakened age
Cannot reſiſt theſe killing ſorrowes long.
And my poore ſervices deſire your griefe
Not to be deafe to one requeſt; that is,
You'ld take my daughter to your care, and be
A father to her: or——

Mac. We will reſpect her.

Pole. My information ſir was truth. There is
More miſtery to be unfoulded yet;
Times daughter will appeare, although ſhe bluſh
To ſhew her nakedneſſe.

Card. Oh a Confeſſor.

{ 5 *Scene. Enter* Fidelio *and* Cardente.

Fid. Confeſſe who 'twas that order'd this vile practiſe,
Or my juſt anger ſhall allay it ſelfe
With that infected blood thou haſt, before
The poyſon workes more.

Card. It was Lord *Corvino*.

Mac. What's that?

Fid. She would have given poiſon to me,
Of which her ſelfe had tane before: but providence
Order'd it that my jealouſie deferr'd it,
'Till it appear'd to worke on her with violence:
And ſo I was preſerv'd.

Card. But I am pepper'd;
There's ſomething in my conſcience.

Mac. Utter it,
'Twill make thy peace with heaven; what is't *Cardente*?

Card. *Spurio*, and *Notho* were your naturall brothers,
Got by your father, on your mother ſir.

In his first Dutchesse dayes shee being barren,
I and *Corvino* had the secret carriage
Of all the businesse. He hath poison'd me.
I never shall love Philters more. *Dyes.*
Mac. *Corvino,*
Here's a discovery renders you so vile,
That new suspitions spring from't: Neither can we
Trust our owne safety where a murderer
Sits neere our favour. Tortures therefore shall
Force from you what they can.
Cor. Your Justice might
Be temper'd with more mercy, and from reason.
Since the great secret is reveal'd which I
Kept guarded with my best resolves, as being
The Closet of your mothers honour, now
I will stand up and Justifie my actions.
First for the death of your unlawfull brothers
'Twas accidentall, not by me determin'd.
And hath secur'd your state that might have suffer'd
A great disturbance by the knowledge of it:
Which by your Mothers and *Cardentes* death
Had found prevention being then restrain'd
Onely to me. For you *Fidelio,*
You intercepted all my studied meanes
Vnto my daughters honour. But intents
Proceeding not to act may challenge pardon.
What tortures then doe I deserve?
Mac. Just death. *Fid.* That sentence kills me too. *Melissa!*
Mac. Take him away; provide for's execution.
This day Ile see it done; 'twill set more fairely.
Lust and ambition are two meanes of evils,
That practis'd by their owners make them divells.

FINIS.

(7)

THE BRIDE, A COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeere 1638. at the private house in *Drury-lane* by their Majesties Servants.

The Author, THOMAS NABBES.

Ovid. epist Herm. ad Orest.

——Nec turpe marito est
Aspera pro caro bella tulisse thoro.

LONDON.

Printed by *R. H.* for *Laurence Blaikelocke* and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Sugar-loafe next *Temple barre* in *Fleet-street.* 1640.

[illegible]

TO THE GENERALTY OF

His Noble friends, Gentlemen of the ſeverall Honorable Houſes the *Inns* of *Court*.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have preſum'd thus upon you, to countenance my ſhame fact *Bride*; who now ſhe is preſt bluſheth to appeare in publick, through feare ſhee hath of a new danger from publicke cenſure. She is here dreſt according to mine own deſire and intention; with-

out ought taken from her that my ſelfe thought ornament; nor ſupplyed with any thing which I valued but as rags. Your favorable opinion, and your acceptance of her into your protection, will take off her feares, and make her preſent her ſelfe *fronte læto*: and the honor that you doe me thereby will adde to thoſe many engagements that binde me alwayes to declare my ſelfe

Your moſt thankfull ſervant.

THOMAS NABBES.

The ſpeaking Perſons.

Goodlove. *An old wealthy Merchant.*
Theophilus. *His ſonne, ſuppoſed onely his Foſter ſonne.*
Raven. *His Nephew: a villaine.*
Kickſhaw. *A French Cooke.*
Maligo. } *Two Merchants.*
Rheniſh. }
Juſtice Ferret. *A ſimple Juſtice.*
Mrs. Ferret. *His wife, imperious over her husband.*
Father. } *To the* Bride.
Mother. }
Bride.
Squirell. *A nimble Vintner.*
Drawer.
Three or foure Blades. *Wilde roaring fellowes.*
Horten. *An owner of rarities and antiquities.*
Servant *to* Horten.
Servants *to* Goodlove.
Plaſter. *A humorous Surgeon.*

Mutes.

Maydes attending the Bride.
Three or foure Wenches.
Servants.

The Scene LONDON.

The PROLOGUE

VAcation ſtill: ſo little cuſtome comes
To buy our Merchandize, and fill our roomes,
It would perſwade us but for after hope
Of better takings quite to ſhut up ſhop.
But what's the reaſon? have we no goodware?
Or doe the ſights and motions in the fayre
Pleaſe better with their cheape rates? 'tis not fit
That we ſhould ſet ſo low a prize on wit.
For what we ſhall preſent you with to day
The Bride, *we wiſh you not t'expect a play,*
Wherein a neſſlecock, or youth oth' towne
(Borne to more ſtate then wit)'s a gallant growne:
When one amongſt you laughing at the elfe
And at his gullery, thinks upon himſelfe.
Perhaps there will be ſome concluding that
A perſon or a place is pointed at;
Such make that ſatire which the pure intent
Of th' author meant but harmeleſſe merriment;
Who only labours here in what he can
T'expreſſe a Citizen a Gentleman.
Marke well the weaving and the dreſſing, then
Liking the ſtuffe we hope you'l come agen.

The Bride.

The firſt Act, The firſt Scene.

Enter Old Goodlove, *and* Theophilus *very ſad.*

Goodlove.

I Say, no more of this,
I'le have no brow contracted into wrincles
Upon my wedding day: A day of mirth;
And thou ſtand'ſt like a mellancholick figure
Of weeping penitence, when joy ſhould dreſs
Thy cheekes in dimples; it is prodigious
That thou ſhould'ſt only
Weare mourning at my nuptials, that have foſter'd
Thee from an Infant; bred thee to a man;
Ranckt thee with Gentlemen, and made thee thought
To be what thou appear'ſt; and thou to grieve
For what I count my happineſſe!

The. Pray' ſir conſter it
Th' expreſſion of my duty. To your love
Were I poſſeſt of many ſelves I ow them.
That love hath caus'd this paſſion out of feare
Your reputation in the act will ſuffer

Rumor is apt to prey upon occaſion:
And if the rude mouthes of the multitude
Catch hold on a report, they'l multiply it;
And make it grow to ſcandale. You an old man
Will marry a young woman.

Good. Who cals me old! Doſt thou? Now by my beard
(Is't not turn'd black agen? I ſhould be loath
To ſweare by a falſe coluor) I am young,
Like a new ſpring grown out of a barren winter.
I' ave likewiſe ſtrength and activeneſſe: looke here elſe. *ſeemes*
B ſhrew't, the floor's uneven: would 'twere mended *to caper and*
I'le have my cornes cut too. Childe we muſt dance *hurt his foot.*
Always at weddings. Am I agen a Bridegrome!
And ſhall I not be luſty?

The. Pray Sir, do not
Flatter your weakneſſe, and decay of ſtrength.
Your age begins to grow to a diſeaſe:
And can you then expreſſe ſuch youthfull appetite
Without being cenſur'd?

Good. Pray no more diſwaſion
Beſides my will there is a reaſon for it:
And thou haſt cauſe to joy, Shee brings a portion
Will be a large addition to thy ſtate,
Which I but live t'encreaſe. I have no heire
Save thee? nor will get any: ſhalt have all.

The. Your welfare ſir to me
Is an inheritance 'bove any ſtate
Fortune can bleſſe me with. Which to preſerve
My knees ſhould grow faſt to ſome hallowed pavement,
Till mine own diſſolution, and no thoughts
Buſie my minde but prayers. Sir conſider
The difference 'twixt your diſabilite,
And her ſo hopefull fruitfullneſſe. T' increaſe
And propagate was the beſt end of marriage.
Then if the meanes be wanting, the end cannot
Be perfected: and ſome in ſcruple ſtick not
To call it ſinne.

Good. More urging! when I am dead

Thou

Thou ſhalt have her too. Ha! do'ſt ſtartle at it?

The. Why that would make even your aſhes infamous.
And tempt the idle gazers on't to ſcratch
Libells upon your Marble. 'Twould be conſtrued
That ſhee in youthfull heat longing for what
Your cold defects deni'd her, had enjoyd me
To luſtfull ſatisfaction, when ſhe ſhould
Have warm'd your bed, and after married me
To prevent farther rumor. Nay ſir more.
Hath ſhe not ſetled her deſire already
Upon ſome one of more proportion'd yeares?
'Twere rare if ſuch a beauty of that growth,
Should have her mayden thoughts untoucht with th' appetite
Of what inſtinct doth teach, though ſhe were barr'd
Even all converſe, ſo much as not to know
The difference of a ſex.

Good. A cauſles jelouſy
Shee's noted to have more perfections
Lodg'd in her rich minde, then the outward ſtructure
Though beautifull doth promiſe: ſhe inherits
Her Parents vertues, and her education
Hath been their only care. I know ſhee's free
From the leſt thought may ſtayne her purity.
Therefore no more.

The ſecond Scene.

To them Raven, *and a little after him*
Mounſieur Kickſhaw.

Is my Bride yet come Coſen?

Raw. Not yet ſir. *Mounſieur Kickſhaw* the French Cook's come to prepare dinner.

Good. Hee's welcome; let me ſee him
I'le have the feaſt ſeaſon'd with all variety
Of choice delights.

The. To me they will not reliſh;
But like thoſe pills which an unwilling patient

Doubting their vertue takes, and turnes the medicine
Into a worse disease.

Good. Mounsieur you are welcome.

Kick. Me tank you Mounsieur.

Good. I presume you'l shew your best cunning.

Kick. Me make you de French dish, de pulpatone; de frigasie; de gran *Kickeshaw* an de *kickeshaw* royall; de macarrone: and two tree dozen ting more for your wedding.

Good. Pray Cosin take him first into the cellar.

Kick. Remerce Mounsieur. Me drinke two tree cup a your Claret a your vité vine sall make a me lusty.

Good. I shall thankfully consider your paines.

Kick. Mounsieur ven a me vark is done, you give a me leave to dance two tree foure dance, an kisse a de vench two tree foure time. Oh de French man love a de fine vench, vary well. You be de old man Mounsieur, and you love a de young vench: me make your de dish sall get sis Childe.

Good. Too many on conscience.

Kick. If de Madame love me, me get twenty.

Good. To your businesse good Mounsieur.

Kick. Dat be good businesse, better den go to my vark. *Exit.*

Theo. Observe you sir this fellow! one that ought
To be kickt into manners how he taunts you?
'Twill be the streets discourse, the conduits lecture:
And not an idle tongue but will abuse.
Your reverend name, which hitherto hath aw'd
Th' unbridled rabble.

Good. Once more I command thee
Leave off this counsaile, growing but from feare,
That will admit no reason. Cosin *Raven*
Hasten my Bride: shee makes my patience tyre
With so much expection. And harke you cosin. *Whisper.*

Theo. My sun of joy's ecclipst, and all the hopes
My fancy painted, by this accident
Are blotted out. How have I merited
Of heaven thus to be punisht! But I must not
Tax providence with an injustice to me,
That have deserv'd worse curses for neglect

Of

Of my religious duties. Only he,
My foſter Father to poſſeſſe thoſe ſweets
Love promis'd my inheritance! Wer't another,
I'd from his rude hands ſnatch her in the Church,
Before the powerfull words ſhould knit that knot
Nothing but death diſſolves.

The third Scene.

To them Maligo *and* Rheniſh.

Good. Senior *Maligo* a moſt welcome gueſt.

Mal. Your Servant Senior.

Good. And Mr. *Rheniſh.*

Rav. The Spaniſh and Dutch Merchants! ſend there be no wars at the wedding.

Rhen. Wee come to witneſſe your ſolemnityes.

Good. Welcome Mr. *Rheniſh*: and ſince you are come ſo early lets ſpend the time in conference about the wines we lately ſpake of. *Exeunt. Theo. and* Raven *remayning.*

Rav. Couſin y'are ſad. Would I might know the reaſon,
I'le helpe to put it from you.

The. Couſin *Raven*,
Since love, not blood, hath made your weare that title,
Though 'tis a ſecret I would gladly hide,
To you I will impart it. Sent with gifts
To the faire maid that this day muſt be *Bride*
To the old man, my treacherous eyes conveigh'd
Flames to my heart from hers: which being fixt
Upon me, ſhot their magick influence
Of love with ſuch a violence, that I tooke
Th' impreſſion e're my boſome was prepar'd
And temper'd for it.

Rav. This may be a ground
For me to work on.

The. Duty now and honeſty

Fought with my passions, and inforc'd them back
To their unwilling prison: though her eye,
Look, gesture; and at parting when I tooke
Her hand to kisse it: then she held mine hard:
For all these invitations to their liberty
I durst not free them; but conceal'd even that
Perhaps she wisht to know.

Rav. How can you doubt it?
They were all signalls that you should assault,
And shee would yeeld 'Tis but a modest custom
For men to wooe. 'Tis womens only pride
To have men court them, not to be deny'd.
Indeed it was your fault.

The. My vertue rather.
Should I like the ingratefull serpent, sting
The bosome that hath warm'd me into life?
Desire shall burst me first. Yet I must tell you,
I am resolv'd to give my passions
This satisfaction. When the bridall ceremonies
Have had their consummation, I will travaile
And leave the cause behind. You may reveale it
When I am gone. I shall be prais'd or pittied,
For none can blame me.

Rav. None! Yes all that heare it.
Who will not tax your indiscretion,
And want of knowing what belongs to man,
That will deny your selfe that right, perhaps
None but your selfe can challenge. we are warranted
To be indulgent to our selves so farre
As worke our own contents by any meanes
Conscience or law calls just. Then if the time
Prevent it not, try your successe: be suddain:
Steale her away and marry her.

The. Tempt me not
Out of my passion into one more dangerous.
'Twere but a just correction if I kild thee;
That would instruct me to an act of error,
Repentance could scarce win a pardon for.

Rav.

Rav. My counſail's worth a better fee. Perhaps
You feare ſome trechery in me. Clere your underſtanding,
I'le prove you ought to do it, and I to ayde you.
You are his foſter ſonne, and I his kinſman.
You he intends his heire, and yet he muſt not
Neglect me altogether. When they are married
She'l find one to get Children.

The. Thou art baſe
In thy ſuſpect of her; and but for peace
(To which this day ought to be conſecrate)
It ſhould be puniſh't.

Rav. Y'are too violent.
Be calme, and underſtand demonſtrative reaſon,
Children being borne, then are you diſinherited.
When marrying her ther's an eſtate will follow
Worth thouſands: For ſhee is the only child
Her parents ever had.

The. And why ſhould you
Adviſe to this, and ayde it?

Rav. What more police
Could I be guilty of? When his diſpleaſure
Hath caſt you of (for that way ſure hee'l puniſh
The injury) ſtand not I faire to be
Poſſeſt of what you looſe, the old mans favor?
Were you the only object of my hate,
The good I do my ſelf would make the act
Shew of ſufficient malice; but my love
Guiding me to't——

The fourth Scene.

To them Goodlove, Maligo *and* Rheniſh: *and a little after them Juſtice* Ferret *and his wife.*

The. 'Tis well I am prevented;
My raſhneſſe elſe had executed juſtice

Upon thy guilt. Forbeare to tempt me farther.
Thy friendship's but the shaddow of a true one
Dar'st urge such comfort, goodnesse cannot choose but blush at.
Rav. Howsoever you receive it
I will attempt it. I'le prepare the *Bride*
With this discovery: if she hath desires
Shee'l some way give them liberty. The old man
I then will prepossesse with jelousy;
And so indeere me to him, that my ends
Stand alwayes faire in their opinions.
A cunning villaine must pretend to save.
When most of all he doth intend a grave *Exit.*
Good. I like the rates: may the wines please as well
I'le not repent my bargaine.
Mal. Trust me sir you have the best sack of Spaine.
Rhen. And *Rhenish* the swan hath none better: yet ther's that will make the crookedst horner in the lane speake latin with the Bedle of Vintiners hall.
Good. Mr. Justice *Ferret*,
This was a large expression of your love
To come over the water.
Fer. 'Twas my wives desire.
Good. Kinde Mistresse *Ferret.*
M. Fe. Sir, the respects I beare you, and the obedience I owe my husband that commanded it, brought me over willingly to offer my service to so noble a freind.
Good. Your courtesies overcome me.
M. Fe. A rot on the best linings of your three pil'd durable, your everlasting almanack of high dayes, feastes and sessions: was it my desire? Thou lyest thou wrong side of a lawyer turn'd outwards: I had better businesse at home. I could have seen if mother Whirl had spun the last pound of flax I sent her, or called at Knocks the weavers for my new Napkins. I have no maides to cudgell their tasks out of. Indeed I can hardly keepe any for such a goat as thou art.
Good. Are ye offended with your husband Mrs. *Ferret?*
M. Fer. Obedience forbid it; my head: or if I may use the honorable phrase here without offence, my cap of maintenance.

Fer-

Fer. No no ſir; ſhee was but excuſing a few faults.

M. Fer. How ſir lubber, muſt the world take notice by you that I have faults or modeſty to excuſe them? I'le make thee complain a moneth of the fairies for this: the fairies of my nayles I meane; and pretend pinching for piſſing in thy ſhooes, or ſuch night uncleaneſſe.

Fer. Sweet wife forbear a little. Thou wilt vex away thy eating ſtomack, and here will be excellent cheer.

M. Fer. So, ſo: I thought a Citty feaſt with a Ram-mutton paſty, and a twelve nookt cuſtard, made with carryers eggs and the out ſcrapings of iſinglas, muſt tempt you to the charge of ſix pence over, and ſix pence back agen. Which with an addition of Clerks fees ſhar'd, and ſome garriſon'd weſtphalian neates tongue or red deer pye out of my Chamber cupbord, might have been an intertainment for the Maſters of the Pariſh in your own dyning roome; and all have been payd for too with the return of half emptyed botles.

Good. Your wife Mr. *Ferret* hath call'd ſomething to mind deſerves a chiding.

Fer. Fye no ſir: Shee is ſomewhat ſhrewiſh at home, but the beſt wife abroad ——

M. *Fer.* Fy, ſweet heart now you flatter. 'Tis virtue enough in us to be obedient and dutyfull: we ſhould lay our ſelves under our husbands feet if they command it. But i'le exalt my ſelf or ſomewhat elſe above your head, you malkin of ſuburb authority ſet up only to fright crows from the carrion of the common wealth, that it may ly ſtill and corrupt government. Your worſhip had beſt bind my tongue to the peace, my nayles ſhould ſoone bayle it.

Soft Muſick.

The fifth Scene

To them Father, Mother, Raven, Bride, *and maides attending her.*

Good. My *Bride* come?
The welcom'ſt gueſt that ever bleſt this roof.

Fat. Joy Crown yee both.

Good. May your wiſh be prophetick.
But why is ſhe ſo ſad?
Moth. 'Tis onely cuſtome.
Maides have their feares which by degrees muſt leave them.
M. Fe. May ſhee make him a happy wife; and prove obedient from my example.
Good. Salute my *Bride* ſonne: ſhee ſhould be thy joy
As well as mine.
The. I better ſhall expreſſe
Her entertainment in my pious wiſhes,
Then any complement I will be ready
To pay you my beſt duty. *Goodlove and Raven whiſper.*
Bride, Love you meane ſir;
Give it no other name, might I own that
And call it my poſſeſſion, ſoone this melancholy
Should leave it's manſion, and a *Brides* full joy
Inhabit here. You ſurely do repine;
And it may be this act begets your feare
Of being diſpoſſeſt a fathers love.
Which he muſt now in ſome proportion
Confer on me.
The. Let me with reverence ſweare *Offers to kiſſe her hand*
By this white hand———
Bride, Let me prevent your oath;
Or ſweare by another book. Perhaps 'twill be
The laſt warme kiſſe my lips ſhall ever feel. *kiſſe.*
I do beleeve you love me. *weeps.*
The. How ſhall I
Interpret this? how hard ſhe claſpt my hand,
And preſt my lips? as wiſhing their conjunction
Might be eternall. Teares with her laſt words fell:
And in their ſilent oratory taught me
To know my ſelfe more wretched by the knowledge
Of what ſhould make me happy.
Good. Can this be?
Rav. It hath both poſſibility and circumſtance
To make it probable. Good ſir obſerve
Their diſcontents: how they do ſympathize,

And

And meet each other. Pray sir let them have
An oportunity; Ile be the spy:
And cal you to their billing.
Good. 'Tis well counsail'd
If 'tplease you Gentlemen I have within
Some rarities, whose sight shall be your busineſſe
'Till we are ready. Sweet you shall forbeare them
'Till you are made their Mistresse. *Exeunt.*
Rav. Whether will you go? *Theo. offers to follow.*
Wast not my plot to get this liberty
That you might put your purpose into act
If you have any? Why do you delay it?
You see shee's willing; I prepar'd her to it.
The. Willing to what good Cousin?
Rav. To be your *Bride.*
Bride. My blushes speak consent.: then if you please
Prevent prevention. My desires were never
Setled on any other, though I durst not
Reveale my passions aw'd by feminine custome,
And my strict parents eyes. If you'l receive me,
The desperate state of my crosse fortune armes me
To any enterprise you'l be my guide in
The. I shall be tempted to neglect that duty
I would not rashly violate, to possesse
All that my with can covet.
Rav. You may hereafter
Discourse your loves. Play not away th' occasion.
Her's the key of the back gate: take water presently, and away
to the ——— *whispers* ——— I'le follow, get ye a Licence and see
all dispacht. Feare not persuit: that I'le hinder. *Exeunt.*
So, the foundations layd on which I'le bulid
My selfe a fortune, and with better safety
Then making him away: Yet he must not marry her.
That were t'enable him if my villany
Should be discovered to revenge and punish it.

The ſixth Scene.

To him Goodlove, Father, Mother, Ferret, M^rs. Ferret, Maligo, *and* Rheniſh.

The old man! aide me now hypocriſie,
Or all miſcarries. Oh ſir I have ſearch't for you all the houſe over.

Good. Haſt obſerv'd any thing?

Rav. I left them here ſo cloſe condoling. They are queſtionles ſtolne to ſome private place. I'le ſent them out, and bring you word.
I muſt abſent my ſelf for fear my joy
For this faire entrance doth diſcover me. *Exit.*

Good. *Father* in expectation I have ſuddainly
Bethought me of a buſineſſe.

Fat. Pray' what is't?

Good. You ſee I am old; unfit for ſuch a Bride.
Suppoſe I make a reſignation,
And give my right up to another man,
One that your daughter and your ſelf ſhould like of.
What if my ſon were Bridegroom? 'twere a match
Would carry more proportion.

Fat. None more gladly,
So you'l confer upon him an eſtate
Anſwering her portion.

Good. It ſhall be conſidered of.
Wee'l know their likings.

Fer. Will you not Marry her your ſelf then after all theſe preparations? Why ſir the world takes notice of it, and it may concern your credit.

Good. Your husband counſailes well M^rs. *Ferret.*

M. *Fe.* I cannot in obedience but allow of his wiſdom. Thou changling nurſt with the milke of an aſſe whence thou deriveſt thy great empty noddle: muſt you hinder a good motion? Are there not cuckolds enough already?

Good. Wher's the *Bride* Couſin? *Raven returns.*

Rav.

Rav. Vaniſh't ſir, not to be found. They are queſtionleſſe run away together: the water gate is faſt lockt, and the key without. You were doubtfull ſir, and would hardly give credit to my relation.

Fat. How! ſtolne away together! what plots are theſe?

Good. Yours ſir, to undoe the reputation
Of an old man.

Fat. Rather your own, to ruine
My only comfort.

Fer. Proceed you ſir in your late motion and this difference will ſoone find a reconciliation. Is not the Gentleman his only ſon.

Good. No ſonne of mine, but the moſt monſtrous birth
Of baſe ingratitude that ever made
Charity frozen. I found him in the fields,
An Infant almoſt ſtarv'd, and bred him up.
It ſeems for this.

Moth. Alaſſe our child's undone.

Fat. Purſue the villaine. If the extremity
Of Law can do it, I will hang him for't.

Rav. I ſhould be glad of that.

Fat. If I can prove ſir your leaſt knowledge makes you
A party in't, your ſtate or mine ſhall crack for't.

Good. Do you ſir threaten me in mine own houſe.?
My credit's more at ſtake, then that I ſhould
Be calme: but once I give you priviledge.

Fat. Come lets' to water: we perhaps may take them.

Rav. Yes at the Tower queſtionleſſe. *Exeunt.* Father *and*

Fer. Sir if I find them in my precinct. Mother.

M. Fer. What will you do? If thou doſt the leaſt wrong to the loving couple, though I burn for it, I will roaſt thee alive and ſell thy greaſie kidnies for kitchinſtuffe. Kickſhaw *enters with*

Rav. A good proceeding hitherto. *plate under his cloake.*

Kick. No vench, no veding? Me bid you adiew Mounſieur; you no need a me varke.

Good. Farewell Mounſieur. Reward him Coſin.

Kick. Here be revard: two, tree ſilver diſh, and tree, foure ſpoone make Mounſieur a jentleman an buy de fine vench beyond

de water. Me no ſtay for de reward. *Exit.*

Good. Ha hah hah he. *Laughs.*

Mal. Why laugh you ſir? make you no more account of ſo great an injurie?

Good. They'r gone: and now I'le tell ye gentlemen,
I knew the boy did love her, and I meant
He only ſhould enjoy her; but pretended
My ſelf would marry her, thereby to worke
A greater portion out of her covetous Father;
And to inſinuate my ſelfe into
A perfect knowledge of his true eſtate.
Now ſince h' hath play'd the wagge, preventing me
Of mine own plot, you all ſhall in and witneſſe
My act of love to him: I'le inſtantly
Confirm him my full heire, reſerving ſomething
For you my kinſman: whom I deſire
Uſe your beſt diligence to finde them out,
And bring them home, but coupled. And you gentlemen
Diſpenſe with this dayes accident, your cheer
To morrow ſhall be doubled. *Exeunt.*

Rav. How is this?
My plot's prevented too; curſe on the charme
That witcheth you to love him. Bring them home,
But coupled: fine employment. Yet 'tis well
You tell me your intent. My brain muſt work
Some more ſucceſsfull miſchiefe that may hit.
No villaine can proſper without wit. *Exit.*

The ſecond Act, the firſt Scene.

Squirrell, *and after him a* Drawer.

Squir. Your deligence knaves, or I ſhall canvaſe your pole davyes, deafen not a gallant with your anon anon ſir, to make him ſtop his eares at an over-reckoning. Can a manſion purchaſed

chaſed and payd for be converted into a houſe of enterteinment, and ſubſiſt without commings In and goings Out? Now ſir what ſay you?

Dra. The reconing ſir for Mr. *Serge* the Mercer, and the Scriveners wife, that have been theſe two houres in the yellow bed-Chamber.

Squi. And what had they?

Dra. A diſh of collops and egges, and wine.

Squi. Sixteen ſhillings! 'tis well.

Dra. But her husband had half a quire of paper and baſtard by himſelf in the Buls-head: which would hardly keep him emploi'd below ſtayres; he was going up to peep through the key hole.

Squi. Sawcy Scrivener! peep through a key hole! ſhouldſt have had him by the eares.

Dra. His peeping through a hole coſt them long ſince.

Squi. And this came freely!

Dra. He woundred ſir it was no more. *Exit. Dra.*

Squi. Go carry the blades in the Lion a pottle of ſack from me: their roaring muſt be maintain'd out of my profit. They are good procurers; and help now and then to ſtane of an over heated Cittizen that perſues his game, too egerly. Though my holy-day ſquires of the city bring me in moſt gain, my free Knights of the ſuburbs, the errants of Lincoln-Inn fields, where their randevous makes the gunpowder houſe terrible, and the ſmock tribute due to their order is daily and nightly exacted: theſe I ſay are the beſt mainteiners of my profits occaſion; and Squirrell muſt venter cracking to maintaine them whilſt his ſign and buſh laſts.

The ſecond Scene.

To him Theophilus *and* Bride.

Y'are welcome ſir.

The. The Maſter of the houſe!

Squi. The poore owner of ſome goods and chattels; moveables and immoveables, with a ſmall ſtock to drive a trade.

The. We would deſire the uſe of a roome.

Squi. You ſhall be accommodated.

The.

The. We expect a friend; 'till he comes this may serve.
Squi. What you please sir. A towell sirrah quickly. *Exit.*
Bri. Thou seem'st sweet hart as if th' hadst feares within thee.
We may securely now discourse our loves,
And weary time with words, 'till we are fit
To act our wishes.
The. The fulnesse of my joyes
Happ'ning so suddain ere I was prepar'd
To taste them with an appetite, hath bred
A surfet in me.
Bri. Now you smell of flattery
I would not have you court what you possesse
with any attribute above its merit.
If my being yours you count your happinesse,
Let us be suddain to confirme our selves
Mntually happy, e're our parents rage
Can reach us to prevent it. *The.* That word parents.
Makes me reflecton my ingratitude:
Being greater far then infamous recordes
Did ever punish; and like pleasant dreames
My joyes are chang'd to nothing.
Bri. Suddaine dumbs:
Whence are they? to my selfe I am not guilty
Of a behaviour that should merrit this.
I prethee let me blush, and kisse away
The clowdes hang on thy brow. No discontent
Should interpose where equall love hath mixt
Equall desires; and for the noble end
No base dependance. For could I but think
Thy soule did harbor any bastard thought
Which goodnesse might not father, I would back
To my disgrace; and confidently meet
My parents anger; all th' affronts of rumor;
And what the rabble pleas'd rather then stay
To nurse it to a growth.
The Then pray' return;
But not to your disgrace; all shall be thrown
Upon my guilt. And though my love (unstain'd

With the leaſt blemiſh of impure affection)
Gave th' act allowance, I'le belye my ſelf,
And ſay I did enforce you; which the law
May puniſh with my life. I'le give it up,
To end th' affliction of my ſoule, divided
'Twixt love to you, and duty to that man
I have ſo wrong'd.

Bri. Can love admit ſuch ſcruples?
Or is't thy coldneſſe? I was too too credulous.
But the neceſſity deny'd more tryall.
Here's a pretence indeed.

The. Can there be greater?
Ingratitude's a monſter. Shall I then
Repay that man with injurie, that gave
My almoſt ſtarv'd life warmth, and made me breathe
Though to be miſerable

Bri. Thou doſt ſurely
Want the beſt part of man, and art not capable.
Of reſolution. Such a coward ſpirit
Lodgeth not here. I now ſuſpect thy worth,
And blame my raſhneſſe.

The. Why ſhould I be taxt
With ſuch defect? Know then I dare deſerve you
By any enterprize that may be credible.
Invention cannot fancy an employment
I would not manage to confirm my love
Worthy your beſt opinion, only this
My conſcience frights me from.

Bri. Why then farewell.
Paſſion will guide me ſome where, goodneſſe guard me
From a deſpaire; and whatſoever end
I am diſpos'd for, I'le remember thee
Deny'ſt thy ſelf good in denying me.

Offers to go away.

The

The third Scene.

To them the Drawer *with a towell.*

Dra. What's your wine sir?
The. Presently. Stay. *Pulls back bride.*
Dra. Your pleasure sir. *Bride weepes.*
The. I meane not you.
Dra. I know your meaning sir. *Exit. Drawer.*
The. Why should those pearles be wasted,
Till they enrich my funerall? Distraction
Hurries my thoughts, and hindreth them from ord'ring
Any resolve. Have I proceeded hitherto?
And shall I now give back? The infamy
Sticks on my name already; and the stain
Thrown on it by the black mouth'd multitude
For being ingratefull, by bare satisfaction
Cannot be washt away. Her vertue likewise
will be suspected. I must therefore on
Since reason prompts me to it. Love shall excuse
The act, and my neglect of other dues.
Sweet I am now resolv'd.
Bri. Resolv'd! to what?
The. To consummate our wishes.
Bri. Now I think on't
'Tis better not. I find my flame abated;
My lov's not half so violent, I can stay,
And try you first.
The. How's this? why will you now
Change your intent that seem'd so resolute?
'Twill make us be the subject of discourse,
And libelling ballads; every gossips feast
Will make mirth from our shame.
Bri. No matter for't
I now begin t'examine what's in you
So taking. An indifferent handsome frame;

The ſuperficies neatly varniſht over,
In it ſhould dwell a ſoule rich as the building
Doth promiſe to the eye; but I ſuſpect it.
Thy actions ſuite not with a noble ſpirit.
Thy lov's but wanton paſſion, not the vertue
Should give it warrant. He that would be mine,
Muſt in his mind as well as outward ſhine.
Agen farewell. *Offers again to go.*

The. Stay: I have fool'd my ſelfe
Into a maze of errors, and do want
M' inſtructive part to guide me. All my faculties
Of ſoule are puzled, and at every turning.
Do mate themſelves with doubts. Why ſhould you feigne
This cruelty to kill me, when my joyes
Were almoſt ſtrengthned in the life you gave them,
So far as not to feare a new relaps?
Having corrected all the accidents
Of my diſeas'd love, will you now deſiſt
To make a perfect cure?

Bri. Medicines apply'd
To an unwilling or diſtruſtfull patient
Their working's hindred. You have ill receiv'd
The meanes; and what ſuccedes, your ſelfe is guilty of;
No cruelty of mine.

The. Are you reſolv'd then
To ſend me back to my firſt miſery?
And anew make me wretched?

Bri. 'Till confirm'd
Ther's merit in you.

The. Is my want of that
Onely ſuſpected by you? Heare me firſt,
And then farewell. May I be curſt beyond
Recovery by my penitence; let heaven
Ne're make me maſter of a wiſh that may
Include my leaſt good, if I marry you——

Bri. How's this?

The. Untill your parents free conſent,
And the good liking of that injur'd man

Allow it publike ceremony.
Bri. Thou canſt not
Figure a more impoſſibility.
It muſt be never then. Call in thy vow;
The raſhneſſe will diſpenſe with't
The. That might give
A new occaſion for your cruell wit
To tax me with new weakneſſe. Know I can
Be man as well as lover; and am fixt
In my reſolve, beyond the power of change
By any paſſion.
Bri. I have play'd too long,
With the falſe ſhaddow of my happineſſe,
And mockt away the ſubſtance. By my love
Zealous as ever kindled a chaſt flame
In any maidens breſt, I but diſſembled
To try thy patience, and beget diſcourſe;
I am ſo well confirm'd in my opinion
Of thy deſert, that ſhould a thouſand tongues
Swoln with detraction, break their tum'rous bags,
Venting from thence the moſt corrupted malice
That ever made man infamous to me
It ſhould be flatt'ring praiſe.
The. Did you diſſemble?
Could ſhe who through her eyes conveigh'd her heart,
And the aſſurance of her beſt deſires
When other meanes were ſilenſt; ſhee that taught
My equall paſſion to interpret lookes,
Teares, ſmiles, and read in thoſe dumb characters
Her ſoule, diſſemble? or with any counterfet
Diſturb his joy that only from her truth
Derives it true poſſeſſion? Jealouſie
May then be warranted, ſince 'tis a vertue
Noble and maſculine when juſtly grounded.
Was not your love diſſembled? meant you not
To make a property of theſe proceedings
For ſome ends of your own? Diſpoſe your ſelf,
As your will guides you; 'twill but make my life

Some-

Somewhat more tedious wanting your society:
Besides whom I renounce all womankind.

Bri. I man besides thee. Do not tempt thy fate
Too far beyond a reconciliation
With opportunity; as yet it serves
If this day give thee not possession of me
Never expect it. I shall find a place
To keep our shame. In some chast fellowship
I'le learn to pay religious vows to heaven.
And pray since here we cannot, we may be
Happy hereafter in eternity. *weeps.*

The. Dissolve not with those teares my passive heart
That weeps within me. They will almost tempt me
To worse then sacrilege. Anon we will
Consult and practice something.

The fourth Scene.

To them Squirell. *After him* Raven.

Squi. By the description he makes of you a gentleman below enquires for you. I was not curious to aske your name, but I know his.

The. My cosin *Raven*!

Squi. The same sir.

The. Pray' direct him to us.

Squi. What's your wine sir?

The. When he comes.

Squi. This is sure some hide-bound student, that proportions his expence by his pension; and wencheth at Tottenham court for stewed prunes and cheescakes. Hee's not acquainted with the generous way, and I shall have the lesse scruple to cosin him. *Exit.*

The. Be not so clowdy sweet; our sun of joy
May shine at full, and cleere those dusky mists;
Obscure it for a season. Welcome Cosin
Unto our expectation.

Rav. The wine boy.

within. Anon anon sir.

The. Cosin the bowle

Rav. The tempest's layd, but they are scatter'd by it.
Some to the Tower; to Pauls rade others run;
Noise fils the roomes with, and in the street
The rabble is convented; what's the matter
Of wide mouth'd quire they cry, to whom the foreman
A one legg'd ballad singer opens curtesly
The merry case, not only do acquit you,
But prayse the act; and sweare a ballad of it
Would out sell all the libells ever yet
M.P. subscribd to.

The. 'Tis an act indeed *Drawes others with wine and Exit.*
Deserves reproach

Rav. Deserves a Chronicle
A legend of delight. Which when 'tis read
By the learn'd youth of Hogsden after supper,
Shall cause such laughter 'mongst th' attentive family,
That cheap-side wives shall curse the noise, for sowring
The market womens creame and buttermilke.

The. Y'are very pleasant Cousin. Some mans jelousy
Would soone interpret it to be but scorn.
What you intend it——

Rav. Cosin it is my zeale
Makes me thus light and ayery; yet rather
Then my behaviour should give way unto
The least suspition, I'le put on a shape
Of like dejectednesse, as seems to cloath
Your melancholick *Bride*; But how 'twould show
Th' occasion makes it doubtfull. If shee'l weep
Upon her wedding day, let it not be
But that shee apprehends th' ensuing night
Brings on her joyfull feares. Cosin lets drink
A health to the effect: a jolly boy
Will follow feare not. *Drinks*

Bri. Yet the cause is hindred.
Pray' let your counsailes in our danger be

Movers

Movers unto more serious thoughts and actions.
Our peace is not yet settled; and we doubt
What the successe may be which our proceedings
Are destin'd to. *Rav.* Successe! the best that time,
And th' application of endeavours can!
Crown your desires with. Yet I must confesse
Your parents storme, and threaten death if law
By any trick can urge it. But the old man
Seems to forgive you; onely his intent
Is to dispose his state some other way
Then leave the least part yours. Which to comply for
With any least submission I should rather
Banish my self his sight, and cancelling
All th' obligations of indebted duty,
Scorn to be flatter'd into payment of it.
Cosin be rul'd by me; confirme your self
In this possession. You may find delights
Enjoying one another though restrain'd
A generall liberty. Get into the Country
Remote enough, but where you may receive
Weekly intelligence and meanes from me;
Which I'l supply you with in a proportion
For moderate expence. As things grow ripe
I can informe you. As it hath been ever,
It shall be still my care to do you offices
(For mine own ends.)
The. You have my deerest cosin
Given large testimony of your love;
Requitall must be studied. But for this
You have advis'd to, a quite different course
Is here resolv'd on, and my vow hath seal'd it,
I am true unto
From those I have so wrong'd; which if deny'd me,
I never must enjoy what I desire
Above my self.
Rav. Consent! 'twould soone be had,
If I prevent it not. *A noise within.*
What noise is that?

Perhaps

Perhaps some that pursue you; hide your selves.
Her's an inner roome. *Put them into another room.*

The fifth Scene.

To them Squirell peeping.

Squi. So, so, this is right gentlemen; one for another? Yet shee lookes not like carrion of Mr. *Ravens* leaving; I have seldome known him turn over any flesh to another that hath not been sufficiently tainted.

Rav. This accident what ere it was hath gain'd me an opportunity. *Squirell* thou must be intelligent and trusty. Hast observ'd?

Squi. Why is she a wench?

Rav. Ther's a question now to bring thy wit in question, and condemn thee for a puny politick in the knock kace. What blades are in the house?

Squi. *Rashbe*, *Spilman*, *Pennard*, and others.

Rav. And they made the noise?

Squi. Right sir.

Rav. Will they attempt?

Squi. Any thing for you sir. Shall it be an affront?

Rav. More, more: send them up; and applye thy self with cunning as thou expectest ever to thrive by the choistly sins of wenching.

Squi. I have known you Mr. *Raven* a bird of the flesh these many yeares, and if I should not respect an old standard.

Exit.

Rav. Away then to the execution.
Cosin our feares was causeless.

Tibo. and Bride come forth again.

Tho. Had they been
Such as it spake them, we might well have staid
And yeelded to them. We had only seem'd
Compell'd to what we freely must performe.

The

The ſixth Scene.

To them the Blades.

Rav. Have you buſineſſe with any here ſir?

1 *Bla.* I do not uſe to anſwer ſir. Sweet Lady

The. What fellow's this?

1 *Bla.* Fellow? one that will admit no fellow ſir. Fellow! Fellow your ſelfe.

The. More! I ſuſpect ſome rudeneſſe. Pray' Coſin call the Maſter of the houſe.

2 *Bla.* The Maſter of the houſe is the maſter of the houſe; but we will maſter both him and you unleſſe you deliver.

The. My purſe?

3 *Bla.* Your ſhe familiar ſir; we would be familiar with her.

The. You are foule mouth'd

1 *Bla.* How ſir Cittizen! do you think e're you are quite fledge in the neſt, with the ſhell of your cuckows egs upon your head to confront us? We are blades; and blades muſt be ſcoured.

Bri. What meane you ſir?

2 *Bla.* Your ſervant ſweet Lady.

The. She is none of your pleaſure Ladies, 'tis a wrong direction of your baſe thoughts.

3 *Bla.* Baſe! Cit thou deſerv'ſt the cane: but this Ladies goodneſſe commands thy pardon.

Bri. You are miſtaken ſir, I have no skill
In th' art of proſtitution.

1 *Bla.* You ſhall be inſtructed Lady; 'tis the *Blades* profeſſion.

The. Forbear your rudeneſſe; if you muſt be wicked.
Let your temptations be directed where
The ſin is grown to cuſtome. Her chaſte eares
Never receiv'd ſuch ſounds.

2 *Bla.* Come come, you muſt ſweet Lady.

Bri. What ſir?

1 *Bla.* A long with us: we are company indeed. Who would love a Cit (whoſe teeth are rotten out with ſweet meates his mo-

ther brings him from goſhippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promiſe of a dry neats tongue and a pottle of Rheniſh at the ſtillyard, when ſhe may command a *Blade* to toſs and tumble her? and (if ſhe ſhould pawn a petticoat) beat ſuch a fellow as this is till he hath redeem'd it.

The. Advantage may do much; but I would wiſh ye
Deſiſt, and be more civill: 'tis not th' odds elſe
Shall fright me from attempting to correct you.

2 *Bla.* Correct us! nay then along Lady. *One, drawes & stands at the door, whilst the other carry her away.*

Bri. Help me ſweet heart, will ye uſe violence?

The. Ye cowards, 'gainſt an unarm'd man!

Rav. May not I paſſe?

3 *Bla.* Not through me ſir, unleſſe you were a *Blade*; the fraternity may claime ſome privildege.

The. Then arme me Juſtice. Theo. *throwes his cloake on the other point: gets with in him and takes away his sword.*

3 *Bla.* Hold, for heavens ſake hold.

The. Thy life! I ſcorn it: 'tis too baſe to pay
A ſatisfaction; ſhe muſt be redeem'd
At a far higher rate. *Exit.*

Rav. My wiſhes iſſue
In all things yet. Are you much hurt ſir?

3 *Bla.* A ſcratch or ſo. If the reſt ſcape no better, I ſhall beleeve there is more valour in ſome, then what's onely ſhown at a Finsbury muſter. *Exit. Ent. Squi. haſtily.*

Squi. Your ayd maſter *Raven*, or we ſhall have murder done. The young gentleman ſir, the young gentleman——— *Exit.*

Rav. I hope ſo, if my plot ſucceeds.
This was an unlookt buſineſſe thruſt upon me.
But I muſt practiſe my hipocriſie
With beſt art; elſe ſuſpition may diſcover
The guilt that's in me. Sure he's dead by this time,
Unleſſe his skin be proof againſt their points.
If one of them ſhould fall, and he eſcape
The reſt I will ſuborne to make his life
The lawes. Thus villany like a pregnant mother
From the ſucceſſe of one begets another. *Exit.*

The third Act, the first Scene.

Theophilus *beating in the* Blades *before him*; Bride, Raven *and* Squirrell.

1 *Bla.* Hold hold; I am hurt.
2 *Bla.* I bleed too.
1 *Bla.* If my ſword had had a point, I had payd him home.
Squi. I beſeech you ſir be pacified.
The. Sir if your houſe be a place priviledg'd
For ſuch abuſes, it muſt be inform'd of,
That law may puniſh it. But for theſe ſhadows,
Mockſhapes of valour; were it not for ſtayning
My innocent hands, I would compell your ſoules
Black as they are to give me ſatisfaction
As ye expire them.
Bri. Prethee ſweet no more;
Tis well th' art ſafe.
1 *Bla.* We do acknowledge an error ſir; and for ſatisfaction ſir and to preſerve peace, our weapons ſhall be deliver'd up to the Maſter of the houſe.
Rav. Miſchiefe upon their baſeneſſe; how are they
Declin'd from men! I hop't one deſperate thruſt
Or ſtroake e're this had ſent him to his quiet,
And cut off farther labor to contrive it;
It racks my invention. Yet I cannot riſe
To what I ayme at but by his ruine.
1 *Bla.* We hope you'l do the like ſir.
The. If I were confident of ſafety.
But you muſt give me leave being one that can
Command my ſelfe and paſſion. This with me
Serves as an inſtrument of peace, and may
Fright an intended miſchiefe from me. Good ſir
Retaine their weapons as you'l anſwer it
At your own perill.
Squi. Surely Mr. *Raven*, you were miſtaken; this is no wench.

Exit. 2 *Bla.*

2 *Bla.* Baffled and hurt! we may revenge it ſir.

The. Ye properties of men, made up of rage
And outſide onely, ſhoot your threats at thoſe
That feare the bubbles. Think not here to triumph
As o're your eaſie guls, that muſt redeem
Their ſafeties from the danger of you furies,
By battering downe with th' engine of their purſe
Some ſconch your drunken valour in a taverne
Hath built with ſack. 3 *Bla.* So ſir.

The. Be gone, for feare you urge me
To more impatience: Yet my charity
Affords ye this good counſayle. The world's full
Of brave imploiments for men capable.
Y'have perſons, but want mindes for actions
That might ennoble ye. Honor attends
On warre; ye only call your ſelves by names
Of Captaines and Lieftenants here where peace
Is moſt ſecure, but when your drunken quarrells
Diſturb her. Go to th'warres, and ſave the Citty
The chargeable reparing of their priſons.

1 *Bla.* Wee'l think upon your ſatire.

3 *Bla.* Take the ſcaboord too. My belt I'le pawn for a ſcarfe to hang my armie in, that the not wearing of a ſword may have pretence; 'till whoſe recovery I am degraded from a *Blade* to a Battoone. *Exeunt the Blades.*

Bri. How lovely ſhowes this valour? That in men
There ſhould be ſo much difference.

The. Why ſo ſad Coz? What think you on?

Rav. I was contriving miſchiefe.

The. Miſchiefe! 'gainſt whom?

Rav. I ſhall betray my ſelfe.
A merry harmleſſe miſchiefe; whoſe relation
Shall make the Ice of melancholick ſpleenes
Diſſolve with laughter. 'Tis a prety plot
Upon thoſe roarers.

The. Pray' impart it then.

Rav. There is a paſſage in't unperfect yet.
How apt is guilt to be its own diſcoverer!

I almoſt

I almoſt had ſpoil'd all.

The. I do begin weighing the circumſtance
To be poſſeſt
With a ſuſpect of his ſincerity.
Hee's ſurely trecherous; and perhaps occaſion'd
The late attempt upon me, ſo to have
Remov'd the bar he feares might ſhut him out
From an inheritance I never coveted.
I muſt not be too credulous. What's the reaſon
You are ſo clwdy Coſin? In your eyes
Me thinks I read ſad thoughts; your merry miſchiefe
Promis'd more lightſomneſſe.

Rav. I cannot yet
Fancy a good concluſion; it hath paſſages
That would beget a neate one. Are you Coſin
Reſolv'd on your returne? or will you practiſe
As I advis'd?

The. Doth that concerne your plot?

Rav. I mind no plots; my mind is onely buſie
To make you ſafe.

The. Safe! which way meane you Coſin?

Rav. Pray' wreſt it not. Suppoſe thoſe baffled roarers
Should in revenge way-lay you: they are miſchievous;
And if you ſhould miſcarry——

The. No great matter:
There were an end of miſery. You need not
Be much ſollicitous to prevent my danger;
Since on my death depends the aſſurance
Of an eſtate to you. When you enjoy it,
If my cold aſhes might be capable
Of ſuch expreſſions, they ſhould dance for joy
Fortune had ſo rewarded you, that merrit
Above her flattery: which ſhe but practis'd
When I was interpos'd by greater accident
Then ever yet made learned error give her
The prophane attributes of a diety.

Rav. He ſurely doth ſuſpect me.

The. Had I faln

(As ten to one I might, had not the cauſe
Given me the greater ods.) Had you contriv'd it——
Rav. How's that! your jelouſy is an unkindneſſe
My love deſerves not.
The. I hope you are not guilty,
That catch th' uncertain meaning of my words
E're they are perfected; and preinterpret
Thoughts that had never being! I may then
Juſtly have doubts. For innocence unmov'd
At a falſe accuſation, doth the more
Confirme it ſelfe; and guilt is beſt diſcover'd
By its own feares.
Rav. Pray fancy what you pleaſe
To ſtrengthen your ſuſpition: 'tis indeed
So weakly grounded, that unleſſe you prop it
With better circumſtances, your own ſhame
Shall ruine it, and juſtifie my truth.
I muſt out fac't.
The. Your own impatience
May ſerve for one. This houſe you ſent us to
For ought I know a Brothell. You are noted
For one that ſurfets in the pleaſant ſin:
And he that without ſcruple dares perſue it,
Dares without ſcruple do or be conſenting
To any miſcheife from whoſe execution
The meanes may be derived that will maintaine
His luſt and riot.
Rav. 'Tis not well that you
Digreſſe from your firſt plea to this foule ſatire.
You ſhould not tax my life, ſince it hath done you
Thoſe offices deſerve (beſides your thanks)
Your moſt indulgence to my greateſt faults
Nor doth it ſhow of noble nature in you
To credit infamy from a report,
Untill confirm'd by knowledge. Howſoever
You have declar'd your ſelf in your ſuſpition;
And hence forth I deſiſt: my practiſes
Have been ſo fruitleſſe. One I had contriv'd.

To Crown th' expreſſion of my zealous care
In your affaires. You might have us'd my love
To better ends.
Bri. Pray' ſir continue it,
And reconcile your paſſions, he ſhall be
No more in ſuch an error, to miſtake
The ayme of your intentions. From my warrant
He ſhall agen be ſettled in's opinion
Of your fidelity, not to be alter'd
By after accidents.
Rav. When once ſuſpected,
Can I preſume that any undertaking
Will be received well?
Bri. Prethee ſweet remove
Th' ill grounded jealouſy and heare him. Hee'l
Propoſe what may be uſefull.
Rav. I ſhall never
But feare hereafter all my actions
Will not be fairely conſtred.
The. It muſt be
By that feare onely. Coſin I nere brought
My doubts to ſuch a poſitive concluſion,
But that the might be chang'd to better truth
By your leaſt ſatisfaction. If you have
Deſign'd ought for our good, and that my judgement
Gives it allowance, no ſuſpition ſhall
Hinder the execution.
Rav. Might I be
Confirm'd no miſinterpretation ſhould
Wreſt the intent.
The. I am not capable
Of a new doubt, unleſſe your doubts beget it.
Then pray' impart your counſaile.
Rav. Thus it is.
I have a little country houſe neer Epping;
Thither I would convey you. You may there
Conceale your ſelfe ſome time; In which I'le practiſe
A reconciliation with their loves

By all the meanes that my invention
Can worke. Nor thinke I have ſiniſter ends;
But faire, as ever perfect freindſhip made
Glorious in the ſucceſſe.
Bri. Prethee conſent
To this faire motion.
The. Coſin to expreſſe
How far I am from feare of any trechery
You might be guilty of; what you adviſe to
Shall be put into inſtant act. This key
Will leade you where my husbandry hath ſtor'd
Something from honeſt gain, without leaſt wronging
The old mans truſt; I pray' convey it hither
Where wee'l expect you.
Rav. Pleaſe you to command
My ſtore; what I am Maſter of is yours.
I ſhall gaine time to plot; my ſuddaine pollicies
Wanted a right foundation.
within. They are here an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Bri. We are anew betray'd.
Rav. Miſchiefe forbid it.
Within. You ſhall have juſtice feare it not.
Within. You may take my warrant gentlemen.

The ſecond Scene.

To them the Blades, *Juſtice* Ferret, *Mr.* Ferret, *and* Raven.

Rav. The Juſtice! then all's marr'd.
Fer. What Mr. Bridegroome?
M. Fe. And Miſtreſſe *Bride* I ſend you joy.
Fer. Are you the———
Mrs. Fer. Let me ſpeake ſir parrat; muſt you be repeating your ſeſſions lecture, and I in place?
Squi. The Juſtice knowes them. Beſt ſhift for your ſelves, leaſt you be found the moſt delinquents, and forced from your bower of pleaſure here to peepe through a grate or taſte the chari-

charity of Bridewell. *Exeunt Blades.*

M. Fe. You are complaind of by theſe——

Fer. Ha! whether are they gone that accuſed you?

The. Without their accuſation I ſubmit
My ſelfe to th' law. And if you have direction
To uſe your power, let it acquit this gentlewoman
From the enſuing ſcandale, I'le be patient
With any puniſhment the juſt revenge
Of thoſe I have ſo wrong'd can lay upon me.

M. Fe. Is ſhe not your wife?

The. Heaven hath forbid it, and my penitence
Reſtores her back.

Bri. It ſhall not by my hopes
Of comfort in thy love. If your commiſſion
Be for our apprehenſion.——

M. Fe. Truly Miſtreſſe *Bride* I ſhould be glad to apprehend you in bed together: 'twas expected all had been cock ſure by this. 'Twas but a plot of your old foſter father to pretend marrying her himſelfe when he meant her onely for you.

Rav. They will diſcover all; curſe on the accident
That brought them hither.

M. Fe. To expreſſe it more fully, and how deere you are to him, he hath conferred his whole eſtate upon you. My Worſhipfull husbands hand is to the writing.

Fer. It is indeed ſir.

M. Fe. Is it ſo ſir? as if my word were not ſufficient!

Rav. Heare them attentively, and then your care.

The. I do heare words that muſt be ſcan'd and conſtred.

Fer. He appointed that gentleman to find you out.

The. Amazement hath poſſeſt me wholly.

Rav. Although my perſon came before you, ſir,
You were the firſt deliverer of this joy,
Which I conceal'd for reaſons: but deſire
I now may finiſh all in private.

M. Fer. Talke your fill ſir, whilſt I drinke mine. *drinks.*

Rav. Ceſſin I know you wonder at the ſtrangeneſſe
Of all: for which take this briefe ſatisfaction.
You are betrayd to receive puniſhment,

For what you rather do deſerve a Crown.
This Juſtice and my ſelfe had the inſtructions
All's nothing but a plot to get you back.
The. Why then would you pretending love conceale it?
And mock my feares with ſuch diverſity
Of dangerous accidents, you brought upon them?
Rav. Alaſſe had I reveal'd the circumſtance
Of his profeſt love; fiegn'd intentions
And the ſmooth traps were layd to catch you in,
I know your nature of ſuch eaſie temper,
You rather would have flattered your ſelfe
Into beliefe of them, then your own danger.
'Twas my prevention.
The. How I ſhall determine,
And reconcile theſe differences to truth
Is hard. Be firme my reſolution:
I will be ſatisfied, and yet prevent
The danger that is her. My Coſin *Raven*
Is certainly a villaine. You have been ſir
The comfortableſt meſſenger of pardon
That ere ingag'd a man; and if you pleaſe
To be the inſtrument of farther good,
You'l find us gratefull.
M. Fe. Command both me and mine husband.
The. Pray' take this gentlewoman to your care,
Whilſt I go back to make acknowledgement
Of the greate benefits are done me.
Bri. I will along with thee likewiſe.
Rav. By no meanes
Let him be ſatisfied of all that's paſt
Which I'le inſtruct him how without his danger,
Whilſt you are abſent.
The. Shall ſhee be your charge?
Fer. She ſhall go to our houſe.
M. Fe. And welcome with my husbands good liking. To your houſe? as if the enterteinment of conſtables on a ſharing day were not chargeable enough, but you muſt complement away wine and ſweet meats. 'Tis enough that we wiſh them well; let others do them good. *Fer.*

Fer. Sweet wife be patient; I have found out another way.

Rav. Obſerve me ſir, I will diſcover more.
D'you thinke 'tis fit my coſin go alone ſir?
Suppoſe thoſe baffled roarers (whom he did
Juſtly correct) way lay him; may there not
Be danger in't?

Fer. You ſay well ſir. *Standiſh* and *Daſh* my Clerkes ſhall along with him. Or what thinke you of my neighbour *Catch* the Marſhalls man? the ſight of him would fright them.

Rav. Do you marke that ſir he would have you guarded.
Would you were off: I'le tell you more by th' way.
I'le along with you Coſin, ſo I may
Borrow a weapon.

Squi. You may have one of theſe.

The. Lett's on; I will returne to our full joyes;
I go but to prepare them. And find out
The meaning of theſe riddles.

Bri. My prayers go with thee. *Exit.*

Rav. By this, what I intend ſhall be conferr'd
Upon thoſe roarers, that will carry circumſtance
To make it credited, and quit me wholly
Of all ſuſpect. In miſcheife ther's content,
When we on others lay the puniſhment. *Exit.*

Fer. Come Miſtreſſe *Bride*, wee will walke and ſee ſome rarities and antiquities till they return. There is one in the neighbourhood is ſtor'd with them; as if he had tranſlated the Capitall hither.

M. Fe. The motion's good: it ſhould have been mine ſir. You ſhall ſee the feathers of a Phenix; the beake of a Pelican, and the skins of Birds, beaſts and fiſhes, ſtufft with hay, enough to bring down the market. For coynes and meddalls he hath thoſe with inſcriptions that ſpeake their date 500 yeeres before the uſe of letters. He hath the fingers and toes of a Coloſſus, and three hayres of a giants upper lip, each of them as big as a bull ruſh. Then he hath the the members of a pignie, that cannot be diſcern'd but through a multiplying glas. Yet it is thought he would gladly part with all he hath for the Philoſophers ſtone; I or the Unicornes horne at Windſor.

Fer. Come come, he hath thoſe things a prince might glory to be owner of, and 'tis bravely done of him to affect them.

Bri. Such ſights will be delightfull. I muſt ſtrive
In what I may my ſad thoughts to withſtand;
Which do preſage ſome miſchief's neere at hand. *Exeunt.*

Squi. Y'are welcome with a miſchiefe to the occaſion that brought you hither. Here hath been attendance for a quart of wine and that not payd for. Some better cuſtomers, or I ſhal crack without credit. My *Blades* baffled too! Their loſſe muſt be repair'd upon the next advantage.

The third Scene.

To him Kickſhaw *like a Gentleman.*

You are welcome ſir.

Kick. Pray' take a me cloake: me back be ſo hot, will burn a hole in it.

Squi. Would you have a cooler ſir?

Kick. You underſtand for bien: de vench, de vench.

Squi. Excuſe moy pur c'la.

Kick. Parle Francois Monſieur?

Squi. Non intendo.

Kick. You ſall intand dat me be de French jentleman; dat me have two tree crown in me pocket and me vuld have a de vine and de vench, and be merry in de ſhamber.

Squi. I'le ſend one to you ſir. *Exit.*

Kick. Rennercie Monſieur. Voe call a me Cooke now! de greatie Larone! True; me make de Franch diſh for de Lor: he give me two tree peece; me ſteale two tree peece of plate more, dat buy de ſor, de hat an de feder; and Monſieur be ſo good a jentleman as——

The fourth Scene.

To him the Blades, *first one, then the rest and afterwards the* Wenches.

1 *Bla.* Who ſir? *Drawer brings in wine*
Kick. Me have noting to ſay to you *and Exit.*
1 *Bla.* I had thought you had ſent for me.
Kick. You be no vench Monſieur.
1 *Bla.* Would you have me to procure you one?
Kick. Me give you de vine and you fetch a de vench.
1 *Bla.* Do you take a *Blade* for a Pandare?
Kick. You no quarrell vid me?
1 *Bla.* Yes and piſſe upon your back canopie, that ſhadowes your halfe roaſted kidneis if you diſhonor a *Blade* with the leaſt ſuſpition. Yet in a faire way I care not to exchange a glaſſe or two.
Kick. Vid all mine art. But pray' Monſieur be you no ſo hot in de mout.
1 *Bla.* Do you diſparage my Tobaco? I aſſure you ſir it is right Spaniſh.
Kick. Me can no endure de Spaniſh.
1 *Bla.* Not your Blade? why your French temper will not beare an edge to chop rotten lytter for morter.
Kick. You ſpeak not like a jentelman dat love not to be a al mode.
1 *Bla.* Poxe on your mode
Kick. Dat be no good vard Monſieur.
1 *Bla.* Doth it touch you ſir? why 'tis your credit to be markt by that French Herald for a gentleman of faſhion.
Kick. Me can be no more patiant. Me cut in two tree two-ſand peece for diſhonor the French jentelman.
2 *Bla.* Will you ſo ſir? we are for you. *As he offers to draw,*
Kick. Oh de baſe coward. *the* Blades *come in and binde him.*
3 *Bla.* We ſhall be valiant enough to overcome your mettal.
Kick. Help help; de teeves rob me. *Picks his Pocket.*
1 *Bla.* No no Monſieur, you ſhal have a vench for your mony,

when you have enter'd into bonds for your good behaviour.

Kick. De gran English pock on you all, I Vat you do vid me?

1 *Bla.* Worke a cure (if we can) on the itch in your blood, that hath infected many of our wenches, and made them dangerous to us.

Kick. Oh diable! que faite vous?

2 *Bla.* He speakes ends out of a puppet play.

Kick. Help help; de teeves kill me beate me.

1 *Bla.* Peace Monsieur; you shall have a wench presently.
Wine, Musick, and whilst you in dalliance meet
Wee'l tread a measure with our nimble feet
Shall tempt you to be sportive, if desire
Want whetting and renew the active fire.
Come wenches. Monsieur ther's a she for you.
Your meat is paid for; if you lik't fall to.

Having taken away his money, sword and belt they sing and dance about him, whilst an ilfavour'd greasy wench offers sometimes to kisse him.

Kick. Oh fye fee. De teef, rogue poison me vid de stinking Maquarell.

1 *Bla.* Lett's leave him now t'his patience, and go share.
And when you want a wench to coole you Monsieur,
You know wher's those can take your courage down sir. *Exeunt*

Kick. Oh de villain, de Laroone! my for an my money; and de slut leave a varse stinck behind her den de Fransh Cook kishin stuffe

The fifth Scene.

To him Squirrell.

Oh Monsieur help me. Me go to de Constable, and de bedle sall vip for dis. *Squirrell unbinds him.*

Squi. What's here? how came you bound? Not for any good behaviour.

Kick. De teeves kill me and rob me. Fetch a me cloak, me go to de Justice and his clerk. Fetch a me cloak I say.

Squi. Preſently ſir. But now I have releaſt you, who ſhall pay the reckoning? 'tis five ſhillings you and your company have had in wine.

Kick. Oh Diable! me no drink vine: De teefe leave me no vine penny.

Squi. Your cloak then ſhall be your ſurety: It ſhall be forth comming when you pleaſe to releaſe it.

Kick. I ſay vill have a me cloak.

Squi. Not till you have payd the reckoning. I am not to take notice of all mens behaviour; if you admit of company and they abuſe you, you muſt ſuffer for it. I meane not ſir to be over-reach't with any of your French cheats.

Kick. Is Engliſh cheat to ſend me no vench —— but my cloak.

Squi. Not without the reckoning.

Kick. Me muſt den valke in quirpo.

Squi. A faſhion of your own, and apt to be followed upon the like occaſion.

Kick. Me ſall fetch de Magiſtrate. *Exit.*

Squi. Even whom you pleaſe. My correſpondence with theſe Blades and wenches helpes me and themſelves to many ſuch purchaſes; yet ſtill my houſe is honeſt. Though many will ſay,
No matter how ſo they have comming in,
And ſin thrives beſt that is maintain'd by ſin. *Exit.*

The fourth Act. The firſt Scene.

Maligo *and* Rheniſh *meeting* Horten.

Mal. It ſhould be he by the deſcription was made of him.

Rhe. Let us ſalute him then. If your name be *Horten* ſir?

Hor. I own no other.

Mal. We are commended to you by ſome freinds of yours, that requeſt for us your leave to ſee rarities and antiquities you have, and for which you are ſo much ſpoken of abroad in the world.

Hort. The world I do beleeve ſpeakes groſly of me;

And

And calls my curiosity in repoſing
Such things, a prodigall vaineſſe being one
That lives by my endeavors: have no ſtate
But what my labor purchaſeth.
Mal. May we have leave to walke to your houſe?
Hor. And command
The ſight of all. I muſt confeſſe my care
Of knowing and poſſeſſing rarities
Makes me ſo skilfull, I dare undertake
To pick a taller out of Dioſcorides,
Shall feaſt the Doctors colledge, with rare practiſes
Stranger then Æſons reſtitution
To youth by Magick. From my garden ſir
I can produce thoſe ſimples, ſhall out-worke
All the compounds of drugs, and ſhew like miracles
Compar'd with them. What needs the weapon ſalve,
Condemn'd by ſome for witchraft? when each dunghill
Affords the Perſicaria, that on wounds
Works the like Magick. *Panax Coloni*
Is known to every ruſtick; and Hipericon,
And yet we muſt from *Memphis* and *Judea*
Fetch Balſame, though ſophiſticate; there is not
An ounce in *Europe*, will endure the triall
Of milke or water. Yet my Ladyes gentlewoman
Bit by her Monkey, ſweares by her loſt maydenhead
The world hath not a Balſame like to that
Her cloſet yeelds; when 'tis perhaps but oyle
A little aromatiz'd for lamps.
Rbe. You are learned likewiſe in antiquities.
Hor. A little ſir.
I ſhould affect them more, were not tradition
One of the beſt aſſurances to ſhow
They are the things we thinke them. What more proofes
(Unleſſe perhaps a little circumſtance)
Have we for this or that to be a peece
Of delphos ruines? or the marble ſtatues
Made Athens glorious, when ſhe was ſuppos'd
To have more images of men then men?

A wea-

A weatherbeaten ſtone with an inſcription
That is not legible but through an optick,
Tells us its age; that in ſome Sibills cane
Three thouſand yeares ago it was an altar.
'Tis ſatisfaction to our curioſity;
But ought not to neceſſitate beliefe.
Mal. Antiquities ſir are grown of late good merchandize.
Hor. Th' affection of ſome Princes hath begot
An imitation, and 'tis nobly done.
For by ſuch things mans knowledge is inform'd
In principles of art, and many times
They light upon inſtruction by them, that
Direct invention to recover what
Neglect or ignorance hath loſt.
Rhe. Pray' ſir what are the rarities and antiquities you have?
Hor. Nor Pliny ſir, nor Geſner ever made
Diſcription of a creature, but I have
Some particle thereof: and for antiquity
I do not ſtore up any under Grecian.
Your Roman antiquities are but modern toyes
Compar'd to them. Beſides, they are ſo counterfet
With mouldings, 'tis ſcarce poſſible to find
Any but copies.
Mal. Yet you are confident of yours that are of more doubt.
Hor. Others from their eaſineſſe
May credit what they pleaſe. My triall's ſuch
Of any thing I own, all the impoſtors
That ever made antiquity ridiculous
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Ought that's above my skill, I have recourſe
To thoſe whoſe judgements at the ſecond view
(If not the firſt) will what Philoſophers
That eyleſſe, noſeleſſe, mouthleſſe ſtatue is,
And who the workman was, though ſince his death
Thouſands of yeeres have been revolv'd ——

The ſecond Scene.

To them Juſtice Ferret, Mrs. Ferret *and* Bride.

Fer. A good evening to you neighbour *Horten.*

Hor. And to your worſhip.

M. Fe. My husband will ſtill be before me, to prevent the omen of a ſhrew. *Fer. and Hort. whiſper.*

Mal. You are happily met Miſtreſſe *Bride.*

Rhe. But 'tis my ſuddain wonder what accident ſhould guide her this way.

M. Fe. Theſe gentlemen are witneſſes to the old mans deeds, as well as my worſhipfull husband

Bri. The fortune of this day hath led me through
Events both ſtrange and dangerous. I hope
As you are Gentlemen that you will make
A faire conſtruction of me, though the vulgar
Borrow diſcourſe and paſtime from my act.

Mal. You are a brave woman. Yet had I opportunity——

Rhe. She is ſure a light heeld wench, and if——

Hor. With all my heart and welcome.

M. Fe. Are you making motions now, before I can recover breath to begin my exordium as my ſonne at the Univerſity taught me to ſay. Neighbour *Horten* 'tis thus. My ſelfe and my husband have this day been eyewitneſſeſſes of ſtrange accidents; chance upon chance, and fortune upon fortune: one diſaſter hath been the cauſe and cure of another. Now we deſire the favour that we may ſee your trinkets, knaks and knaveries (pardon me neighbour I meane no hurt) to delight this melancholick gentlewoman that hath found and loſt, and loſt and found a husband yet no husband——

Hort You ſhall command me: but thee chiefely.

M. Fe. And ſhall we ſee all?

Hort. All I aſſure you.

M. Fe. The great Sea horſe what you call that cures women of the crampe.

Mal.

Mal. What a wanton tempting eye ſhe hath?

Rhe. I will attempt her.

Hor. A handſome laſſe. I muſt have her home and give her a philter.

The third Scene.

To them Kickſhaw.

Kick. Vich be de Juſtice?

M. Fe. What juſtice ſir?

Kick. Juſtice vat you call run up and downe de cony hole.

M. Fe. My husbands name is *Ferret*: what's your buſineſſe ſir?

Kick. De he teefe and de ſhee teefe rob me at vat you call de little nutcrack houſe? and he take a me cloake an me have no vare for my money.

Fer. I know the houſe he meanes; a place much ſuſpected. But a few houres ſince there happened a dangerous uproare about this gentlewoman; and the delinquents came to complain firſt. But had they not conveigh'd themſelves away, they ſhould have been puniſhed.

M. Fe. With what tro? a reproofe or a jeer out of your table book notes, enlarg'd with a peece of a charge; then with a half bribe and ſingle fees they are releaſed to boaſt how cheap they have ſcaped. Come come you ſhall back to this houſe, and be ſevere, and wiſe and ſay little, let mine be the ſpeaking part, yours the doing: I'le make them come off and on roundly. Do you thinke I can keep houſe with bare warrants and mittimuſſes?

Fer. Will you with us neighbour?

Hor. I deſire to be excuſed.

M. Fer. By all meanes neighbour; you are an officer.

Hor. What ſhall become of this gentlewoman then?

M. Fe. Pleaſe theſe gentlemen to walke a turne or two with her? The evening's pleaſant if the miſt riſe not.

Hor. I had rather I had her at home.

Both. We are her ſervants.

Kick. Is de fine vench.

M. Fe. We will along with you ſir to this righteous——

Fer. Riotous you would ſay.

M. Fe. No ſir 'tis routous place; and my husband ſhall ferret the hee theeves and the ſhee theeves holes never feare it.

Hor. To have ſeen this wench and not to enjoy her, is ſuch a Tantalizing to me. *Exeunt.*

Kick. Me ſall turn back agen from you to dis fine vench. Me give her my dublet coſt two tree pound for lye vid her two tree time. Oh fine vench! *Exit.*

Mal. Tis moſt opportune.

Rhen. Could I but remove him.

Mal. Pleaſe you to walke, and let my hand ſupport you.

Rhe. Pleaſe her to be my charge. *They ſtrive which*

Mal. I'le be your ſervant Lady. *ſhould lead Bride*

Bri. What meane ye gentlemen?

Mal. To do you manly ſervice.

Rhe. If you could ſir.

Mal. How ſir?

Bri. I am betrai'd unto a new misfortune.
There is a malice in the ſtars that guide me,
Which yet ſeem wanton, as their influence
Were but a ſportive mockery to ſhow
The various fates that do depend upon it.
I have had ſtrange deliverance; but th' event
Of this is full of horror. I pray' gentlemen
Do not make me the object for a quarrell.
Your gravity ſhould be judicious,
And not minde trifles: ſuch as youthfull bloud
Hetted with wine can no way be excus'd for.

Mal. He ſhall not touch you his belly is nothing but a tun full of red herring, and boyld water.

Rhe. And thou art a ſhotten herring Jackalent Spanyard.

Mal. A word in privat. *They go aſide, and ſeem to threaten*

Rhen. What you dare ſir. *and challenge one another.*

Bri. A challenge ſure. Some happy chance direct
Ayd to prevent a miſchiefe: *Kick-ſhaw returnes.*

Kick. Me be your ſervant madame.

Bri. Would you would guide me to ſome houſe.

Kick-

Kick. To de houſe of good fellowſhip, or de vax diſh.
Here be de fine morall.
Viles Dutch and Spaniſh make a fray
De Frenchman beare de prize away. *Exit. with Bride.*

Mal. You'l meet me then?

Rhe. I will not fayle you.

Mal. But wher's the gentlewoman? where hath the miſt concleal'd you?

Rhe. We have differ'd finely about a woman in a cloud.

Mal. We muſt not ſo looſe her.

The foureth Scene

To them Theophilus *and* Raven.

Rhe. Saw you a gentlewoman ſir?

Mal. Her ſweet hart! let us avoid him leaſt we be diſcover'd.

Rhe. I'le home and be drunk, and then perhaps grow friends with you.

The. The Merchants? were they not?

Rav. Doubtleſſe the ſame.

The. What Gentlewoman ſhould that be they askt for?

Rav. Some Bonaroba they have been ſporting with. Your outlandiſh merchants are notable barterers for ſuch Engliſh ware Many of them keep their recreations at penſion; and ſometimes two copartners will ſhare as even nightly.

The. That's ſtrange; if love will brooke no rivalls, luſt ſhould Being the more raging paſſion.

Rav. 'Tis common.

The. How common?

Rav. Wenching is like freindſhip hath all things common.

The. The miſt is great: have we not loſt our way?
We might e're this have got to th' waters ſide
Though we had trod a labyrinth. *Raven draws and runns*
Rav. Over this ſtile and then *at Theophilus, and he turning back*
The. Ha! what devill mov'd thee to attempt it. *wounds Rav.*
Rav. Pox on theſe French blades; no point!

I have payd a debt to all my vaine attempts.
With mine owne ruine. Hell hath left me yet
One meanes t' expreſſe my malice. In my death
Dye to all knowledge of thy ſelf; the world
Beſides me owns it not- *Falls and lyes as if he were dead.*
The. I cannot give
Utterance unto my thoughts, the narrow paſſage
Is choakt up with a multitude, that ſtrive
Which ſhould firſt iſſue forth. How fruitleſſe envy
Brings on its own deſtruction! Innocence
Is proofe 'gainſt all the battery of malice:
And he that's arm'd with't needs not feare t' encounter
The moſt ſevere tribunall. Though I am
Guiltleſſe to heaven, yet I ſhal appeare
Foule to opinion wanting teſtimony;
And th' act makes me the lawes; I am no more
The ſubject of my conſcience, which by judgement
Muſt be determin'd. Can I not prevent it?
Flight may procure my ſafety. 'Twill bring on
A greater danger, and cauſe ſuppoſition
That I am guilty by the circumſtance
Of mine owne feares.
Within. Help, help, a rape. Villaine keep back.
The. Horrors on both ſides round me.
Hath my croſſe fortune found new inſtruments
To draw more miſchiefes on me! By the voyce
(A womans weakly utter'd, as if fainting
Under ſome violence) 'tis neer this hedge.
I'le ayd her, though my ruine lay in ambuſh
With twenty murderers.

The fifth Scene.

To them Bride *perſued by* Kick-ſhaw.

Bri. Out Villaine:
Would I could ſpet a leproſie upon thee.

Help

Help help. *Kick-shaw falls on his knees, and Bride holds back Theophilus*

The. My deereſt!

Kick. Oh pardone moy Monſieur.

The. Villaine thy end's uponthee.

Bri. I being ſafe
Prethee forbeare him.

Kick. Is no fayr play for give me de prickMonſieur.

The. How cam'ſt thou hither ſweet?

Bri. Soone as my feares
Have finiſht their effects of trembling,
And that my breath's recover'd, ſhalt know all.

The. Monſieur ſtir not; I have imployment for you
May win your pardon.

Kick. Vid all mine art, but myne art vill be in mine eele anon; is faln already into me breeſhes.

Bri. What object's this? Alaſſe your Coſin *Raven*
Wounded or dead? what hand hath done it?

The. This;
Juſtice made this her inſtrument. He was
A villaine to me, and betrayd my life
To all thoſe dangers which I overcame
By th' cauſes ſtrength. And laſtly his intents
To murder me, have brought upon himſelf
This puniſhment as due.

Bri. Why doſt not fly then?
I'le beare thee company in all adverſityes.
Thy perſon being ſafe time may effect
A pardon by ſome compoſition.
If thou be tane, thou meet'ſt thy certain end
Mingled with ſhame; and mine hath the ſame date:
I'le not out live thee.

The. Did you bid me fly
To ſhun the end's before me? ſure ther's difference
Twixt meritorious acts, and acts of ſhame.
I was but juſtice executioner.
His crime deſerv'd death, and he had fair triall
By evidence: ſee here this pointleſſe weapon;
If providence had not ordain'd it ſo.

As he ſo I had faln; but innocent.
Should I then fly? and by my feares beget
A worſe ſuſpition? No: I'le meet th' event.
And though I now were circled with the terrors
Of racks and tortures; gibets; executioners;
And all the palſying apprehenſions
That ever made a malefactor tremble,
Arm'd as I am, I would encounter all
With a fixt confidence. Juſt cauſes never
Did yet miſcarry; or if any have
'Twas to the greater glory of the cauſe.
And Monſieur 'tis your impoſition
To watch this corps, and give to paſſengers
What anſwers you have wit or language for.

Bri. Wilt thou not fly then? prethee do not raſhly
Play away ſafety.

The. If I fly, and ſo
Provide for't, will you with me?

Bri. Even to death,
In that 'ſhalt find me reſolute. I'le vy
Againſt thy courage with my conſtancy.

The. Let's go then

Kick. Me be glad you be gon, for me will no ſtay long vid de dead man. If de live jentelman ly ſo——but me ſall ſee vat you have in your pocket. *Kick-ſhaw ſearching Ravens pocket he ſtirrs.*

Rav. Oh? a ſurgeon.

Kick. De man be no dead: but me ſall make me dead rader den go vidout your money. *Kick. offers to take the ſword from Raven and he riſeth.*

Rav. What wilt thou villaine?
'Tis time then to leave off counterfeting

Kick. Dis be de jentelman hire me to vark at de vedding; but he no know me, and day be ſure de jentelman an de jenteluman dat run avay togeder.

Rav. I'm wounded, but I hope not mortally;
I have no feeling of thoſe accidents
Are deaths forerunners. Would I had a ſurgeon.
If I ſurvive, I will convert this miſchiefe
Into a benefit; and by his flight

Poſſeſſe

Protect my life as well of what I cover,
As by his death. Sir you can witnesse for me
How and by whom I did recieve this wound.
Although you know him not, make a description.

Kick. Pardon me Monsieur; me no see him do it.

Rav. You must dispense with scruple
If you will serve my purposes a little,
I can and will be thankfull; otherwise
What e're you are I can betray your life
For your intent of rape.

Kick. Me be your servant Monsieur. Me do any ting; swear any ting; go to de divell along vid you rader den be hang.

Rav. Go with me to a surgeon.

The sixth Scene.

To them Goodlove *with three or foure servants.*

Good. We need make greater haste; 'tis almost night;
The mist is risen much.

Rav. My Uncles voyce. Help a surgeon: assist me now.

Good. Looke about knaves: I have heard that voyce.

1 *Ser.* Here sir a man wounded.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis Master *Raven.*

Good. My cosin *Raven*? what misfortune brought
This ill upon him? hold that gentleman.

Kick. Me no do it Monsieur! he be de yong jentelman in black, an de jentelman.

Good. What gentleman in black? *Theophilus*?

Rav. My cosin sir? alasse; ther's so much goodnesse
In him, I must not think he could be tempted
To weare such guilt about him. Good sir have me
Unto a surgeon; and that gentleman
Shall give you satisfaction, ere you give
Him a release.

Kick. Now me sall be discover, and hang for teese.

1 *Ser.* Wee'l carry him to one *Hortensi* house, and fetch a surgeon thither: 'tis close by.

Good. One call my friend juſtice *Ferret*, and poſt you over to Miſtris *Brides* father: his preſence at the examination of theſe circumſtances will be needfull. 'Till truth ſatisfies my deſires I am in torment.

Rav. I have a new deſigne.

Good. And till I ſee Theophilus.

Rav. Which I hope ne're will be.

Exeunt.

The fifth Act. The firſt Scene.

Goodlove, Ferret, Mrs. Ferret, *and* Horten.

Good. Sir we are troubleſome: the accident
Hath made a ſubject for your charity
As well as for your art; and neither ſhall
Be unrewarded. But may I preſume
Hee'l need no other ſurgeon?

Hor. Doubt it not ſir.
The wound's but ſlight; were it more dangerous,
The ſimples that I have apply'd would cure it
Acording to the firſt intention
As ſurgeons call it.

M. Fer. Truly ſir my neighbour is very skilfull; he cured my little ſhock of the mange ſo perfectly, that it hath fam'd him through the neighbourhood for an excellent dog-leech.

Hor. I ow much to your commendation Mrs *Ferret.*

M. Fe. Truly neigbour 'tis not ſo much worth.

Good. I dare be ſworne it is not.
I dare not with much confidence rely
Upon this mans endeavours. Would I had
A ſurgeon here, whoſe judgement and experience
Might give me further ſatisfaction.
Is the French gentleman diſpos'd of ſafely?

Hor.

Hor. I have confin'd him to a chamber ſir,
A too delightfull priſon. He may feaſt
His eyes with rarities.
Good. I think you are
Owner of more then all the towne beſides.
Hor. 'Tis my affected riches.
Good. I have ſome
You ſhall command ſir.
Hor. I'le have gratitude,
And ſomething to exchange. This accident
May bring me in a purchaſe.
M. Fe. Pray' neighbour let's ſee the late giants boot, and the dwarfes ſhoe.
Good. Prettie extremes no doubt.
M. Fe. Extremes ſir! me thinks their differences ſhould make a very good meane. Suppoſe the one was a great drinker or wencher; the other muſt needs be a little one. What the one waſted in boots the other ſav's in ſhoes. But I'le in to the wounded gentleman, and help to talke away his paine.
Hor. By no meanes: ſleepe would give him more eaſe, and prevent a diſtraction; which he ſeemes to occaſion ſome feare of by his often digreſſions and interruptions of diſcourſe.
Good. Indeed ſir I am troubled when I weigh
The accident and circumſtances of it.
Nor can we urge him to give ſatisfaction
With any poſitive truth, but all his anſwers
Are careleſſe and imperfect; many times
The ſecond contradicts the firſt: and then
Hee'l name *Theophilus*, as if he were
The miſchiefes worker. But of all kind friends
Your ſtrange relations have begot moſt wonder.
The roarers, and *Theophilus* brave act;
My coſins not revealing my intents;
The maide left with the Merchants, and the Monſieurs
Stealing away, then found with my hurt kinſman,
What to conclude from theſe——

The ſecond Scene.

To them a Servant *haſtely.*

Hor. The news! what meanes your haſte?

Ser. Alaſſe ſir you are rob'd.

Hor. How's that?

Ser. The French gallant ſir which you lockt in the chamber, is run away with your Remoras and Torpedos skins; and we know not what beſides.

Hor. Perſue him. I'd not looſe thoſe rarities
For halfe my ſtate. Alaſſe ſir they are valuable
'Bove any thing I own beſides.

M. Fe. Hath Monſieur given you the ſlip as he gave us? He may chance be catcht in a halter for it.

Good. Be patient ſir, and I with your beſt endeavor
Reſtore my coſin to his former ſafety,
I'le recompence your loſſe with things more valuable.
I have large trees of corall, and Zibetas
Both of ſtrange form and colour; I expect
Some living Ermines.

Hor. Would I had them, they
Should pacifie me quickly.

Good. Sure that french man
Is guilty of the fact: why ſhould he fly elſe?
If by your ſervants induſtry that Monſieur
May be brought back againe, 'twill be of conſequence.
Something perhaps may be concluded from
A ſtrict examination of him.

Hor. I'le employ all the ſervants I have about it.

M. Fe. They ſhall have my husbands authority with them; wee'l make you a warrant. *Exeunt. Good. Sema.*

Good. How various are th' events tha may depend
Upon one action, yet the end propos'd
Not follow the intention! Accidents
Will interpoſe themſelves; like thoſe raſh men

That

That thruſt into a throng occaſioned
By ſome tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their buſie curioſity begets
New quarrells with new iſſues. I go on
From one conſideration to another,
Yet can determin nothing.

The third Scene.

To him Father, Mother *and* Servant.

Your arrivall
Will be of uſe ſir.
Fat. Elſe my paines were fruitleſſe.
Chance brought us hither, for what ends I know not.
But underſtanding you were here, I come
To aske a daughter from you.
Good. I from you
Muſt have a wounded reputation cur'd,
It bleeds worſe then my kinſman, whom your ſonne
And daughter are by circumſtance ſuſpected
To have attempted.
Fat. My ſonne ſayd you ſir?
I heare that ſonne of mine muſt be your heire;
And I have heard what plots and circumventions
You us'd to catch me: ſo you have ſir finely.
My ſtates mine owne ſtill, though my daughter's loſt.
Good. And pray' ſir keep it; doubt not but 'twill find
Some gratefull heire, that will preſerve the memory
Of ſuch a benefit, with witty libells
Upon your glorious life.
Fat. Your ſcorn is well ſir;
And well becomes that ſupercilious gravity,
Hath aw'd the citty long, and frighted Rats
Into the Counter.
Good. You are very free ſir.
Yet theſe are not the Cittyes liberties.

Stand not too much upon your priviledge.
If you can give faire ſatisfaction
For what concernes you, doe; and let not paſſion
Kindle a new flame. I am calme; have quencht
My ſpleene that late was fired.
Fat. I acknowledge
I heare your kinſman's wounded, and there is
A ſuppoſition by my daughters ſweet heart.
But how farre this concernes me; be your ſelfe
The judge. Sir I have ſuffer'd in my fame already
Too much, to have more added by ſuſpition
Of being acceſſary to an act
Of ſuch vile nature; and your ſelf may ſooner
Prove guilty, if the circumſtance be weigh'd
You have made him your heire.
Good. My intention
Had done it; neither did it want the forme
Of law for confirmation: but 'twas when
I was too partiall in affection: now
I am reſolv'd to ſatisfie that error
With ſevere juſtice.
Fat. You'l revoke your act!
Good. Hands ſtain'd with bloud ſhall never have the power
To make a diſtribution of that wealth
Heaven hath bleſt my faire endeavours with.
Should he be prov'd a murderer (for though
My coſin dye not, his intent was ſuch)
Revenge would waite on all his actions;
And even his charity when he gave almes
Would to his conſcience ſo preſent the fact
In bloudy characters, that his beſt deeds
Would looſe their merit.
Fat. I am hard put to it.
But ſir ſuppoſe your kinſman did attempt
Some practice upon him; ther's circumſtance
To make it probable. Suppoſe your coſin
Repining at it that you ſhould preferre
Adoption before naturall ſucceſſion,

Assaulted him first to remove him, who
Defending so himselfe made the act lawfull.
Good. From your suppose I raise a supposition,
That he to cleere himselfe of after troubles
Which might arise by any kinsmans claime,
Attempted this prevention by some others
If not himselfe: which yet we cannot urge
My kinsman to discover.
Fat. There are plots
In these proceedings. Might I sir be witnesse
To an examination of your kinsman?
The knowledge of the truth is of some consequence
And doth concerne us.
Good. If he may endure,
Discourse without his danger.

The fourth Scene

To them Servant, Plaster, *and then* Ferret, Mrs. Ferret, *and* Horten.

Serv. Her's Mr. *Plaster*, the learned Surgeon, that speakes nothing but Latine, because either he would not be understood, or not contradicted.

Good. He is welcome.

Hor. There is no need sir of his trouble: the gentleman is past danger. *Plast.* Are you a surgeon sir?

M. Fe. A simple one sir; one I meane that useth no compounds.

Plas. If you are *rationall* as well as *empericall*, and that you practice *secundum artem* 'tis well.

Hor. I dare secure his safety.

You may erre sir. He hath a wound; and where there is *continuitatis divortium*, you must consider whether it came *per contusionem, punctionem*, or how; and whether a nerve, tendon, ligament or artery be in danger. The parts likewise whether it be in *principalibus vel minus principalibus*. Then the *adjunctis*; whether there be *fractura* or *dislocatio*; for these make it *vulnus compositum*.

Then

Then the accidents, whether there be *substantiatio vehimosis* or—

Good. Pray sir what is that?

Plas. It is sir *copiosa sanguinis inter cutem diffusio*; which many times causeth a dangerous *apostema*.

Good. You have satisfied very well sir.

Plas Perhaps you have applyed some Monteb'nkes medicine which you believe will cure *secundum primam intentionem.*

Good. Pray' sir how is that?

Plas. That is *sine suppuratione vel cicatrice.* We that worke according to art begin with *alteratione substantiæ* in *pus*: for *ex corruptione unius fit generatio alterius.* And then—

Good. You have said enough sir more then we understand. Pray' sir give him leave to see my cosin and his wound: his judgment being a professor may confirme us.

The fifth Scene.

To them Raven.

Hor. He is here sir.

Rav. The *Brides* Father and a surgeon! what new devise is towards? *Fat. and Serv. whisper.*

Hor. I'le apply but one *Emplastrum consolidans* more: I think that's a terme of art. *Exit, ser.*

Plas. I come not to be jeer'd.

Good. To be rewarded, accept of this sir. *gives him mony.*

Plas. My thankfullnesse. This is more then my practice would have deserv'd; for to say truth though I can out face it with talking, though I am neither parson nor vicar yet my cures serve to mayntaine sextons.
I take my leave sir. *Exit.*

Hor. The wound was very slight sir.

M. Fe. Indeed Mr. *Raven* you escapt a scouring in your belly: if you had miscarried, the Monsieur for all the seperation betwixt his doubler and breeches should have trust for't, but that he is run away.

Rav. Escap't I'm glad of that: it shall be usefull.

Good.

Good. Being past danger cosin, we would gladly
Be satisfied who 'twas that did attempt
This mischiefe on you: you have hitherto
Seem'd as unwilling he should be discover'd.
If 'twere *Theophilus*, all diligence
Shall be employ'd to find him, that he may
Pay law her due: his flight makes it suspitious.
Rav. Good sir forbeare that trouble.
If he be fled with his faire Mistresse, 'tis
A discreet policy to shun the danger,
Her parents anger might bring on him. 'Twas
The French man wounded me.
Good. On what occasion?
Rav. None sir that I know: I provok't him not;
Unlesse he meant to rob me.
Fat. Will you sir
Justifie this on oath? *Fathers Servant returnes.*
Rav. Were there necessity:
'Tis otherwise sufficient I have said it.
Fat. Bring in the Monsieur.
Hor. How sir! is he taken!
Fat. Yes sir; with many trinckets that were yours.
Hor. I am restor'd to my first state.
Fat. We met him:
And for some reason you shall know anon
Brought him back with us.
Rav. I am still discover'd.

The sixth Scene.

To them Kick-shaw.

Fat. 'Tis needfull sir this man should be committed;
That being accus'd he may be soone produc't
Upon occasion.
Kick. Me have no sor to kill de man: de reefes have mine,
True; me take de jenteluman from de dushman and de Spaniard:

me offer too to kiſſe de jentelumans, a de yong jentelumn in black dat hurt de man, almoſt kill me but dat me beg pardon.

Rav. I have lighted upon it.
Unto you all I do ſubmit my ſelfe,
And what I ſhall diſcover. I confeſſe
I may ſeem not to merita beliefe
That have already feign'd ſo many untruths:
But the officiouſneſſe of them conſider'd
I hope you'l credit this. It was my coſin
Theophilus, that hurt me: But I know not
Whether 'twere chance or malice for this gentleman
Attempting rape upon your daughter ſir,
I drew a pointleſſe weapon I had got;
My coſins ſuddaine apprehention
Perhaps mad him ſuſpect me: and not knowing
I meant a reſcue of the gentlewoman
(Whoſe voice I heard, but could not through the miſt
Diſcern her perſon) made his raſh hand wound me;
Which for his ſake I joy is not prov'd mortall,
Nor will I hope.

Fat. I doe beleeve all this
For certaine truth. But why ſhould you accuſe
Another then?

Rav. I did preſume this man
Unknowne to any here was fled, nor would
Returne to take a puniſhment: and being
A ſtranger was not capable of ſhame.
Now my concealing who the actor was
Neither his danger nor diſgrace would follow.

Good. Nephew I do admire thy love to him
So ill deſerves it, and I now conſider
What an injuſtice my election was.
Henceforth thou art mine heire. I will employ
A numerous ſearch to find him that he may
Be puniſht for his fact.

Rav. By no meanes ſir:
Call him not back; my wound may yet have danger,
And if he ſhould returne to pay his life

For

For mine that's ſo unworthy——

Fat. But he ſhall
To make you give the law a ſatisfaction
For all your villanies. Come forth my ſonne,
For ſo he is ſir.

The laſt Scene.

To them Theophilus *and* Bride.

Theo. Humbly thus I beg *Theo. kneeles*
Your pardon ſir

Good. Pray' aske your father bleſſing:
Y'have got one now.

Fat. He hath ſir, and ſhall keep him
His faire deſert won my converſion;
And chang'd me from intents of puniſhing
To an indulgent favourer. This hath been
A villaine to his life, and to his fortunes;
Whetted by envy to ſuch practiſes
As merrit death when you ſhall heare the paſſages.
A man that's guilty; that from foule intents
Proceeded to an act would flye for ſafety:
Inſtead of which *Theophilus* repair'd
To me, that then was laboring with revenge.
Firſt offers reſtitution of my daughter;
Then paſſing on from declaration
To declaration, made ſo confident
By his ſweet innocence, he ſatisfi'd
Mine anger, and gave peace unto my paſſions
Nor was I patient to defer their joyes
(Which likewiſe are myne own but got them married
This evening with a diſpenſation for it
Before we came to you. Where by the way
We met this Monſieur, and enforc't him back:
Whom ſtraight his feares betrayd to a diſcovery
Of what he was; no gentleman, but *Kick-ſhaw*

In's wenching clothes.

Ser. Monſieur *Kick-ſhaw*! we want plate Monſieur.

Kick. Now me ſall be hang agen.

Hor. And I want Jewells Monſieur.

Kick. Jewells! me have noting but two tree bable. Pray' vat be dis? *Puls the things out of his pockets.*

Hor. A bable call you it? This gentlemen is the horne of an Æthiopian Rhinoceros.

Kick. An dis!

Hor. The Taleon of a *Birde in terra auſtrali incognita*, which the inhabitants call their great god *Ruc*, that preyes upon Elephants, and will not be gorged under two or three in a morning This ſtone of a ſtrange forme and colour was brought by the learned traveller of Odcombe from the great Mogull.

M. Fe. How ſir! One of the great mogul's ſtones,

Fat. Good ſir forbeare a little. Now he's mine
I'le own him and the rather if you will
Diſclaime all intereſt in him. For your kinſman
Some wiſe and powerfull authority
Muſt force truth from him.

M. Fe. My husbands authority ſir is both wiſe and powerfull

Rav. 'Tis not in all my ſtock of cunning now
To hold out longer. Shame will be the end
Of all my undertakings.

Good. Coſin your looks are ſtrange, and ſeeme as if
They would betray your thoughts. If you have guilt,
Let it not preſſe your conſcience with a weight
Will ſinck it into horror.

Rav. I have much ſir.
Nor will there need another teſtimony
For confirmation of what I ſhall utter.
He that with griefe doth publiſh his own ſhame,
Speakes from truths records.

Good. What may this preface meane?

Rav. You had a ſonne, whoſe birth depriv'd his mother
Of life; and what beſtow'd a joy upon you
Rob'd you of one.

Good. Why doſt review a griefe

Time

Time had worne out? Indeed I had a ſonne.
Rav. And have him ſtill: enjoy him in *Theophilus.*
The. Was this the knowledge of my ſelfe he ſpake of,
That liv'd but in him ſelfe?
Good. I feare his wound,
And a diſtraction.
Rav. Heare me ſit and then
You will have faith. The child you did diſpoſe
To be nurſt by my mother, I being then
An infant likewiſe. She knowing by law
That I was capable of your eſtate
Your heire being once remov'd, ſoone plots
To make the childe away, attemps, but fainting
In th' execution left it in the feilds;
A formall buriall ſtrengthning the report
That it was dead. By providence directed
You found and bred it up, and this is he.
My dying mother did reveale it to me
With teares of penitence, and an injunction
I ſhould diſcover it; which my avarice
And envy would not ſuffer me, but tempted
My ſoule to thoſe black practiſes, which now
Ceaſe with my ſhame and my repentance.
Good. Joyes *Good. embraceth Theo. kneeling.*
Have fill'd me to the danger of a ſurfet.
Welcome to life; I have a new begot thee.
How often have I wiſht in theſe embraces
The thing I did embrace but knew it not.
Coſin I hope your ſorrow is not feign'd
That it may merrit pardon, and preſerve me
A loving Uncle.
The. I forgive you Coſin,
You have at length in this diſcovery
Given large ſatisfaction.
Rav. I'le remove
All cauſe of after jealouſy.
Fat. We by theſe *Good. and Fat. embrace.*
Are reconciled for ever.

M. Fe. But her's a dilinquent must be punished.
Good. He shall be pardon'd too upon condition
He will no more play the impostor thus,
To weare the habit of a gentleman
Having such vile conditions, so disgracing
His noble nation, making all suspected.
I'le likewise adde something unto your storehouse.
And though 'tis late lest have a wedding feast:
To which pray' welcome every loving guest.

The Epilogue by the *Bride*.

I Am a Mayden *yet, how can I then*
Without some feare and blushes speake to men?
Ladyes and gentlewomen pray' stick to me
If the rude men should offer to undo me.
Would they be kinde, and say I have done well
I'd give them leave to clap me, I can tell
They'd take it for a favor if they might
Clap every Bride *upon her wedding night.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 AUG 94

Imprimatur.

April. 6.
1639.

MATH. CLAY.